

# MAGLEAN'S

JUNE 1 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

## SOUVENIR SPECIAL

EXCLUSIVE STORIES BY:

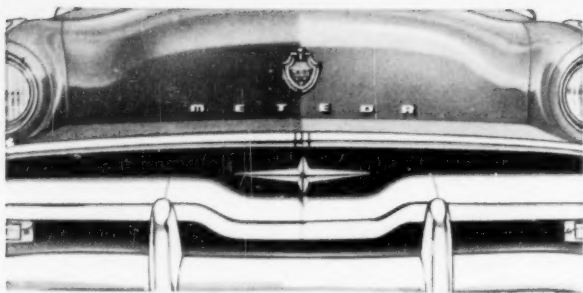
Bruce Hutchison, Pierre Berton,  
W. O. Mitchell, Beverley Baxter

PLUS:

Full-color picture: *The Royal Family*

Full-color map: *The Queen's Realm*

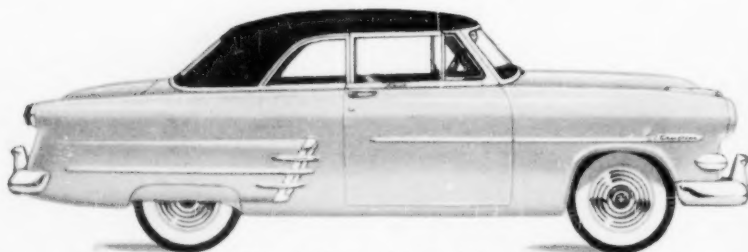




Be miles ahead with '53 METEOR Convertible Sunliner

## Happiest miles of your life!

You'll feel a new sense of pride when you drive this distinctive, spirited Meteor . . . the car that more people than ever before are eyeing . . . trying . . . *buying!* Thanks to Meteor's new "Wonder Ride" you'll enjoy cushion-soft comfort over the roughest of roads. You'll thrill to the responsive power and smoothness of Meteor's great V-8 engine. Style leader in the low price field, Meteor offers you so much that's finer. Start on the happiest miles of your life—soon!



*White sidewall tires and chrome wheel trim rings optional at extra cost.*

## V-8 of course!

No other car in its price class can match the performance of Meteor's 120 Hp. "Fury" V-8—most powerful engine in the low price field—in Customline and Crestline models. Both this, and the Mainline 110 Hp. V-8 are built by the Company that has produced more V-8's than all other manufacturers combined.

**3-WAY CHOICE IN TRANSMISSIONS IN ALL 3 METEOR SERIES:** *Merc-O-Matic Drive, greatest of all automatic drives; or thrifty Touch-O-Matic Overdrive (both optional at extra cost); or Standard Transmission.*



METEOR SALUTES FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY



**YOU'RE INVITED . . . TRY "METEOR WONDER RIDE" BEFORE YOU DECIDE**



# Meteor.





# THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA IN LONDON

The eyes of the world will be on London in June. Thousands of Canadians will be there for the Coronation. And they will find in the heart of the Commonwealth two little pieces of Canada.

Through the years our two London branches have become popular "rendezvous" for Canadians visiting the Old Country. Here you can cash or purchase

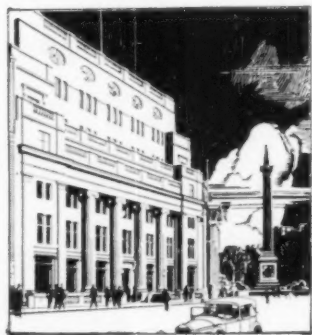


travellers cheques, exchange money, leave valuables for safekeeping, arrange to have mail forwarded or held and make use of other services provided by Canada's largest bank. So if you are off to London this Coronation year, make a note of these handy Royal Bank offices, where you can do all your banking business in a familiar, friendly atmosphere.



## TWO BRANCHES IN LONDON

Our main London office (*right*) is at 6 Lothbury, in the heart of the financial district, opposite Tivoli corner and the northern side of the Bank of England. Our West End Branch (*left*) is situated at 2 Cockspur St., just off Trafalgar Square, a step from Canada House and the Office of the High Commissioner.



*Before you leave for England, call at any of our branches for travellers cheques and other financial arrangements for your trip. Ask for a free copy of our Coronation folder containing a handy map of London.*

## THE FREE WORLD'S GREATEST ASSET

**H**OWEVER MUCH the romantics and idealists would like to believe otherwise, the rise of the British Empire was not, in all respects, conducive to a rise in the state of man. On the balance of history, there is some room to argue that the world might have been a better place if there had never been a British Empire.

But this is now, and without the Empire's successor—the Commonwealth—the world of now would be an infinitely worse and more dangerous place. Any further decline, within the early future, in the Commonwealth's strength and unity is almost sure to mean a decline in the strength and unity of democracy as a whole.

Virtually all the nontotalitarian nations are engaged in urgent efforts to build common defenses against the threat of totalitarian aggression. These common defenses come under a dozen labels and their structures and specific ends have a dozen varieties: UN, NATO, EDC, Anzus, Mutual Aid, and less ambitious pacts, plans and agreements. The hope behind them all is that by pooling some of their risks and some of their resources the nations that share the rudimentary goal of living in peace and safety will thus improve their chances of attaining it.

No question of national *mystiques* or ancient ties of blood or tradition is involved. However their outlooks may differ in other respects, virtually all self-governing nations this side of the iron curtain recognize the cold unromantic fact that the lone wolf has become an anachronism. In one way or another, the free world must move toward integration; the only real choice is whether it shall integrate through acts of its own will or as a suffocating pulp in the pressure chamber of Communism.

Viewing it from the standpoint of political realism, the strongest integrating force in the free world is still the Commonwealth. The Commonwealth still has one virtue which

cannot yet be firmly claimed by any of the other alliances and half-alliances toward which the non-Communist world is struggling: It has worked. If it has done nothing else, it has saved its member nations from defeat in two world wars.

These are mean yardsticks by which to judge the worth of any human institution. There are nobler yardsticks by which the modern Commonwealth can stand up to measurement, and stand up with pride, but suppose we ignore them for the moment. Reduce all its visions and all its accomplishments to the level of utter pragmatism and the Commonwealth remains the most effective model for joint action by sovereign nations that has ever been devised. No other model for such action is yet in full working order.

Yet it is an inescapable fact that many of the nations which are striving so desperately to find and strengthen various alliances outside the Commonwealth are at the same time trying to undermine or break away entirely from their alliances within the Commonwealth. If the Commonwealth were in conflict with the United Nations, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization or any of the other forces of voluntary integration at work among free people, there might be some sense to the Commonwealth's trend toward disintegration. But there is no such conflict at all; and, indeed, as Bruce Hutchison points out in an article on page 14 in this issue, the Commonwealth offers a ready-made foundation around which to build—if need be in a greatly changed state—the still larger and stronger alliances on whose creation and workability the survival of democracy may depend.

This is not a very elevating or inspiring theme for a Coronation editorial. But let's not forget amid all the excitement that, if the Commonwealth lowers its flags in the expectation of finding security under other flags barely off the designing board, the end may be disaster.

### IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

**F**RANKLIN ARBUCKLE'S magnificent Coronation cover on this issue shows the ancient procession from an entirely new perspective: looking over the shoulder of Admiral Nelson as he stands guard on his column in Trafalgar Square. Arbuckle's problem was made almost impossible by the fact that, short of hiring a balloon or a helicopter, no artist could ever achieve this vantage point. Nonetheless the cover is dead accurate. Here's how it was

accomplished: First, Maclean's searched about for some photographs of the Nelson statue from the correct angle but the admiral was hoisted onto his column in 1849 when photography was in its infancy. The solution was found in the naval museum at Greenwich where a perfect reproduction of the statue was discovered, in solid silver.



Franklin Arbuckle

Photographs from many angles were sent to the artist. Second, Arbuckle needed to be able to look down the Mall and over the Admiralty Arch from the same point of view. This too seemed impossible until it was discovered that the British Ministry of Works had a scale model of the Coronation route. Full-color photographs and sketches of the area were consulted for further detail and the position of the sun at 11 o'clock on the morning of June 2 was checked to make sure the shadows were in the right position.

Ralph Allen ..... Editor  
Pierre Berton ..... Managing Editor  
Leslie F. Hannon ..... Associate Editor  
Blair Fraser ..... Ottawa Editor  
Art Director: Gene Aliman. Assistant: Gerald Scott  
Assistant Editors: Fred Bodsworth, N. O. Bonisteel, Eric Hutton, Sidney Katz, David MacDonald, McKenzie Porter, Ian Scanders, Janice Tyrwhitt.  
Editorial Assistants: Joan Weatherseed, Jean Yack, Lois Harrison.

Douglas M. Gowdy ..... Business Manager  
Hall Linton ..... Advertising Manager  
B. Wes Spicer ..... Advertising Production Manager  
George V. Loughton ..... Circulation Director  
R. Douglas Myles ..... Circulation Manager  
H. Napier Moore ..... Editorial Director, Maclean-Hunter

## CONTENTS

Vol. 66 JUNE 1, 1953 No. 11

Cover: Painted by Franklin Arbuckle

### Coronation Special

THE BIGGEST FANCY-DRESS PARTY OF ALL.	4
Beverley Baxter .....	
NO SOCIAL CLIMBERS IN THE ABBEY. Blair Fraser	5
THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE. Part VI. THE GIRL BEHIND THE MASK. Pierre Berton	7
THE STRANGE RITES OF ROYALTY .....	12
MUST THE COMMONWEALTH SPIIT UP?	
Bruce Hutchison .....	14
THE QUEEN'S REALM. Map by Eric Aldwinckle	16
CROCUS AT THE CORONATION. W. O. Mitchell	18
JASPER AT THE CORONATION.	
Cartoon by Simpkins .....	48

### Articles

THE MET CASHES IN IN CANADA.	
June Callwood .....	20
SHOULD EDITH SHINDER GET HER BABY?	
Dorothy Sangster .....	22
HOW FX SAVED THE MARITIMES.	
David MacDonald .....	24
THE FORGOTTEN IDOL OF THE EIGHTIES.	
A Maclean's Flashback. Fergus Cronin	26
MAN'S WORST FRIENDS. P. J. Blackwell	28

### Departments

EDITORIAL	2
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE .....	2
MACLEAN'S MOVIES	
Conducted by Clyde Gilmour .....	31
WIT AND WISDOM .....	76
MAILBAG .....	86
PARADE .....	88

### PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—David Bier (page 2), Federal News Photos (7), Sport and General (10), International News Photos (10, 11), The Times (11), Wide World (11, 14, 15), NFB (14), AP (14), Illustrated (14), Sydney Morning Herald (14), Graphic Photo Union (15), Sedge LeBlond (20), Turofsky (20, 21), Telegram (22), Toronto Star (23), Kaiden-Kazanjan (24), Karsh (24).

Characters and names in fiction stories appearing in Maclean's are imaginary. Contents may not be reprinted without written permission. Manuscripts submitted to Maclean's must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph. Printed and published semi-monthly by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited, 1242 Peel Street, Montreal 2, Canada.  
EDITORIAL, CIRCULATION & ADVERTISING OFFICES:  
481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada.

MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED  
Founded in 1887 by John Haynes Maclean  
HORACE T. HUNTER, Chairman of the Board  
FLOYD S. CHALMERS, President  
DONALD F. HUNTER, Vice-President and Managing Director  
THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Comptroller  
UNITED STATES: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, Guaranty Trust Bldg., Suite 617, 522 Fifth Ave., New York 36; 309 West Jackson Bldg., Chicago 6.  
GREAT BRITAIN: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Wellington House, 125 Strand, London, W.C.2.  
Single copies 15c. Subscription prices: In Canada, 1 year \$3.00, 2 years \$5.00, 3 years \$7.00, 5 years \$10.00. Price for all other countries \$4.50 per year.  
Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.  
Contents Copyright, 1953 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited.





# The Shortest Distance



between *Two Hearts* is often



a Long Distance Telephone call !

Long distance can help keep people together . . . even when they're far apart. To "pop the question", send birthday greetings, or to keep in touch with your family when you're away there is nothing like the personal touch of a telephone call.

And long distance costs less than you think — use it often.

For example, it costs as little as \$3.10 to phone from Saint John to Edmonton.

Long Distance costs less than you think — use it often.

*Trans-Canada*  
TELEPHONE  SYSTEM

United to Serve Canada —

MARITIME TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE COMPANY LIMITED  
THE NEW BRUNSWICK TELEPHONE COMPANY LIMITED  
THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED  
MANITOBA TELEPHONE SYSTEM  
SASKATCHEWAN GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES  
ALBERTA GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES  
BRITISH COLUMBIA TELEPHONE COMPANY



**LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — *Next Best Thing to Being There!***



That's right! The next time you buy Listerine it will be in a new package . . . a royal blue and white carton!

The new Listerine Antiseptic carton has—for the first time—complete product information and instructions for use in both English and French!

We hope you will feel as we did . . . that this new wrapper suggests Listerine's cleanliness, safety and therapeutic action far better than the old one, in service more than 60 years!

Unchanged is the germ-killing action that made Listerine the world's most widely used antiseptic, and the safest.

Unchanged, too, that brisk, invigorating effect . . . that clean, fresh, tingling flavor . . . that long-lasting deodorant quality.

Once again: We couldn't improve the product so we improved its package. We hope you will like it. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company (Canada) Ltd. Toronto, Ontario.

First Aid for  
HALITOSIS · DANDRUFF  
COLDS and SORE THROAT

THE WORLD'S MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC  
Made in Canada

## London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



### The Biggest Fancy-Dress Party of All

**M**ORE THAN once in these letters from London I have commented on the strange illogical love of the English for fancy dress. What is more, I mean the English and not the other members of the island tribe. The Scot has only the kilt and the regalia of the Highland costume, the Welshman occasionally dresses up as an ancient bard but the Irishman will have none of it.

It is left to the Englishman to prove the infinite variety of the male bird when it comes to plumage. And, of course, the Coronation will be the very climax of it all.

At the Coronation of King George VI and his Queen the dress regulations for the Abbey were pretty rigid. As a member of parliament I hired a court uniform consisting of black velvet knee breeches, black velvet tail coat with silver filigree buttons, thick black silk stockings, patent-leather pumps with silver buckles, a stiff evening dress shirt with white tie and, finally, a sword. My wife's costume was merely a formal ball dress.

Personally I enjoyed this sartorial expedition into the past and found it quite natural to rest my hand upon the sword hilt. Nature has always intended the male to be resplendent and it is only a deep-laid plot on the part of women that has reversed the rule in the human barnyard.

But shall I garb myself once more in this uniform? Faced by the rise of the Labour Party, faced with the fact that Mr. Aneurin Bevan will not wear even normal formal dress on official occasions, faced with the heavy cost of a court uniform, the Lord Chamberlain has issued the order: "Dress as well as you can"—an order almost worthy to rank with the cry from Napoleon's broken ranks toward the end of the Battle of Waterloo: "Sauve qui peut!"

Thus I shall be put to shame in drab morning dress by my friend Leigh Holman (Vivien Leigh's first husband) who has wangled a job as footman in one of the coronation coaches. There will be no concession to corroding common sense when the coaches go by.

However, in the important matter of actually being in the Abbey, we MPs have done pretty well for ourselves—which is as it should be. Not only is democracy a system of government by consent of the governed, but government with a clear recognition of the rights of the governors. Therefore, we elected legislators held a ballot on the basis that, if successful, an MP could have two seats in the Abbey and two seats at six pounds each in the stand outside the Houses of Parliament facing the Abbey. A further concession was that, if he so desired, an MP could have all four seats on the out-of-doors stand, two free and two at six pounds.

As a number of younger MPs wanted to be with their children on the great day they chose the open-air stand which automatically assured Abbey seats for the rest of us and our wives. As usual the peers were treated rather roughly. They had to ballot for a limited number of seats in the Abbey, and there was no alternative out-of-doors arrangement for them. This has meant that about forty percent of the peers, to say nothing of their wives, are out of luck.

However, there is one lord who is threatening reprisals. Earl Baldwin, former socialist Oliver Baldwin and son and heir of the great Tory premier Stanley Baldwin, is a Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiast. He told me the other night that he intends to recruit a male chorus of rebellious peers to stand outside the Abbey on the great day and sing the peers' chorus from *Iolanthe*:—

Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes!

Bow, ye tradesmen, bow ye masses.

I am afraid, though, that his plot will not be achieved. Even the peers will pay tribute to pomp and circumstance when the day of days arrives.

At this point I must, with due deference, invade the precincts of Buckingham Palace and discuss no less a

*Continued on page 63*



A. B. Baxter, MP: Court uniform with a sword.





## BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

### No Social Climbers in the Abbey

NOW THAT the job is done, Ottawa civil servants admit that the Coronation hasn't been quite the headache they thought it would be. Several thousand Canadians (they won't say exactly how many) have got seats with a minimum, so far, of fuss and recrimination.

They had expected most trouble with the four hundred Canadian seats in Westminster Abbey. In fact they had no trouble at all. They solved that problem simply by making a clear firm rule and sticking to it.

The rule said Abbey seats must go, first of all, by official precedence. The Blue Book, a confidential document which is the protocol officer's bible, ranks more than a thousand dignitaries of church and state from the governor-general at the top down to provincial MLAs at the bottom.

In blocs according to rank, enquiries went out to these gentry to find out how many desired invitations for self and wife. Each enquiry bore a chill reminder that they'd have to pay their own way—only the official delegates and their wives, plus four veterans' representatives, will witness the ceremony at the taxpayer's expense. Perhaps because of this fact, the whole Blue Book brought in fewer than two hundred requests for invitations.

Next came the mayors of cities with populations of twenty thousand or more. Less than a dozen of these could go. That left about half of Canada's seats in the Abbey still unfilled.

Invitations thus became available for universities and for various national organizations. And this is the

point where the rule displayed its admirable flexibility. No social climber, however resolute and implacable, could get into the Abbey in the capacity of a private individual. But in some cases it was possible to drop a discreet hint in the right quarter and see that a particularly insistent aspirant might be chosen as the representative of some worthy cause or institution.

But when all the universities and organizations had had their chance, some seats were still empty. The population limit for mayors had to be dropped to five thousand before the last of the four hundred were filled.


WHEN IT CAME to the seats along the route, the procedure was exactly reversed. Rank, real or assumed, now counted for nothing at all. Seats were sold for cash on a first-come-first-served basis.

Just how many were sold is the worst-kept state secret of 1953. (The unofficial estimate puts the number at around eight thousand.) The reason for the secrecy is British embarrassment and Commonwealth jealousy. Australia has fewer people than Canada, but more Australians than Canadians wanted to come to the Coronation. The result is that neither are to be told, officially, how many seats the other one is getting. At the moment, each dominion appears to think it is on top.

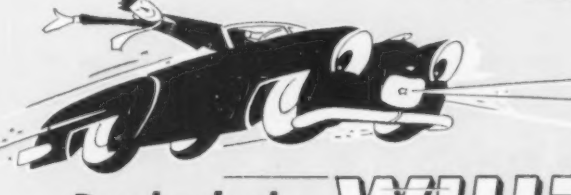
In any case, Canada has had enough to go round. Up to a fairly late date in the spring, no application for a seat met with a flat refusal. Some who wanted covered seats had to be offered *Continued on page 83*



Cartoon by Grossick



Take out the **WHEEZE**



Put back the **WHIZ**

with **MOTOR RYTHM**

When your car's engine acts older than its years, put back the zip and go of youth with Motor Rythm. Motor Rythm cleans out power-stealing carbon deposits, engine gums and resins. Motor Rythm gives your engine new pep and power—better gas mileage.

### Motor Rythm in your Gasoline

(four ounces with every tank full)


- Dissolves carbon deposits—ends spark knock.
- Loosens sticky valves—renews engine pep and performance.
- Frees gummy rings—cuts friction and reduces engine wear by permitting a constant flow of oil.
- Restores power—dissolves power-stealing sludges and resins.

### Motor Rythm in your Oil

(one pint with every oil change)

- Reinforces your present lubricant—reduces friction and wear.
- Prevents "dry starts"—by moving oil to vital engine parts the instant you start your motor.
- Prevents corrosion and rust—neutralizes crankcase acids.
- Permits high speed break-in of new motors.

Ask for Motor Rythm at leading service stations across Canada—use it regularly to keep your engine in tune.




**MOTOR RYTHM**

KEEPS MOTOR CLEAN  
INCREASES GAS MILEAGE  
ADDS POWER AND PEPS  
GIVES MOTOR LONGER LIFE

### "Use Venus Car Polish for longer-lasting protection"

Only product of its kind that gives a protective wax finish as it cleans. Whole job takes minutes—just apply—let dry—rub off and your car is beautiful and protected, rain or shine.



MOTOR RYTHM AND VENUS CAR POLISH are products of

**The R. M. Hollingshead Co. of Canada Limited**  
Offices: 1130 Bay Street, Toronto — Factory: Bowmanville, Ontario.



# Give

## GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

...the bride's most treasured gifts!



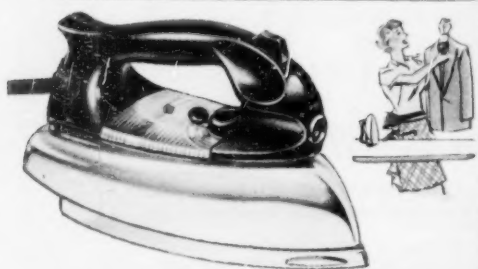
For young homemakers, this Floor Polisher is the supremely suitable gift. Saves hours of work . . . makes floors gleam. \$64.50.

There's no finer way to start the lovely bride on a lifetime of happiness than with the gift of wonderful General Electric Appliances.

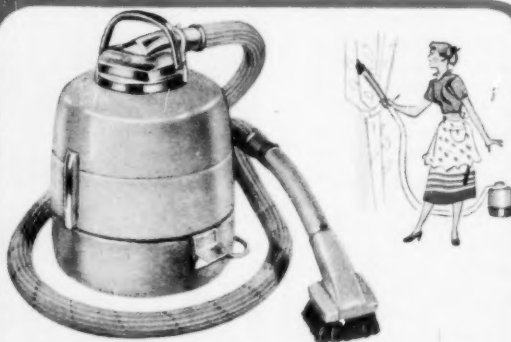
These electrical servants will make the new experience of keeping house a pleasure instead of a chore—and they'll serve her faithfully for years.

Your neighbourhood dealer has the perfect gift for every bride, to make her life happier, easier, more comfortable.

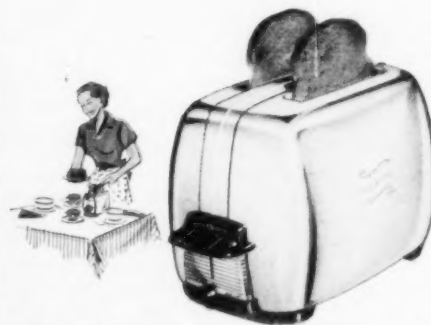
Small Appliance Dept., Canadian General Electric Co. Ltd., Toronto.



A wonderful Steam Iron that irons dry or with steam—a reminder of your thoughtfulness through the years. \$24.50.



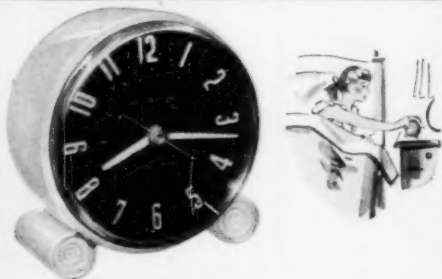
Swivel-top Vacuum Cleaner, a wedding gift that lets her clean the entire living room without once moving the cleaner. \$129.50.



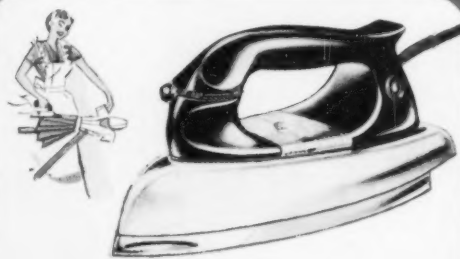
New G-E Automatic Toaster "pops up" toast to your taste—every time. Ideal gift for any bride. \$29.50.



Fast-boiling Electric Kettle is a gift to delight any bride. Boils enough water for 4 cups of tea in 2½ minutes. \$14.95.



G-E Electric Clocks are superbly styled for every room, every purpose, every taste . . . priced from \$4.95 up.



Work-saving Automatic Featherweight Iron will prove a constant reminder of your best wishes. \$14.95.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED





Hiding a warm impulsive personality, the Queen on duty wears the emotionless face that has long been a trademark of British monarchs.

# THE GIRL BEHIND THE MASK



*The acres of newsprint devoted to making Elizabeth II the most publicized woman of modern times have only covered deeper the real personality of our Queen*

## THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE

*Part six of seven parts*

By PIERRE BERTON

ELIZABETH II, as all the world knows, is a petite serious-faced girl with a twenty-five-inch waist and golden eyebrows, who can't stand oysters but likes champagne, doesn't smoke in public but keeps cigarettes on her desk, prefers canasta to bridge and horse racing to boxing, likes her drapery cherry-red and her note paper bottle-green, enjoys Jane Austen but thinks Dickens rather a bore, is madly in love with her husband and knows how to shake hands at the rate of twelve a minute.

She is also, as these crumbs of personal trivia indicate, the most widely publicized young woman of modern times. Her orbit is as carefully charted as that of the planet Jupiter, and she lives so much within a goldfish bowl that it is difficult to disassociate her private life from her public existence. Yet the two are, in many ways, quite dissimilar.

So much is known about her that is superficial: that she enjoys Li'l Abner, keeps a faithful daily diary, likes to suck on barley sugar, doesn't like the sea. So much less is known about her that strikes deeper. Long after the ink has dried on the acres of newsprint devoted to her person, the question still remains: what is the girl in the palace really like?

What would she be like if she were subject instead of sovereign? A man who has observed her since childhood recently indulged in this game of make-believe. She would, he said, have been a country girl, the kind usually described as "horsy." She would have ridden a lot, always astride, and most of the time

she would wear tweedy things. She wouldn't come into the city a great deal and when she did it would be to see a musical comedy or a vaudeville show or a movie. She would be a lively girl, laughing a good deal, not too interested in style or the arts, surrounded by her own kind of unsophisticated unintellectual upper-middle-class country folk. She would have a large family and be great fun at a party where she would dance all the lively dances with bounce and enthusiasm. She would be matronly and she would be wholesome.

This is not the picture of Elizabeth Windsor that the public sees. The serious, almost prim figure in the modish suits and frocks reading her careful speeches, the austere military form in the sidesaddle at the Trooping ceremony, the dazzling fairy queen at the ballet do not seem to bear much relation to a bouncy country matron in tweeds. It is hard to remember sometimes that this is the same girl who likes to lead a conga line through the palace, dance eight-some reels all night and hum Cole Porter's Night and Day in her husband's ear; who loves to stalk deer through Scottish forests, angle for trout in mountain streams, or put five pounds on a horse's nose at Goodwood; who has learned how to tap dance well, enjoys cowboy movies, especially those starring Gary Cooper, and likes to lean over a piano of a winter evening singing Greensleeves with the gang.

It is almost as if there were two Elizabeths, one public and one private, and this curious double existence was quite apparent to those who traveled with

Story and pictures next four pages ►►

## *"I have been trained since childhood never to show emotion in public"*

her on the royal train across Canada in 1951. In the privacy of her quarters she was a lively animated girl who rocked with laughter at small talk and cradled a cocktail glass between her hands. But the train would stop and the laughter would die; the talk would cease, the cocktail would vanish, the smile would fade, the shoulders would stiffen and Elizabeth would move resolutely toward the rear platform, exactly, in one observer's words, "like a soldier coming to attention." Then, the anthem sung, the greeting accepted, the cheers acknowledged and the speech delivered, she would return again to her private world, sink into a couch and double up with mirth at a remark or an incident or a scene that had tickled her.

"I have been trained since childhood never to show emotion in public," Elizabeth once remarked to a dinner companion, and this is one key to her outward reserve. Infused in the hard metal of her character are those qualities of stoicism and constraint which the British prize so highly. They have always been with her. As a child she was particularly enchanted one day by the quick action of a group of marching sailors, one of whose members fainted. The others simply closed in on either side of him and, without missing a beat, marched the insensible man along with them. At the age of ten she added to her reputation for being able to maintain a poker face when, during a church sermon, a bee settled on the minister's nose. Those around her stuffed handkerchiefs in their mouths to stifle their laughter. But Elizabeth's face retained its composure and only the flowers jiggling on her hat revealed her inner mirth. Years later she was inspecting an honor guard of servicewomen when one girl collapsed, almost at her feet. Elizabeth walked on without changing expression.

### **Her Smile Can Flash Around the World**

The cast of her face is of that mold which always appears serious and even a little sullen in repose. It is very like the cast of her late grandmother's granite features. The brows are heavy and the lips full, and they impart to Elizabeth an especially sombre look. When she smiles she seems to be a different person, but she has not yet got that facility for smiling before crowds which distinguished her mother as Queen. On her Canadian tour Elizabeth phoned her mother from Vancouver. "Are you smiling enough, dear?" the elder Elizabeth asked. "Oh, mother!" came the reply, "I seem to be smiling all the time." But it is not in her nature to smile all the time in public. When she does the photograph flashes around the world.

Indeed, she sometimes seems to be wearing a mask, and so of necessity she is. It is the iron mask of royalty which those who came before her have worn on public occasions: the peculiarly blank expressionless stare that can be seen in the official portraits, effigies, bas-reliefs, stamps of the nation and coins of the realm. All the members of this emotional Windsor dynasty have worn this emotionless mask. Only occasionally has the frozen guise slipped momentarily to reveal a swift fascinating glimpse of the face behind it.

There is a glimpse of Queen Mary, as a princess, hiding behind pillars at a grand ball and sticking out her foot to trip up passing guests, and there is a later glimpse of her as Queen whistling rowdy music-hall numbers in the corridors of the palace;

There is a glimpse of the newly married Victoria, giggling in delight as she watches her husband shave, and there is a later glimpse of her husband, the decorous and proper Albert, dashing up a hillside at Balmoral to dance a wild witch's dance around the fires that celebrated victory at Balaclava;

There is a glimpse of Bertie, Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, at the age of fifty hiding behind a pillar, the sweat glistening on his terrified brow because he had committed the unpardonable blunder of being late for one of his mother's affairs;

And there is a glimpse of a later Prince of Wales, dressing up as a waiter, bribing the butler and turning up as a servant at the table of a lady of his acquaintance.

But in public Elizabeth's forebears have always worn their masks. Victoria hardly changed expression on any of the seven occasions on which her life was threatened by assassination. A Belgian youth once fired a bullet which passed between Edward VII and his Queen during a train journey on the continent, but the King merely glanced up from his newspaper and remarked "Poor fool" in French. When fire broke out at the Indian Durbar of 1911 threatening the lives of hundreds, George V a few yards away did not even turn his head but continued to pin on medals and decorations.

So with her ancestors, so with the new Queen. She wears the family face. It is not that she lacks a woman's emotions. But her whole background has made her chary of revealing them. "I am not a Hollywood

movie star," she told her staff at the outset of her Canadian tour, "and I do not propose to act like one." Nor did she.

To some Canadians this was a puzzling side to Elizabeth's personality. There was an incident in Calgary when the Dosiettes, a group of little orphanage children skilled in square dancing, put on an exhibition that delighted the royal couple. The plan was that toward the end of the dance two of the smallest children would lead the visitors onto the floor and dance with them. But Elizabeth, when approached about the idea in advance, flatly refused to dance before a crowd. It was reminiscent of an earlier incident in her life when she had been an enthusiastic Girl Guide. She had loved the Guide camp in the daytime, but as night drew on she always had some excuse for returning to the sheltering stone of Windsor Castle. She did not want to undress before the other little girls. Dancing in public to her was rather like undressing; it belonged to the secret world behind the mask.

There was the time in Toronto in the Sick Children's Hospital when she was to walk past a row of tiny patients laid out for her to see. The photographers reached this vantage point well in advance for here, surely, was an opportunity for a great photograph. The Princess was the mother of two and it was in the cards that she would pick up one of the tiny bodies and cuddle it. The cameras were trained and the crowd waited, but Elizabeth walked down the line as if she were inspecting a rank of guardsmen. For sentiment too is a luxury which must only be indulged in private.

Beyond the gaze of the public eye her grave look melts away. She laughs and cries easily. She rocks when she laughs, throwing her head back and swinging her clasped hands high above her head and down between her knees. She literally dances when she is excited or interested, balancing on her heels and executing two little steps to the left then two to the right. If things don't go well she can look daggers and tap her foot in fury. Like her forebears she has two swear words which she isn't afraid to use, "damn" and "bloody."

In public she sometimes gives the impression of a woman who knows her emotions lie dangerously close to the surface and is therefore all the more determined to keep them in check. In Calgary and Toronto where she was greeted by large numbers of children, those standing close to her noticed her throat muscles tighten, her fingers twist tightly in the straps of her handbag and her eyes cloud up.

There was one moving moment at Government House in Ottawa at the end of the private square-dance party that Lord Alexander held for his royal guests. Elizabeth had been dancing gaily all evening when suddenly, at 11.30, she prepared to go and the band struck up God Save The King. The chatter and the laughter ceased and, in the words of one observer, "a sort of emotional wave swept over the guests." One man began to sing the words of the anthem and the others took it up. Somebody stole a look at Elizabeth. The mask had slipped and she was starting to cry.

### **"You Look After Your Empire"**

The serious mien which Elizabeth presents to the world is a direct reflection of her attitude to her job. Not long ago she commented tartly on the fact that, after she succeeded to the throne, everybody went around saying that she looked twenty years older. But in her moments of seriousness she has always looked older than her years. She is still, in every sense, the good little girl who used to jump out of bed every night to get her shoes exactly straight and her clothes arranged just so, who insisted on wearing her gas mask for the prescribed period every day during the war as the regulations required and cleaning the eyepiece methodically every evening, and who warned her sister that it wasn't polite to rush for the tea table at a royal garden party. Responsibility, the heritage of the Coburgs, has always rested with its full weight upon her shoulders.

On the battleship that took them to Africa she and Margaret entertained a group of sailors. A few days later they had occasion to pass the same group again. Elizabeth looked straight ahead of her but Margaret could not resist a smile. "Behave yourself," Elizabeth whispered sternly. Whereupon Margaret made her famous retort: "You look after your Empire and I'll look after my life."

The contrast between the two sisters is not quite as great as it appears to be. Both are fun-loving young women who like jokes and parties and dances and weddings. But the gap widens in public. One has her Empire; the other her own life.

In a sense Elizabeth has from her childhood days played the role of the little mother, alternately leading or pushing her younger sister down a self-prescribed pathway; speaking up for her entry into the Girl Guides





*The Royal Family  
at Balmoral*

*Maclean's, June 1, 1953*



*Cameras have followed Elizabeth  
all her life, hoping for glimpses behind the mask*



Young Elizabeth was crazy about horses, and treasured a whole stable of wooden ones. Here she presents a rosette to jump winner.



As a Girl Guide patrol leader Elizabeth practices first aid on Margaret.



At thirteen, Elizabeth swam at London Bath Club. When she became heiress presumptive she could only swim in private.

at an earlier age than normal ("She's very strong, you know. And she loves getting dirty—don't you, Margaret?"), worrying about her at official ceremonies ("I do hope Margaret won't disgrace us by falling asleep."), reproving her with a stern headshake when she started to smile at Zulus dancing their war dance in South Africa. Before her reign is ended she will undoubtedly be thought of as the mother of her country, a stern straight figure rather like Queen Mary, speaking up for her people, reproving them when necessary, and always setting her own example.

All of her days her temperament has been leavened by a stubborn resolve to do what is right. Is it right to play, Crawfie, with grandfather lying dead? Is it right to be too happy with the terrible war raging across the Channel? Surely it is not right for Margaret to dangle her legs at the solemn moment of Mummy and Daddy's coronation! And is it really right to play practical jokes on the gardener? It is fun, of course, but is it *right*? The round and solemn young face gets quite pink at the thought.

There is more than a trace of Albert of Saxe-Coburg in all this. The serious prince with his methodical ways and his high resolve seems to be standing, ghostlike, over the little girl's shoulder as she carefully sorts out her pieces of barley sugar into neat piles, each arranged according to size. (Margaret is stuffing hers into her mouth in great sticky handfuls.) The little girl becomes a big girl and, to her first military inspection, she brings the same method that she did to the arrangement of the barley sugar. Here is a Grenadier Guardsman with his belt buckle unpolished! She points it out quite seriously and there is a great flurry and the guardsman goes red and, when it is all over, somebody has to tell her, tactfully, that she doesn't need to be *quite* so meticulous on these occasions.

### Sidesaddle Was the Right Thing

But Albert's shade pursues her. She is standing on the bridge of HMCS Crusader on the way from Vancouver to Victoria, talking to the commander. The talk gets around to British Columbia's national flower, the dogwood. How far do the roots go down? To everybody's astonishment Elizabeth has the answer. She has looked it up.

For she is a woman who leaves little to chance. In Winnipeg, Canada's windiest city, a Toronto Star photographer was assigned to get a photograph of her with her hat blowing off. He tried in vain. She had taken the precaution of securing it firmly with a pin. Her handbag, which she carries into banquets, is fitted with a special clip so it can be secured to the table within easy reach and never drop onto the floor. Her lady in waiting is equipped with extra shoes and stockings in case of a run or a loose heel. Elizabeth is a woman who keeps a firm eye on the clock, a royal trait that goes back to the days of Edward VII. In Calgary she suddenly stopped short in the midst of a reception and said firmly: "Now! . . . we must go back to the carriage." She set off immediately, leaving her husband chatting with the crowd. "Good heavens!" he cried, "where's my wife got to?" and off he ran to catch her.

One of the most famous pictures of Elizabeth shows her riding erect in the sidesaddle on the occasion of Trooping the Color. This was as studied as her knowledge of the dogwood roots. She practiced for a month in order to do it properly, riding each morning in the Royal Mews and on week ends at Windsor to build up the muscles in the right thigh which are needed to hold the

horse. For though it would have been easier, and certainly more pleasant to ride astride, it would not have been the right thing to do.

It would have been pleasant, too, to stay at the radio on the night of the Randy Turpin-Sugar Ray Robinson fight. But again she must do what was right: leave the radio in an early round and welcome dinner guests on her sick father's behalf and sit pleasantly smiling at the head of the table and wait anxiously until a footman passed her a surreptitious note from her father: "You may relax now. Turpin has won!"

Elizabeth is not a brilliant woman, nor is she required to be, but she can be stubborn and this quality, which is also an ancient family trait, will stand her in better stead as Queen. Sir Henry Marten, the bald savant from Eton who taught her constitutional history, once told her that some of the bright boys over at the school could rattle off the names of all the kings of England together with the dates in so many seconds. Elizabeth determined to better this record, and she did. In her early days as Queen she brought the same stubborn concentration to the state papers set before her. She insisted on reading all of them and asking questions about most of them. The questions were often more searching than her late father's and there were some ministers of the crown who felt she was taking the whole thing just a little too seriously. But it is not in her nature to treat such matters sloppily or lightly.

In this context it is intriguing to examine her relations with her husband. In private the strong-willed Philip is master. It is he who decides, on vacations at Sandringham or Balmoral, what the family will do. It is he who gives the orders to the servants and looks after domestic details. But on all public matters Elizabeth takes charge and sometimes, when occasion demands it, she overrules him. During the royal tour she was told in Victoria that an Indian princess had come several hundred miles to see her but couldn't be fitted into the ceremonies. "The Indian princess stuff is out!" snapped Philip. But Elizabeth told him quite firmly that she intended to see her. Later, in Montreal, the mayor approached the couple to explain that a lot of people wanted to shake hands. Philip said there wasn't any time. Elizabeth turned to him and said, "Philip, I *want* to shake hands." And she did. In Greece, in December, 1950, she asked a photographer to come along and record her visit to the Acropolis. Philip, who is not fond of photographers, tried to wave him away, but again Elizabeth intervened. Later she could be heard saying to her husband, a little heatedly, "That may be so, Philip, but it is not *my* way." When the couple's marriage portrait was being painted the artist had trouble getting Philip to pose. He simply didn't see why he should. Finally Elizabeth put her foot down and told him the portrait had to be done. "You just stand there!" she said to Philip. And he did.

She is just as stubbornly determined never to be a party to any diminution of the ancient dignity of the monarchy. "How is your father, ma'am?" someone in Canada asked her. Elizabeth replied with an icy look. "Are you referring to His Majesty the King?" she asked, and turned away. There is an even more telling story recounted of her first weeks as Queen. During this period a veteran courtier, leaning casually against a mantelpiece, had engaged the new sovereign in conversation. Suddenly the Queen interrupted him. "Are you tired?" she asked. The courtier, puzzled, said he wasn't. "Are you perhaps ill then?" No, ma'am, certainly not ill. "Then," said the Queen in a good-humored voice which showed only a suggestion of mettle, "don't you think you should stand erect when talking to the sovereign?"





University of London granted her an honorary bachelor of music degree in 1946 and another uniform was added to wardrobe.



Rare photo shows Elizabeth dodging a naval officer's touch in a game of tag. In Canada later she square-danced.



She was at her smiling best at her twenty-first birthday ball at Capetown.

Last summer Elizabeth grew furious at press reports that hinted she was pregnant. Several members of the cabinet, including Churchill, were meeting at the palace one day and the Queen in a blazing voice discussed the matter and ended with the command: "I expect these rumors to stop!" It was after this incident that the Prime Minister was credited with the much quoted remark: "She may not be pregnant but she is certainly regnant." She was equally unmovable a few months ago when she discovered to her annoyance that a silver trophy she was to present in Edinburgh had been inscribed simply "Queen Elizabeth"—a reminder that the Scots do not recognize her earlier namesake. Elizabeth had the trophy shipped back and ordered that the numeral "II" be appended.

And yet she is in no sense an arrogant or a domineering woman. When waiting at the airport to leave for Malta she was quite capable of purchasing a pack of cards and dealing out hands to her staff in a Canasta game. And the personality behind the mask is still that of the shy nervous little girl who had to suck barley sugar to keep her spirits up on her first official inspection. One man, who knows her well, remembers seeing her and Philip driving by carriage to some of their first functions together and, as the carriage drew closer, holding on to one another's hands so tightly that the knuckles went white. "Elizabeth is not only shy," says an acquaintance, "but she's also shy of making other people shy."

For the first fifteen years of her life she led a confined existence. She was not known to the public and she did not get to know them. As a result until she married she had only a hazy idea of the world beyond the palace and she still has not got the happy facility for official small talk that her husband has. Philip can walk into a room without introduction (as he did in Toronto) and breezily say "Hi!", then walk up to the nearest girl and remark (as he also did): "Golly—this is a much more attractive audience than the one I've just left." Elizabeth cannot project her personality in this way. In the receiving line she often seems to be trying to think of something to say next and she has a habit of looking away after a gap in the conversation and then turning back and starting in again when a new thought has occurred to her. Once, in Malta, during one of these interludes she said naively: "Well . . . I can't think of anything more to say about that," and drifted off.

### "She's Anything But Stuffy"

As the years go by these shortcomings will vanish. It was noted that on her Kenya tour she was much more self-possessed than she had been six months previously in Canada. She was more relaxed and she smiled more easily. And in her year on the throne she has already acquired a sureness of manner that is a surprise to some of her ministers. "We thought she'd be pretty stuffy," one of them remarked not long ago. "She's anything but." For she is quick to pick up the gambits of her trade, as her equally shy father was before her. In Winnipeg she arrived at the airport and made an opening remark that had a familiar ring to the RCAF commandant who greeted her. "Everytime I come to an airport there seems to be a terrible wind," Elizabeth said. It was exactly the same phrase that George VI had used on two similar occasions in the RCAF man's presence.

Elizabeth cannot yet make extemporaneous speeches and this was again particularly evident during the royal tour of Canada. In the Sunnybrook Hos-

pital for war veterans in Toronto she suddenly realized that she was expected to speak. She did not know what to say until her private secretary, Lieut.-Col. Martin Charteris, scribbled a few notes on the back of a cigarette package and handed it to her. In Calgary a microphone was set up for her and the citizens had the impression she would say a few words. But there had been a mix-up and no prepared address was ready. Elizabeth declined to say as much as "hello." Similarly in Montreal she was supposed to make a few remarks to a group of children announcing a half holiday. Somehow the speech was missing from her purse. Somebody suggested she just tell the children anyway, in French. But Elizabeth found she simply could not do it. On the other hand she reads a prepared speech clearly, if in a rather stilted fashion. She braces herself, looks at her husband, swallows, moistens her lips and plunges ahead. Again one is reminded of the good little girl chosen to read the valedictory speech at the high-school graduation.

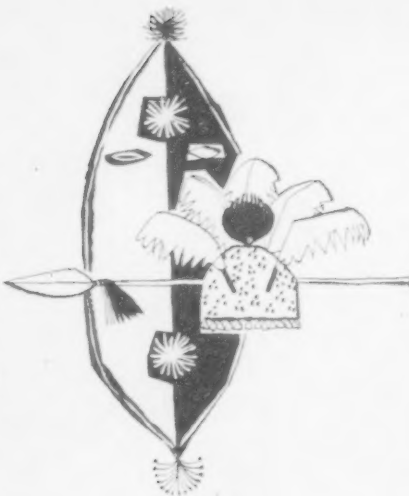
### The New Fashions Were Frightening

Her speeches are written for her and she does not make many changes in them for she is not a woman who initiates ideas. Once she and Philip visited the London Palladium to watch Danny Kaye, then the idol of England. After the show Philip suggested they go backstage and congratulate Kaye. Elizabeth was quite startled at the suggestion, which she was happy to comply with. It simply had not occurred to her. In her personal tastes she has shown a similar passivity. As a princess she had no strong ideas about furnishing or decorating her room as her sister had. She was quite happy to settle down in surroundings arranged by someone else. Nor, until her marriage, was she in any sense clothes conscious. She has never had any desire to be a fashion leader and although her general attire has become much smarter than it used to be some stylists still shudder at her accessories. Recently Elizabeth attended a fashion show at Claridge's, looked at the new dresses and commented that "They frighten me!"

For she is not a woman whose nature is marked by the extremes of taste and inclination, nor is it proper that she should be. She does not pluck her eyebrows or wear bright varnish on her nails. She would rather foxtrot than rhumba. She knows her Kipling but has no affinity for Gertrude Stein. She can understand horses but she does not pretend to understand Picasso. Exotic foods leave her unmoved: she would rather have roast lamb and green peas. Her disposition is generally pliable and undogmatic. She has few fanaticisms, always excepting the crowning fanaticism with which she approaches her job. In this she is resolute and unswerving. She might prefer the infinitely simpler role of a horsey young woman in country tweeds, but she knows that this is not to be. She knows that in the political climate of her times monarchs who take their duties lightly have been notably unsuccessful. The fat Farouk lost his throne through philandering. The solemn Baudouin weakened his by lying on the beach when the floods wracked his country. Even her own father was criticized when, by an unfortunate coincidence, he chose the bitterly cold winter of 1947 to visit sunny Africa.

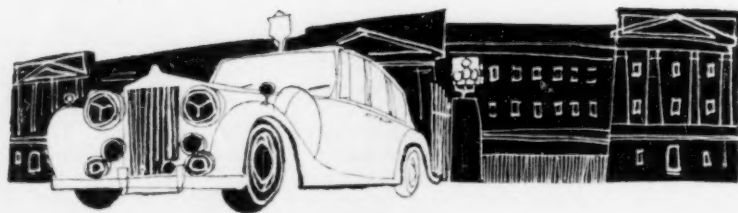
Elizabeth has no intention of falling into such pitfalls. The road she must take runs straight as a red carpet without curves or forks. Before its end is reached Elizabeth II may occupy the last throne in the world. But if her will prevails she will not be the last Queen of England. ★

*Next page: Pierre Berton delves into the mysterious rituals of monarchy*



*THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE*, fenced in by a forest of taboos as weird as any savage kingdom's, obeys a tradition of self-sacrifice unto death. Will the historians of the future attribute the great success of the British crown to

# THE STRANGE RITES OF ROYALTY



In the monarchies of today, as in those of the past in other lands, there is a prescribed way to travel, speak and eat.

SINCE NO human institution can endure forever, the anthropologists of some future era may be able to contemplate the British Crown with a detachment not entirely possible in our own day. When they do finally cast their dispassionate gaze through history's narrowing telescope and look at this impossible, unbelievable, patently unworkable and more than slightly magical phenomenon, they are likely to come up with some queer observations.

They will have to note, for example, that in mid-twentieth-century Britain a twenty-six-year-old girl, chosen only by the roulette wheel of birth, was given powers so great that she could, on paper, commit murder without punishment or disband the armies of her country without other authority;

That she never actually invoked any of these powers except occasionally to accept as her right a white rose from the Duke of Atholl or a snowball from the Munros of Foulis;

That, on certain occasions, she and those around her dressed up in the costumes of their ancestors to take part in rites that had been ancient before those same ancestors were born;

That in the age of the motor car she was to be seen driving about in a horse-drawn coach that had been built two hundred years before and had been obsolete for at least fifty;

That on one occasion in her lifetime two millions of her countrymen paid out the better part of a week's wages simply to watch her drive past them wearing a four-pound jeweled headpiece and holding a jeweled stick in one hand and a jeweled ball in the other;

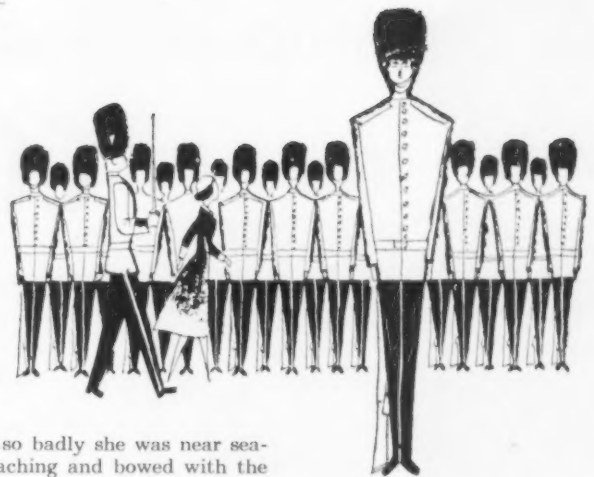
That although she was subjected to a veneration only slightly less awe-inspiring than that accorded to the Deity, though she was occasionally credited with certain magical powers such as healing the sick or changing the weather, though a special language had to be used when addressing her, she herself was a virtual prisoner in her country, forced to labor at her task until the very moment of her death, her life planned for her, almost to the very minute, weeks and months in advance, and her person surrounded by a thicket of taboos that governed her days as surely as the sun shone on her planet.

A woman, she could not dress as other women; she could never be seen in a bathing suit and when her younger sister was once caught in one she was submitted to a national persecution. She could not wear the low-heeled shoes which every other working girl in the realm was allowed for comfort. She could not appear in any sort of headdress that covered either the eyes or any portion of her features. In an age where nearly every other woman wore trousers, she could not be seen in slacks or shorts. Once, on a visit to Kenya in Africa, she donned slacks to climb to the top of a tree. On the way she was scheduled to inspect a group of school children. She had to carry out the inspection from the car so that the children could not see the offending garment.

She could never have a hair out of place. As a little girl she would grow pale with half-suffocation inside the royal limousines because the windows could not be opened for fear a breeze might disturb her coiffure. Once, in HMCS Ontario, traveling between Halifax and St. John's, a photographer came upon her on deck, munching a date square, a bandanna loosely wrapped around her head. She swiftly whipped off the headdress and re-







moved the confection. For she must never be photographed eating.

All her life she was treated as a porcelain figure. Once, when she toured Canada, she would have liked to have visited New York City, the mecca of her age, to see a musical comedy and take in a night club; but she could not do so. As a child, her greatest thrill was a subway ride followed by tea out of thick cups in a YWCA canteen. But when the crowd gathered she was whisked away, never to drink out of thick cups or ride the subway again. Her father once tried to, when his car broke down and he wanted to make connections with the royal train. But the manager of the subway, who was one of his loyal and obedient servants, flatly refused to permit it. He feared a general panic.

When this young girl went to the pantomime she, of all the people there, could only see half the stage; for she had to sit in the royal box, at a discreet distance from her subjects. She had never ridden a bus. Indeed she had not even seen a bus close at hand until one day in Scotland her future husband took her for a drive in his tiny sports car. Later she wrote to a friend to remark in some surprise at the height of the great double-decker that trundled past them.

For her official life was walled away in a musty palace where the light switches were two feet outside the doors, and in a thousand-year-old castle with eight-foot-thick walls and no central heating. And she herself, her life and even her expression, was cast in the inflexible mold of her ancestors. If her grandfather kept a stamp collection, then she must keep one, too. If her great-grandfather had purchased a Daimler, then she must ride in a Daimler and there was a hue and cry when her husband ordered a Rolls-Royce. Nor must her features exhibit any of the range of human emotions except to register cheerful amusement. When she greeted her young son after a two-month absence in Canada she could not bend and kiss him, or pick him up and cuddle him. "We are not supposed to be human," her mother had said on her coronation day. She had been riding for two hours in a

golden coach which swayed so badly she was near seasickness and her head was aching and bowed with the weight of her crown.

For the burden of the crown was always felt by those privileged to wear it in mid-twentieth-century Britain.

Now, having said all this, our future anthropologists will have to make a further observation. They will have to note that this curious, unwieldy, time-encrusted, creaky royal machine somehow seemed to work; that it served to remind an island people of their continuing traditions and institutions; that by a strange imitative process it promoted business and stimulated trade; that through a mystical bond that nobody could explain it maintained under a common symbol a loose collection of totally disparate peoples, black, brown, yellow and white; Muslim, Christian, Buddhist and Jew; Zulu, witchdoctor, prince and Hottentot.

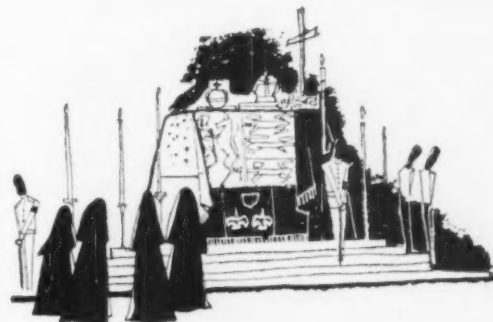
They will have to note that all these peoples, on given occasions and sometimes several times a day, in churches, music halls, fraternity houses and tents, were in the habit of jumping to their feet, standing stiffly rigid, fixing their eyes on a distant point and chanting a prayer for the shy little woman chosen as their fetish. For the taboos erected around her applied also, in varying degrees, to objects, human or inanimate, that were connected with her: to a piece of bunting called a "flag," to officers in the army who held her commission and relatives who bore her name, to the anthem that asked God to save her.

In this connection they may come across the incident of Miss Tree, a musical mind reader who toured England in the mid-Thirties. Her peculiar abilities consisted of being able to play any tune immediately it was thought of by a member of the audience. One evening the Duke of Portland invited Their Majesties to an evening's entertainment which featured Miss Tree. Miss Tree turned first to Queen Mary, who thought of an obscure English ballad which Miss Tree played at once. King George's turn came next and he thought of a sea chantey and Miss Tree played it. Now Miss Tree turned to her host, but the Duke of Portland

*Continued on page 78*

From Borneo to Britain, the reigning ruler must abide by the dictates of tradition. A queen of today may "own" an army but she enjoys less real liberty than her own subjects.

Coronations and burials have always been sacred rites, no matter what the style chosen. Togoland rulers, for example, die alone on a mountaintop.



DRAWINGS BY BRUCE JOHNSON



CANADA

# MUST THE COMMONWEALTH SPLIT UP?

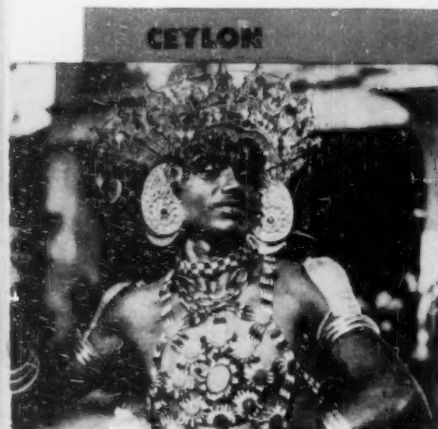
BY BRUCE HUTCHISON



SOUTH AFRICA



HONG KONG



CEYLON



AUSTRALIA



INDIA

**M**OMENTARILY forgotten in the ritual and myth of the Coronation, some hard essential questions remain unanswered. Has the Queen's realm become a fable in its own time? Has the liquidation of the British Commonwealth and the remnants of the Empire—so scornfully rejected less than ten years ago by Winston Churchill—already passed the point of no return? Can such a loose-knit sprawling structure possibly endure in a world revolution now surging toward its watershed?

To a pragmatist the answers must have a negative and fateful ring. It is true that the Queen's realm still covers one quarter of the world's habitable surface and that its five hundred and fifty million people are a fifth of the world's population. But three quarters of these people are not British by race and can feel no emotional attachment to Britain or the Queen.

Of the eight sovereign nations within the Commonwealth, the most populous, India, is actually a republic and its teeming neighbor, Pakistan, is also considering a divorce from the throne. Two others, Australia and New Zealand, are now joined with the United States in a defense treaty from which Britain has been ostentatiously excluded over the protests of the British Prime Minister. In South Africa a ferment of racial and nationalist conflict has made outright secession something more than a distant threat. Canada, the wealthiest of the Commonwealths, remains strongly pro-British and passionately monarchist by most of the emotional and spiritual yardsticks, but by the

sterner measurements of political and economic policy it strives to recognize no sovereignty but its own. Of the seventy-two dependent areas within the Queen's realm, some, like Kenya, are torn by anti-British violence; others, like the Sudan, are turning toward or being embraced without much choice by new protectors; others, like Malaya and the strategic pin point of Hong Kong, are isolated and under duress on the tidal shores of Communism.

In mere physical terms the Commonwealth is incredible and, by every law of logic and common sense, impossible. If this is true of the present, it has also been true of most of the past. And therefore we can only hope to understand its present and guess its future if we take a steady objective look at the past.

The first fact that leaps to the eye is that the Commonwealth has just emerged from a long period of tragically bad management. In retrospect it is clear that the Commonwealth escaped shipwreck in our time by a hair's breadth.

Those events had long roots.

The British Empire, as it was called then, was established in the first place on a smug racist theory repulsive to its current citizens. Cromwell stated the theory thus: "We are people with the stamp of God upon us, whose appearance and whose providences are not to be outmatched by any story."

At the end of the nineteenth century Lord Curzon repeated the same doctrine of an elite born to rule: "My patriotism knows no geographical, only racial limits." As late as the



**NEXT PAGE: a special Maclean's map of THE QUEEN'S REALM▶▶▶**

**Is eventual merger with the United States the only answer to the dwindling power and unity of the Queen's realm? Our best-known political writer takes a look at the facts behind the fervor of the Coronation**

twentieth, Joseph Chamberlain, glaring through his famous monocle, was calling the British people "that proud, persistent, self-asserting and resolute stock which is infallibly destined to be the predominating force in the future history and civilization of the world."

To such thinkers, through more than two hundred years, the Empire was British, a racial expression, ordained of God. If it had remained only that it would have died long ago.

By the middle of the last century, in the noonday of classic liberalism and the Industrial Revolution, most British statesmen by reason, and most British people by instinct, had learned better. For a brief time they

seemed determined to liquidate an empire which had become too heavy a load to be borne.

When Sir John A. Macdonald visited London to complete the Confederation of Canada in 1867 he also brought with him Alexander Galt, who wrote: "I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that they (the English) want to get rid of us."

The great Cobden had been more candid, saying of Canada and Britain: "We are two peoples to all intents and purposes and it is a perilous delusion to both parties to attempt to keep up a sham connection and dependence

which will snap asunder if it should ever be put to the strain of stern reality."

A few years later Goldwin Smith was telling a moonfaced boy in Toronto that Canada inevitably would be absorbed into the United States. That boy was W. L. Mackenzie King, who was to become in his old age a passionate monarchist. The Cobdens and the Smiths never understood Canada and could not imagine a commonwealth wide enough to hold it.

In Britain this phase of disillusionment was brief. By Victoria's last years a new, noisy and doomed imperialism was in full cry, of which Rudyard Kipling was the brassy trumpet voice: "Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor, For 'alf o' Creation she owns." Which was false.

The twentieth century had hardly begun before it was evident that the British crown owned very little of the Empire and its ownership was shrinking. The title deeds were falling into new hands. The seed of overseas self-government, first planted in Canada by the Durham Report of 1839 and confirmed by Governor Elgin ten years later while the Montreal mobs stoned and almost lynched him, had grown quietly into a league of independent nations which no constitutionalist could describe and no foreigner could comprehend. The First Empire, ended by the American Revolution, had been followed by the Second, and the Third, stemming out of Canadian autonomy, would last only for a century.

Restless, sometimes truculent and often quarrelsome, the

*Continued on page 54*



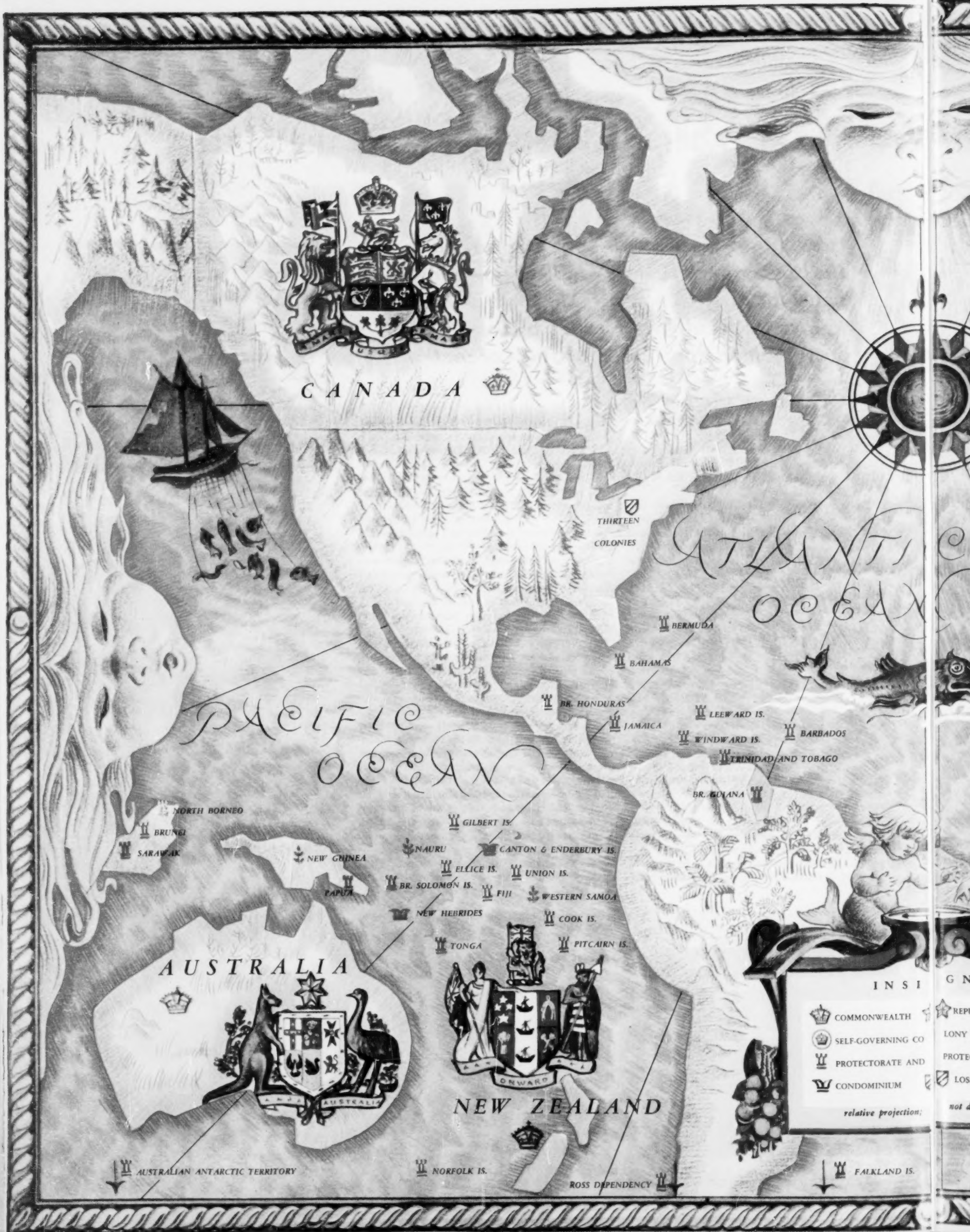
**SINGAPORE**



**PAKISTAN**

**UNITED KINGDOM**





CANADA

THIRTEEN  
COLONIES

BERMUDA

BAHAMAS

BR. HONDURAS

JAMAICA

LEEWARD IS.

WINDWARD IS.

BARBADOS

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO

BR. GUIANA

GILBERT IS.

NAURU

CANTON & ENDERBURY IS.

ELlice IS.

UNION IS.

BR. SOLOMON IS.

FIJI

WESTERN SAMOA

NEW HEBRIDES

COOK IS.

TONGA

PITCAIRN IS.

AUSTRALIA



NEW ZEALAND

AUSTRALIAN ANTARCTIC TERRITORY

NORFOLK IS.

ROSS DEPENDENCY

FAULKLAND IS.

- INSI G N
- COMMONWEALTH
  - SELF-GOVERNING CO
  - PROTECTORATE AND
  - CONDOMINIUM

relative projection;





UNITED KINGDOM

S. IRELAND

GIHRALTAR

MALTA

CYPRUS

EGYPT

KUWAIT

BAHREIN

QATAR

TRUCIAL SHEIKDOMS

PAKISTAN

HONG KONG

EAST PAKISTAN

INDIA

BURMA

GAMBIA

SIERRA LEONE

NIGERIA

TOGOLAND

CAMEROONS

GOLD COAST

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN

BR. SOMALILAND

UGANDA

KENYA

TANGANYIKA

ZANZIBAR

PENBA

CEYLON

MALAYA

SINGAPORE

CHRISTMAS IS.

COCOS IS.

SOUTH AFRICA

NORTHERN RHODESIA

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

BECHUANALAND

S. A. MANDATE

SWAZILAND

BASUTOLAND

ST. HELENA

TRISTAN DA CUNHA

PRINCE EDWARD IS.

HEARD AND MACDONALD IS.

# The Queen's Realm

PAST AND PRESENT

Drawn for Maclean's

by Eric Aldwinckle

- REPUBLIC
- COLONY
- TRUSTEESHIP
- PROTECTED STATE
- LOSSES FROM THE REALM

## DEFINITIONS

COMMONWEALTH: Nations in allegiance to the crown; plus the Republic of India, a full and equal member of the Commonwealth which recognizes the Queen as head of the Commonwealth but not as Queen of India

COLONIES: Territories annexed to the crown

PROTECTORATES: Governed like colonies but not annexed

PROTECTED STATES: Countries retaining sovereignty but whose subjects are protected as British citizens

TRUSTEESHIPS: Entrusted to a Commonwealth government by the United Nations

CONDOMINIUMS: Under joint administration by two or more powers

not drawn to scale



# CROCUS AT THE

A JAKE AND THE KID STORY especially written for Maclean's

by

The best-known little town on the prairies, practically steaming with loyalty, decided on a draw to send a representative to see the Queen. And the blind finger of fate tapped the shoulder of — well, it wasn't Mayor MacTaggart

**M**OST THE TIME people take Crocus natural like breathing. You would too till the morning you're listening to your radio kind of husky and hoarse and all wavy the way it is from coming across from the Old Country. You'd be listening to all those people with their titles yelling and her getting her crown and him beside her and everybody swallowing and blinking the way Jake was doing because you don't pick up a Queen for an Empire every day of the week.

Then bang!

You wouldn't take her so natural any more—not after Crocus, Saskatchewan, was on the map—the whole world map with a bang.

On the Royal Bank corner, in MacTaggart's

Trading Company, Maple Leaf Beer Parlor, most the Crocus district people talk about crops. Not last summer. They talked about the crops all right, but they always came back to the same thing—the real important thing. The Coronation.

Like when the straw stacks were burning and we were stacking green feed and it was one of those yellow days you get on prairie at harvest time. Mr. Gatenby was helping us and Stevie Kiziw that sits ahead of me at Rabbit Hill and Old Steve. Ma brought us out lunch and a pitcher of lemonade and we were sitting in the stubble alongside Steve's loaded rack. Mr. Kiziw has a very wide mustache—spiky if it isn't raining; at first it makes him very fierce-looking, but he has a deep gentle voice and laughs a lot.

Old Steve had just taken a drink of lemonade and he wipe his mustache with the back of his hand. "Over dere," he said, "next spring she'll be hummin', eh?"

"Where?" That was Old Man Gatenby. He puts you in mind of a banty rooster—little—always on the fight—talks sort of suspicious like he expected an argument all the time.

"Anglich," said Mr. Kiziw. "Dukes and Dukesses—that Anglich party for the Queen."

"Oh," said Old Man Gatenby. "Yeah—coronation."

"That's right," said Jake. "Gittin' their crowns all polished up—buffin' 'em—shinin' 'em. Hear they're addin' a new wing ontuh the Abbey. Weasel pelts."

*Continued on page 46*





# E CORONATION

an's by W. O. MITCHELL

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

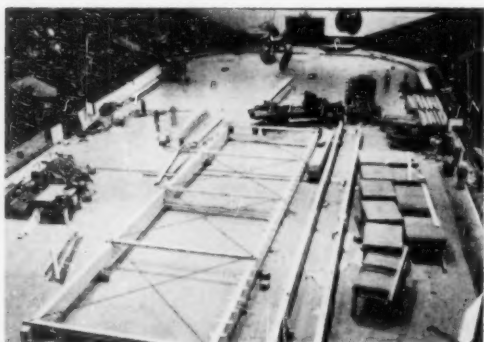




Jennie, Met's wardrobe mistress, packs some of the fifteen thousand costumes for opera's spring tour.



Risé Stevens, whose necklines cause comment, gets fitted for new gown under eye of designer Gerard.



Work in progress on Maple Leaf Gardens "ice" as staging goes up. One curtain cost nine thousand.



American matador Sidney Franklin coaches singer Frank Guarrera for role of Escamillo, in Carmen.

The cheers that normally belong to

Ke

# The Met Cashes in in Canada

By JUNE CALLWOOD

**T**O MOST Canadians opera is a word for a noise, or for pretentious culture, or for boredom, or at best for entertainment both foreign and phony. Opera's most striking defense is that few who accept such definitions have ever seen an opera.

In the spring of 1952 when the Metropolitan Opera Company gave four performances in Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto, an usher who had spent most of his mature years admiring Turk Broda play hockey on Saturday nights and Whipper Billy Watson wrestle on Thursdays observed: "When I heard the opera was coming to the Gardens I figured I was in for the longest week of my life. The first night, Aida, I thought they put on a pretty good show. The next night, Carmen, I got a program after the first act and read what it was all about, and the last night, Rigoletto, I read the whole plot on the streetcar coming to work. It was the best of them all."

The Metropolitan Opera Company—in most respects the world's finest—for fifteen years resisted all requests to come to Canada during its spring tours because it felt that (a) playing in the largest available auditorium, a hockey rink, represented a return to savagery besides being an acoustic sacrilege and (b) Canadians didn't know opera from first base. Today the Met counts Canada its most profitable audience anywhere.

Last spring when the four trains of the Met's

spring tour finally wheezed over the Canadian border after an absence of almost half a century, it marked the end of negotiations which were sometimes more comical than a pratfall out of Die Fledermaus. Maple Leaf Gardens had tried for twelve years to interest the Met in bouncing Wagnerian echoes off its concrete rafters without the slightest glimmer of a reaction. The handiest excuse was wartime's exchange difficulties.

Finally, three years ago, the entire fruitless mess was taken over by the Rotary Club of Toronto, an ebullient group with a flair for successful promotions in the Gardens ranging from ladies' softball to Barbara Ann Scott. The proceeds of these events go to the Rotarians' philanthropies, such as hospital building funds and crippled children. Stan Reid, who thrives on the manifold headaches of the entrepreneur, spearheaded the club's efforts.

At first the Met muttered unhappily to Reid about prior commitments and contract difficulties and the hopelessness of it all but eventually, at Reid's insistence, an official was sent to inspect the Gardens. He hurried back to New York with marvellous news of the seating capacity, the cleanliness, the seating capacity, the solution to the acoustics problem, the seating capacity, the excellent scale model of a stage he had examined and the seating capacity. The Met had always been delighted with its Cleveland stop, where Municipal Auditorium seats nine thousand;



Kennedy and Richard are now ringing through the rinks for Stevens and Warren as the Metropolitan Opera brings its socko extravaganza to our home ice



A world's-record house for an opera stood for the national anthem in a transformed Maple Leaf Gardens when the Met presented *Aida* last year.

though it couldn't use all the seats it had, the Gardens was prepared to house more than eleven thousand people per performance, a world record for an opera audience.

When Reid heard, at the conclusion of the 1951 spring tour, that the Met would include Toronto in its 1952 tour he wrote enthusiastically: "Rotary is confident of a sellout for the entire week." "You know your city better than we do," responded the Met with elephantine tact, "but we wonder if you aren't optimistic in thinking of the Met for a week." They sawed off for three nights and when parts of the Gardens began to sell out six months in advance the Met added a fourth night. In the meantime Nicholas Koudriavtzeff, a Montreal impresario with the instincts of a big-time gambler, invited the Met to drop by the Forum also and the offer was accepted for a three-night stand without any more verbal slitherings.

After the seven nights in Toronto and Montreal last spring it is no longer a matter of conjecture whether people in the highest, farthest seats will be able to hear grand opera or whether there will be any people in the highest, farthest seats. As the Met's blue-and-white posters went up last week for this year's eleven-performance stopover in Canada, two points were clear to all participants: (a) the biggest opera audience in the world is in, of all places, Canada, and (b) the glorious Metropolitan Opera Company, with its seventy years of dignity and tradition, makes more money in a hockey rink in

Toronto than it has ever made anywhere else in its life.

For its week in Toronto this spring the Met is asking a guarantee of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the Rotary Club, and Koudriavtzeff is putting up seventy-two thousand dollars for the four performances in Montreal. The Met's comptrollers work out these fees on a sliding scale based on the seating capacity of the house, presupposing a sellout. This is exceedingly hard on the nerves of the promoter: This season Koudriavtzeff has risked one hundred and seventy thousand dollars on a musical week at the Forum that includes the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the London Festival Ballet and the Met. The opera's four performances carry the weight of Koudriavtzeff's hopes to get his money back. The Gardens and the Toronto Rotary have invested better than sixty-five thousand dollars in the stage, lights, better sound equipment and extra chairs. In the opera business, a field not too far removed from being a public service, the margin of profit for spring-tour promoters is scant: Last year, with a two-hundred-thousand-dollar gross, the Rotary Club made only twenty thousand dollars.

Of the two hockey rinks, the Forum comes closest to reproducing the elegant atmosphere of the Metropolitan Opera House with its crimson rugs, faded rose satin-brocade walls, gilt-framed portraits of forgotten patrons and wide curving staircases. In order to provide better acoustics Koudriavtzeff seals off a large block of the Forum's

thirteen thousand seats with a velvet curtain that hangs from the smoke-blackened ceiling to the floor of the arena. Cracks in the elderly cement walls are stuffed with hairfelt. This gives a cosy effect, with the audience snuggled down between burgundy drapes, parted into sections with strips of rugs and potted palms.

The sterile blue-and-white walls of Maple Leaf Gardens are unchanged during its opera season. A massive dark-red curtain, which cost nine thousand dollars and weighs almost two tons, hangs from a steel grid high above one end of what is usually the ice surface. On the floor of the rink a thousand red-and-white canvas chairs are arranged in "boxes" of eight chairs, separated by a white velvet rope and red rugs.

Otherwise the Gardens could be the scene of a Harlem Globetrotters basketball game. While the ninety-two-piece orchestra tunes up in front of the curtain, the raucous cries of the popcorn and ice-cream vendors are heard in the aisles. Most of the holders of ten-dollar seats closest to the stage wear evening dress, the men penguinlike in black and white and the women gorgeous sequined baubles in Paris gowns, but at the intermissions they line up as usual to purchase hot dogs and orangeade. Last year, when eleven thousand five hundred people watched *Carmen*, the standees at the back of the blues section resembled those at a Leaf-Canadien hockey game, a likeness further enhanced when they cheered the

*Continued on page 32*



Confused and dejected, the Shinders confer soon after their arrest with Toronto lawyer Herman.

# Should Edith Shinder Get Her Baby?

**This Brooklyn housewife simply wanted a baby—and she found one in Toronto. But when she tried to take it home she set off a chain reaction of arrests, notoriety and heartbreak and posed an adoption puzzle that's still unsolved**

**By DOROTHY SANGSTER**

ON FEB. 25 last Jack Shinder, a tall nervous twenty-nine-year-old haberdashery salesman from Brooklyn, and Edith, his plump wife, were arrested in Toronto after they had tried to board a New York-bound plane with a five-day-old Canadian baby boy whom they had claimed was their own infant son, Martin.

It was a field day for the Toronto newspapers.

"A fantastic and vicious baby-for-export ring, which also deals in abortions, has been operating out of Toronto for at least three months," the Telegram informed its readers. "Police are moving in today. Already a Brooklyn, N.Y., couple are charged with obtaining a birth certificate by fraud. Other arrests are imminent."

Front-page photographs showed Shinder on his way to jail, Mrs. Shinder cowering in a patrol wagon. Six branches of the law in Canada and the United States, including the RCMP and the FBI, were reported racing against time to round up the gang suspected of selling the babies. "We've uncovered some fantastic evidence," an investigator

told reporters. "The roundup has just started." An American immigration officer promised "sensational developments."

After all this hullabaloo it was a considerable let-down to have the Shinder case slide from the front page to the back pages overnight, and thence completely out of sight. No further developments of any kind came to light, no gang was ever rounded up, and three weeks later when the case finally came up for trial, most Canadians had already forgotten what it was all about.

The facts presented to the court were briefly these: the Shinders, a childless American couple, had met a Toronto physician, Dr. Joseph Chaikoff, in New York at a social gathering. He had agreed to let them have the illegitimate infant child of a young unmarried patient of his as soon as the child was born. When the time came they had traveled to Canada, waited while the young mother went into hospital as "Mrs. Edith Shinder," paid Chaikoff a moderate sum for his services all round, and obtained a birth certificate for the child under the

name of "Martin Shinder," born in Toronto on Feb. 20. They had been arrested trying to get back into the United States with the baby. After hearing the story Magistrate F. C. Gullen fined Shinder one hundred and fifty dollars and costs, or a month in jail, for obtaining a birth certificate by false pretenses. "The accused is a victim of circumstances," he said. Mrs. Shinder had pleaded not guilty.

This was the tale the newspapers told. The sadder, more significant story is still untold. It's the story of the risks run by childless couples who try to get a child by the hit-and-miss method of private adoption, no matter how well-meaning the intentions of everyone concerned. The Shinders are ordinary people, with ordinary ambitions, but their eager efforts to get the one thing they hunger for—a child—have led them into one of the most confused situations ever to face an adoption court. Caught up by fate and their own frailties, they have been given a buffeting they will never forget. They are not only a heartbreaking example of the problem of sterility, said to be on the increase in our



time, but they also illustrate the baffling problem of how sterile couples can hope to adopt a child, by any means whatsoever, when there simply aren't enough adoptable children available.

Currently, the Shinders are awaiting a legal decision on whether they may or may not adopt baby Martin. Whatever the decision, their case will have been one of the most publicized, most controversial adoption cases on record; the verdict one of the hardest for any judge to hand down.

Will Mrs. Shinder, a woman who loves babies too much, get her child?

Even as a little girl she was crazy to mind other people's children. She was born Edith Grundfest, in Brooklyn, the second youngest in a family of girls. Neighbors knew her mother as "Milka with the five daughters." As Mrs. Grundfest approached middle age a son was at last born into the family. Even so, surrounded by sisters and a brother, Edith's chief happiness was to mind the neighborhood babies. "There was a little kid in our neighborhood called Zelda," she can remember twenty years later. "Everybody said she was ugly and when they said that I used to cry. I took care of Zelda every day after school, and every week end I was with her. Zelda was everything to me."

Edith's younger sister, Mrs. Martha Rosemarin, says that this childhood love for babies has lasted all Edith's life. "If they're dirty or sick or need changing, that's all the better," Mrs. Rosemarin says. "She just wants to make them happy and comfortable. I've never seen another girl with such a mothering instinct."

Mrs. Shinder's friend Mary Maniscalco agrees. "You've got a full-time baby sitter when Edie's around," she told a reporter recently. "She'll bathe your kids, dress them, read to them, hear their prayers, or get down on the floor and play games with them. She loves children more than anyone I've ever met."

### Never Dreamed She'd Be Childless

The Grundfests were anything but rich. They were of Jewish-Russian immigrant stock, struggling to learn a new language, new ways and customs. The family was never one to sit around and discuss its family tree. Edith Shinder says, "When would we have time to sit down and talk about our aunts and uncles and where they lived or where they were born, and all? My mother worked all day and far into the night. She was too busy to tell us much."

This ignorance of places and dates and origins was uncomprehended by American immigration officials when the Shinder case came up. For instance, when they asked her where her parents were married Mrs. Shinder said Brooklyn. She was surprised to learn it had been in New Jersey. She was unable to furnish, offhand, the correct street addresses for some of her best friends, although she knows perfectly well how to find their houses when she wants to. She had no birth certificate, for the simple fact was that the Grundfests, like many immigrant families, had not bothered to get birth certificates for all their children. (Her father spent years trying to get his citizenship papers.)

Edith Grundfest met her future husband when she was thirteen. They lived in the same neighborhood in Brooklyn. In 1947 they were married in a rented hall, as is Jewish custom in their economic and social circle. A wedding picture shows Mrs. Shinder, slim in white lace and pearls, and her husband, resplendent in white tie and tails, nibbling wedding cake together. "Those were the days when my heart was young and gay," says Mrs. Shinder wryly.

Although she had certain glandular irregularities before her marriage, and had been under the care of doctors for this condition, Mrs. Shinder never dreamed she wouldn't be able to have children. Her older sister had been sterile for eight years before she found a doctor who could help her and, a month before Mrs. Shinder's wedding, this sister bore a healthy baby boy. So it was only natural that when two or three years had passed and the Shinders still had no baby, the sister suggested her own doctor.

Edith went, was examined, and came home more unhappy than ever. The doctor said she would never have children: she was congenitally underdeveloped. Nevertheless, after a while she went to another doctor . . . and then another. As she puts it, "Every doctor cost me money and nothing came of it and finally I gave up seeing doctors and just resigned myself to the fact that I'd never have a child of my own."

Jack Shinder became almost as miserable as she. He is fond of children, and children like him too, but they are not the

*Continued on page 65*



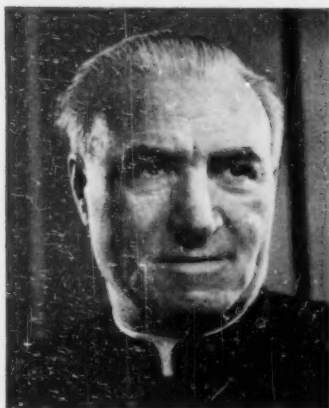
Happier and more hopeful, the Shinders pose with Herman and "Baby X." The Toronto QC will soon be arguing their complicated case for legal adoption.



Although the Saint Francis Xavier campus boasts buildings like Cameron Hall, many "students" live in fishing villages, coal towns and farms.



Dr. Jimmy Tompkins started a ball rolling around the world.



Dr. Moses Coady goaded farmers, fishermen to co-operate.

# HOW FX SAVED THE MARITIMES

*The unorthodox professors of Saint Francis Xavier left the classroom to teach their people how to beat depression, built the biggest "campus" in the world and started a co-operative revolution that's spread from Antigonish to Colombo*

By DAVID MacDONALD

**I**N THE unwieldy-sounding town of Antigonish, N.S., there is a small Roman Catholic college with the equally unwieldy name of Saint Francis Xavier University. It has fourteen buildings, a spirited student body, a distinguished faculty, excellent academic rating and a showcase full of athletic trophies. It can also lay good claim to the most unusual campus in the world.

Though its real property is confined to fifty acres of fairly conventional college scenery, the St. FX (pronounced Avec's) campus also includes hundreds of fishing villages, coal towns, farms and factories in its vast irregular perimeter. These are not

ordinary features of an institution of high learning. But St. FX is no ordinary university.

It has long had the idea, now winning wider acceptance, that a college owes a duty to more than its cash customers. Accordingly, St. FX has spent twenty-five years, more than half a million dollars and some of its best brains teaching unlettered farmers, fishermen, miners and steelworkers how to overcome their own problems through neighborly co-operation. These "students" pay nothing to the university and rarely even see it.

In the Maritimes St. FX and co-operation mean the same. Most of the eight-hundred-odd co-



operatives and credit unions—co-op banks—in these parts owe their origin to the crusading college. By parlaying the homey philosophy of co-operation with concrete action, St. FX has put new life into a dying fishing industry, restored idle farms and stamped out Communism in industrial Cape Breton, once a hotbed of Red activity.

Trouble-shooting priests and laymen from St. FX's militant Extension Department are teaching fishermen and farmers such nonacademic subjects as how to win better prices through co-op buying and selling; coal miners and clerks how to build houses, schools and churches cheaply by co-operation; and labor leaders how to act around the bargaining table.

The unique job they are doing, internationally known as the Antigonish Movement, has become the strongest social force in the Maritimes. It has earned for St. FX the title, "the People's University."

Unlike most other adult-education programs, which are aimed at spreading culture, the Antigonish Movement is aimed at first removing poverty and insecurity on the grounds that you can't sell culture to worried and hungry men. It is education tailored to meet the needs of particular people in particular areas. "If they need cheap fertilizer," says Alex Laidlaw, associate director of the Extension Department, "then we deal with fertilizer and not art. If they need a new way to market lobsters, the subject is lobsters, not literature."

Co-operation has been St. FX's greatest means of bettering the lives of its constituents. Fishermen who twenty years ago earned as little as seventy dollars a year from the sea, by pooling their savings for better gear and by processing and marketing their catches on a co-op basis, have raised their annual income to about twenty-five hundred dollars. Men who fished through the depression in bobbing dories now own twenty-thousand-dollar long liners. Under the stimulation of co-ops ghost towns have come back to life.

Co-op buying and selling has increased farm incomes, too. Marketing and purchasing co-ops in the Maritimes did a business last year of more than forty million dollars, mostly in farm produce.

Many Cape Breton coal miners and steel workers who led a feudal existence—living in houses and buying from stores owned by the big companies they worked for—have saved enough money in credit unions to build their own homes and set up co-op stores. More than one hundred thousand Maritimers belong to credit unions and have borrowed close to sixty millions from them, at low interest rates, in the past twenty years.

Co-operation is equally strong on the St. FX campus. The eight-hundred regular students run their own co-op barber shop, snack bar, dry-cleaning service and book store. Last year when the college adopted new texts it was caught with a six-thousand-dollar loss on out-of-date books. An accumulated surplus covered it easily.

The Antigonish Movement has been variously described as sheer socialism and grass-roots private enterprise; straight Communism and the most practical answer to Communism. Both labor and management have given money to support it. It has been glorified by some churchmen and damned by others, Roman Catholics among them, as too worldly.

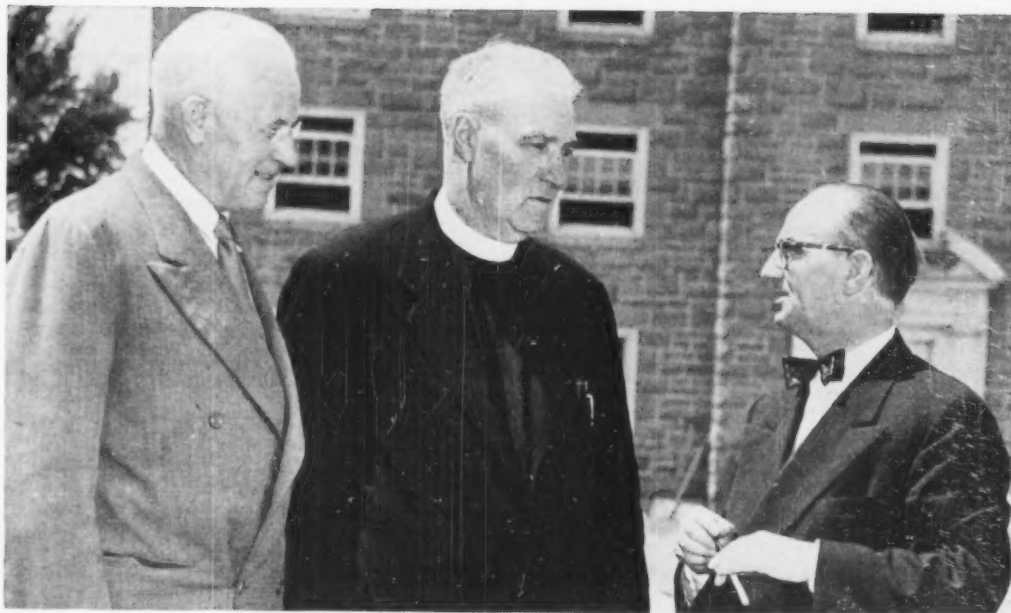
It was in the tough Twenties that St. FX first began to show a deep concern for the people. At a time when fishermen were virtually starving, when farmers left their land to work in factories and disgruntled Cape Breton coal miners banded together to march in May Day parades, the priestly professors from St. FX went out to work with them.

There was Dr. Hugh MacPherson, a farmer's son educated in Italy and France, who won over cynical farmers to collective marketing. On the campus he taught engineering and Gaelic. Off, he mixed manure and sheared sheep.

There was Dr. Jimmy Tompkins, a fiery little rebel exiled from the university by his bishop, who made such noises in one small fishing town that they were heard in Ottawa, later around the world.

And there was Dr. Moses Michael Coady, a giant Cape Bretoner from

*Continued on page 69*



Newfoundland Premier Joseph Smallwood called Coady (centre) the greatest living Canadian. The late A. B. MacDonald (left) went from St. FX to lead national co-operatives in Ottawa.



Coady, who believed in education outside the classroom, talked to groups of Maritimes fishermen on the shore. By following the Antigonish formula they multiplied their incomes.



St. FX worked with the Nova Scotia Housing Commission to spark low-cost housing like this unit at Whitney Pier, N.S. One village is named Tompkinsville in honor of "Dr. Jimmy."



Years after his peak, Hanlan (top, left) could still draw a crowd. He's grasping his son Gordon, who was killed in 1917. Occasion was presentation of a silver service at City Hall.

# THE FORGOTTEN

Ned Hanlan, a chunky Toronto Islander, rose above shady promoters and fixers to bring Canada its first world title in the days when baseball was a pup

## A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

By FERGUS CRONIN

A CANADIAN in Paris in 1917 was introduced to a friendly Frenchman. "I was in Canada in 1887," the Frenchman said proudly, "and I met Edward Hanlan!" Thirty years after his visit, it was the highlight he remembered best.

Hanlan was the son of a Toronto Island storekeeper who became the champion oarsman of the world. He was the first Canadian to hold a world title, and the lusty sense of humor with which he humbled his opponents became the talk of the world. The Ned Hanlan anecdote was as popular then as the Mae West story became later.

Hanlan was often embroiled in controversy. A police chase on the Toronto waterfront sped him on his way to his first big victory; in several of his greatest contests the hand of the professional fixer was suspected; and even shortly before his death in 1908 a local storm blew up about whether he should be appointed Toronto's harbor master.

Seventy-five years ago rowing was as popular as hockey and baseball are today. And for betting, it can only be compared to horse racing. Ten and twenty thousand people would turn out to Lake St. Louis, the Welland Canal, Kempenfeldt Bay or the St. John River to watch the giants of those days fight it out with sculls. And Hanlan, the greatest of those giants, measured only five feet, eight and three quarter inches and weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds.

Known throughout the world as Ned, he became champion sculler of Canada at twenty-two, champion of America at twenty-three, champion of England at twenty-four and, at twenty-five, champion of the world. He was the Jack Dempsey, the Babe Ruth and the Billy Bishop of his time. He was idolized by adults as well as children. Girls went crazy over him, scarves bearing his picture were the rage, snuffboxes, ties, shirts and belts were sold with Ned's name or picture on them.

The second son of John Hanlan, a Kingston boat-builder who became the first leaseholder on Toronto Island, Ned was born on July 12, 1855. As a boy he rowed a skiff the three quarters of a mile to and from the mainland twice a day to attend school. His first attempt with outriggers was made in a novel craft he designed and built himself: a two-inch plank, sharpened at both ends and equipped with a slightly raised seat and extended rowlocks.

At eighteen he first raced in a shell for the amateur championship of Toronto Bay and won. And for the next eleven years, until he hit the downgrade at twenty-nine, he took part in about three hundred and fifty races and lost about half a dozen.

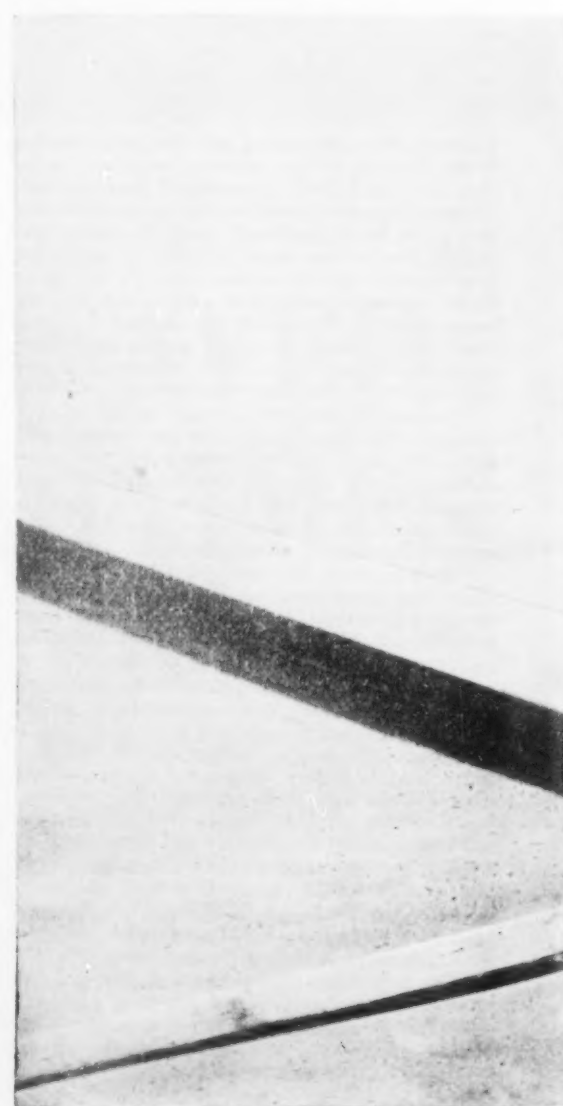
The sliding seat had made its appearance in racing shells in 1871, allowing the oarsmen to get a longer sweep—in effect, lengthening the arms and the stroke. Hanlan became known as "the father of the sliding seat" because it was he who first used it in a single-seat shell and mastered its use.

In 1874 Hanlan met and beat Thomas Loudon in a race for the championship of Burlington Bay,

as Hamilton Bay was then called. (Loudon was the great-uncle of Thomas R. Loudon, professor of aeronautics at the University of Toronto, who was the Canadian in Paris in 1917, mentioned above.)

Hanlan's professional career was launched when Loudon challenged him to row over a mile course for one hundred dollars. They met on Toronto Bay in the summer of 1875 and Hanlan won by nearly two lengths. The same season he won the governor-

Standing on Lake Ontario, this \$17,000 statue honors the first world champion Canada ever had.





# N IDOL OF THE EIGHTIES

general's medal for a two-mile race at Toronto, and in August won the belt which represented the championship of Ontario, his only opponent being William McKen.

The big regatta on the horizon at that time was to be held in Philadelphia in May 1876, to celebrate the centennial of the Declaration of Independence. McKen had been planning to compete, but decided it looked so good as a money proposition that he teamed up with Hanlan, Ned doing the training and McKen placing bets in the poolrooms at night.

Hanlan almost failed to get away from Toronto. He had sold some liquor on the island without a permit and a warrant for his arrest was issued two days before he was due to leave. Friends heard about it, and that night he was hidden in a friend's house. The following day police cornered him in the Toronto Rowing Club. But Ned managed to elude them, hopped into a skiff and rowed after a steamer just leaving for Lewiston, N.Y. Police spotted him skimming away, but his reputation as an oarsman discouraged pursuit.

In the first heat of the centennial race Hanlan

beat the favorite, and in the second he defeated the next best oarsman. By this time the gamblers had lost so heavily they were looking for Hanlan. McKen and Hanlan would go out rowing every morning together and McKen would leave Hanlan in bed at nights while he made the rounds of the taverns, so many mistook McKen for Hanlan.

The night before the final a well-known gambler from New York bought McKen a beer. The next morning his legs went from under him and he was taken back to Toronto on a stretcher, suffering from violent poisoning.

Hanlan not only won the single sculls at Philadelphia, beating the best oarsmen of America and a couple from England, but he did it in a record time. Spectators were astonished to see how easily the bright-eyed, pink-cheeked, curly-haired little fellow outsculled men considered tops in the sport. He rowed in a blue shirt, and thereafter he always raced in that color and became known as "the Boy in Blue."

Hanlan's triumphant return to Toronto was in direct contrast to his ignominious departure. A huge crowd gathered at the dockside to meet his

steamer. Ned was seized and seated atop the largest hook-and-ladder wagon Toronto owned, and drawn by several score of men up Yonge Street, west on King and down York to the Queen's Hotel where he was given a banquet. There were no street lights in those days but the parade was impressively lit by hundreds of hand-held torches.

Some time later a lawyer of Brantford, Ont., W. H. C. Kerr, published twenty-four verses to the sculler which began:

Hail to the champion sculler!  
Toronto's manly son,  
Who across the line, and on the Tyne  
Hath famous victories won...

For the next eight years the world was Hanlan's oyster. A host of supporters sprang up to form the Hanlan Club, putting up an initial twenty dollars apiece to pay Hanlan's expenses and bet on his races. The charter membership included the U. S. consul, Col. Albert Shaw.

Ned was not yet the official Canadian champion. Alex Brayley, who had been favored for the Philadelphia race, returned

*Continued on page 40*



Weighing only one hundred and fifty pounds, the great Ned Hanlan humbled many a giant with his mastery of style. Some of his records still stand.

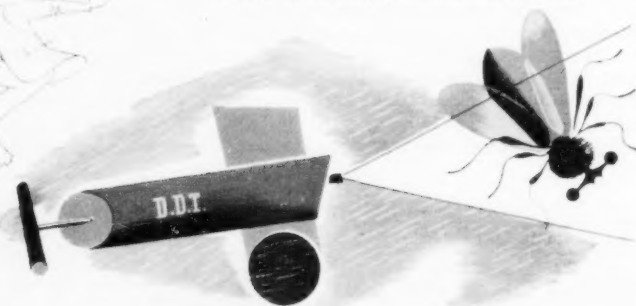
# MAN'S WORST FRIENDS

BY P. J. BLACKWELL ILLUSTRATED BY BILL McLAUCHLAN

A social insect on the list  
Of every entomologist,  
The ant is such a friendly cuss  
He likes to spend his time with us.  
Is it a picnic on the beach? —  
He's always within easy reach,  
Inspired by a psychic hunch  
Whenever it is time for lunch.



The housefly builds no house to live in,  
But braced by frequent DDT'ings,  
It cheerfully declines to give in  
And makes it home with human beings.  
It finds humanity appealing,  
Looks up to people — from the ceiling.



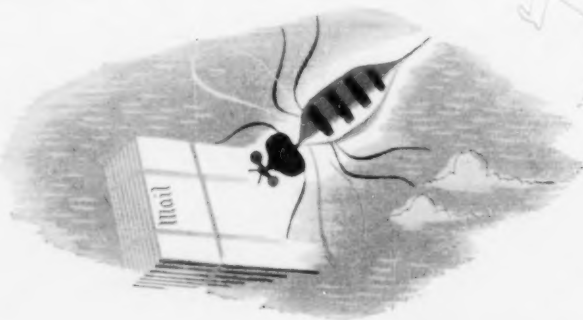
Disdainful of  
A "beg-your-pardon,"  
Grasshoppers love  
To share your garden.



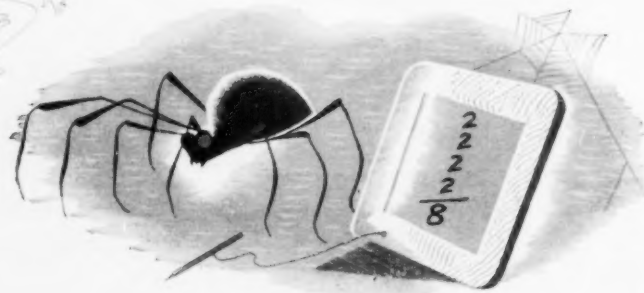
Stay up all night to sing and drink!  
How do they ever stand the pace?  
And, even worse, mosquitoes think  
A blood bank is the human race.



Wasps hang their dwellings from a tree  
With peerless ingenuity.  
They do not pause, they do not rest  
Until they've made a perfect nest,  
Football-shaped or spherical,  
A complex paper miracle.  
Then they leave it, having planned a  
Summer on your screened veranda.



With handiwork as light as air,  
Spun swiftly in a single session,  
It gives of housewives' loving care  
An utterly unfair impression.  
No insect this, the savants state.  
Indeed, no insect ever mixes  
With one whose legs count up to eight  
And do not come, like theirs, in sixes —  
Which makes the spider  
A rank outsider.







# Enthroned

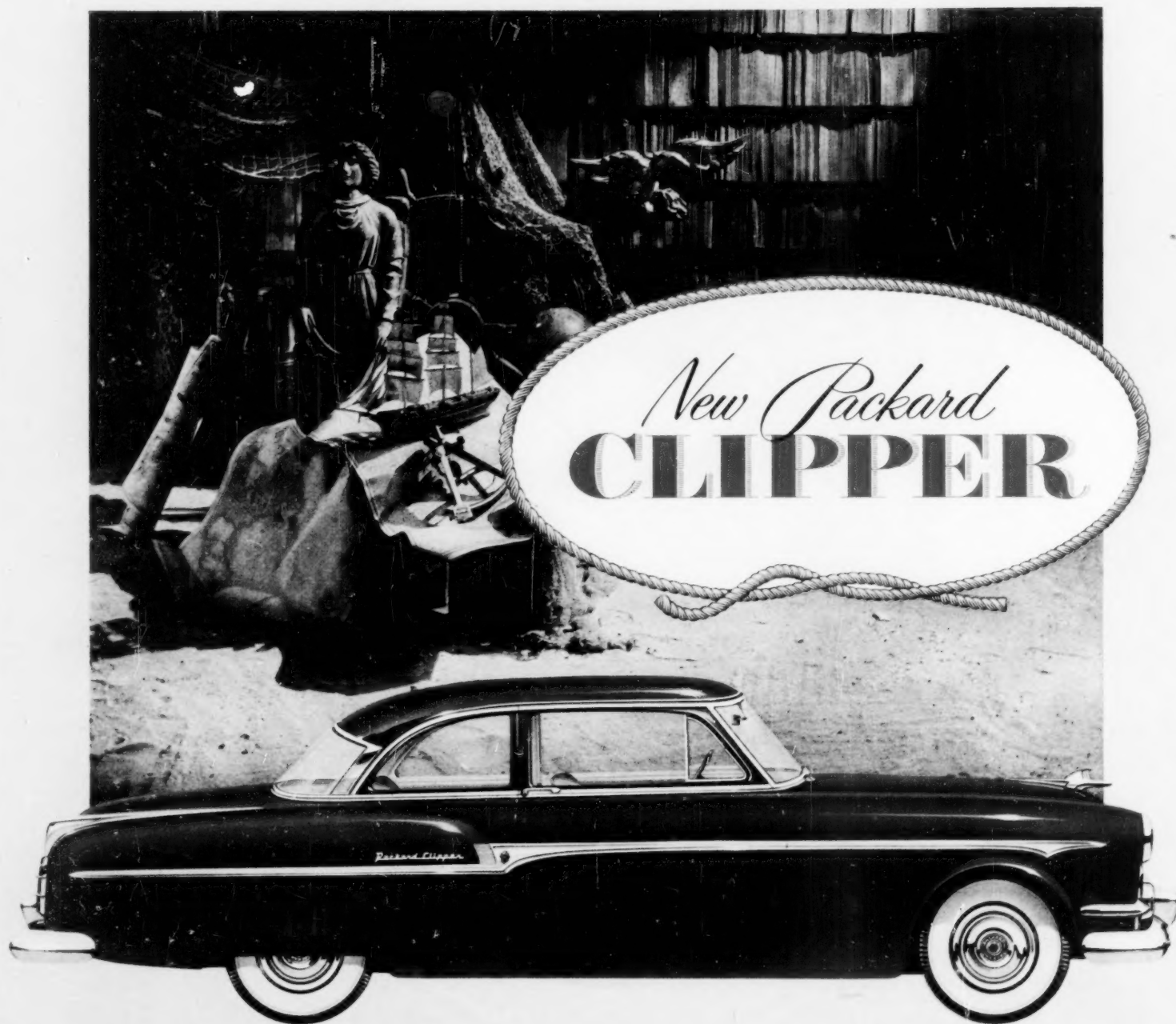
IN THE HEARTS OF CANADIANS

Her Majesty's love and devotion as a wife and mother — her charm and grace as a woman — her dignity as a queen — have enthroned her in the

affectionate loyalty of Canadians. She is a Sovereign who reigns not only in state and country but in the loving hearts of millions.

*Published in respectful tribute to Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, by*

GEORGE WESTON LIMITED, CANADA



## New! Big-Car Value At Medium-Car Cost!

*America's Oldest Maker of Fine Cars Introduces  
An Entirely New Line—The Packard CLIPPERS!*

**E**VERY INCH a Packard in fine engineering and craftsmanship, the new Packard CLIPPER is designed for those who want outstanding quality and real BIG-car advantages at medium-car cost. This new CLIPPER changes all the old ideas about automobile value.

HERE YOU GET advanced contour styling—a Packard first that's setting the new trend in motorcar smartness. You enjoy the

flashing performance of the brilliant new Packard Thunderbolt-8 Engine. What's more, you get more room, better visibility, cushion-mounted safety bodies and direct-acting shock absorbers—all of which combine to give the beautiful new Packard CLIPPER the matchless smoothness, luxurious comfort and quiet of the famous Packard ride!

COME, SEE AND DRIVE the new Packard CLIPPER—now on display in a wide range of models. A true product of Packard engineering, it is today's BIG NEWS in the medium-price field!

*For Canada's new choice in fine cars... see the new PACKARD—today's most advanced motorcar*



# Maclean's Movies

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

**BWANA DEVIL:** A film so incredibly corny I don't think it would have been released at all except to cash in on the gimmick-value of 3-D. Viewed through special glasses, parts of it have a fairly effective "depth." Engineer Robert Stack battles two man-eating lions which are blocking the building of a railway in Africa.

**DESERT LEGION:** Capt. Alan Ladd and Sgt. Akim Tamiroff embody heroism and comedy, respectively, as French Foreign Legion scappers who become involved with a human oasis (Arlene Dahl) and her wicked suitor (Richard Conte). Routine escapism, in color.

**THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE:** Admirer though I am of Betty Grable's durable basic equipment for screen musicals, I can't work up much enthusiasm about this one, a loud but rather dull yarn about life along the Erie Canal in 1850. Thelma Ritter, as a rich widow named Lucy Cashdollar, is occasionally amusing.

**THE HITCHHIKER:** An excellent suspense thriller, shorter than the usual feature. Two motorists on a fishing trip (Frank Lovejoy and Edmond O'Brien) pick up a ride-thumping stranger (William Talman) and find themselves the hostages of a trigger-happy killer. Recommended.

**I LOVE MELVIN:** A chain of fair-to-middling songs and dances thinly held together by the frayed thread of a harmless little boy-meets-girl fable. Donald O'Connor (as a bulb-carrier who pretends to be a big-shot photographer) teams pleasantly with Debbie Reynolds, a showgirl who yearns to be on a magazine cover.

**THE LONG MEMORY:** A British revenge melodrama, so elaborately "restrained" in style that the glacial repose affecting all and sundry finally becomes more contrived than wild-eyed overacting. John Mills as an innocent ex-prisoner, John McCallum as a Scotland Yard man, Eva Bergh as an ardent refugee, are prominent in the cast.

**THE NET:** Somewhat like Breaking the Sound Barrier, but of lesser quality, this is a skilful British drama about a top-secret air station and its obsessed inhabitants.

**THE PRESIDENT'S LADY:** Charlton Heston and Susan Hayward in a handsome, superficial but often quite moving biography of Andrew Jackson, seventh president of the United States, and his wife Rachel, whose name was dragged into the mud of gutter politics.

**THE STAR:** Bette Davis, in a role she can and does play to the hilt, as a broke and haggard ex-queen of Hollywood who tries a comeback. In spite of a dose of hokum in the ending, the story is crisply and compellingly told.



William Talman is the gun-crazed Hitchhiker.



Alan Ladd and Arlene Dahl in Foreign Legion heroics.



The Long Memory sends Mills seeking revenge.

## Gilmour Rates

Angel Face: Crime melodrama. Fair.  
The Bad and the Beautiful: Movie-land comedy-drama. Good.  
Battle Circus: Love and war. Fair.  
Bear Country: Nature short. Excellent.  
Blackbeard, the Pirate: Action-at-sea melodrama. Fair.  
Call Me Madam: Musical. Tops.  
City Beneath the Sea: Action. Fair.  
The Clown: Comedy-drama. Fair.  
Confidentially Connie: Comedy. Good.  
Desperate Search: Drama. Fair.  
Destination Gobi: War yarn. Fair.  
Gunsmoke: Western. Fair.  
Hans Christian Andersen: Danny Kaye in fairy-tale musical. Good.  
High Noon: Western drama. Tops.  
Home at Seven: Suspense. Fair.  
I Confess: Suspense drama. Good.  
Last of the Comanches: Western. Fair.

Magnetic Monster: Suspense. Fair.  
Moulin Rouge: Drama. Excellent.  
The Naked Spur: Western. Good.  
Niagara: Sexy melodrama. Good.  
Off Limits: Army comedy. Good.  
Park Row: Press drama. Fair.  
Peter Pan: Disney cartoon. Excellent.  
She's Back on Broadway: Show-business musical. Poor.  
Stolen Face: Drama. Poor.  
The Stooge: Martin & Lewis. Fair.  
Taxi: Manhattan comedy. Good.  
Thief of Venice: Drama. Fair.  
Tonight We Sing: Musical. Good.  
Top Secret: British spy farce. Good.  
Treasure of the Golden Condor: Costume adventure drama. Fair.  
The War of the Worlds: Science-fiction thriller. Tops.  
Washington Story: Comedy. Fair.  
Without Warning: Suspense. Fair.

*Pink Perfection*



ELIZABETH ARDEN'S  
*new* CORONATION COLOUR

When a perfectionist blends a lost bit of the rainbow with imagination and charm, the result is Pink Perfection . . . never before seen on lips or fingertips! Wear Duet Lipstick in exotic Pink Perfection combined with Pink Perfection Plus—a deeper hue: Cream Rouge and Nail Lacquer, Basic Sheen Foundation, two shades of Illusion Powder and new Pearly Green Eye Shado completes the perfect Pink Perfection make-up.

*Elizabeth Arden*

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • TORONTO



## When do you say "Thank You" for a Wedding Present?

Etiquette decrees that the bride must acknowledge every wedding present within three weeks after the wedding. And you must always do it with a personal, handwritten note.

Knowledge of the correct thing to do is the keynote to a woman's poise and charm. You know that you can choose Barber-Ellis Stationery with every confidence . . . there is a correct size and style for every occasion, all in exquisite taste.

Newly-wed brides should ask for CAMEO Semi-Note for their "thank you" notes. Or, if you are ordering engraved invitations for a bride-to-be, remember to ask for CAMEO Wedding. Barber-Ellis CAMEO notepaper comes in deluxe boxes, smaller-size boxes and in "open stock" . . . in Vellum finish or laid Deckle edge. Your stationer will be glad to help you in your choice.



**Barber-Ellis**  
CREATORS OF FINE STATIONERY

## The Met Cashes In In Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

solos as though Toronto had scored.

The response of the crowds—last year close to sixty thousand people watched the Met in Toronto and Montreal and this year's patrons are expected to exceed one hundred thousand—is partly due to the cosmopolitan character of the two cities with their thousands of new Canadians who were accustomed to opera at home and are moved to tears to watch it again; partly due to the better music audience which has been developed by opera recordings and the Metropolitan's Saturday - afternoon radio broadcasts through the long Canadian winter; and partly due to the plain curiosity of tens of thousands of Canadians who never saw opera before but are willing to try anything once.

In spite of all this evidence that culture has made the big league here, opera experts are not yet assured that Canadians truly can discriminate between a hogcall and a passionate baritone. Last spring's operas in Toronto and Montreal represented the safest, surest operas known to mankind, the ones no box office has ever rejected—at least not since the composers died. One sophisticated music lover, on reading that the Met would do *Aida*, *La Bohème*, *Carmen* and *Rigoletto* in the Gardens, gasped, "We've been insulted!"

The current week of opera in Canada, which began May 22 in Montreal, retains most of last spring's lollipops but adds some raw meat: Verdi's *La Forza del Destino*, a new production introduced at the Met's opening night last season, and *Samson and Delilah*. Both were having a skimpy advance sale in the months before the company's arrival, while *Rigoletto*, *Carmen*, *La Bohème*, *Tosca* and *Lohengrin* were booming.

Familiarity with opera is possibly the only way to breed affection. The occasional television broadcasts of Met performances haven't reached Canada but about a quarter of a million Canadians listen to the thirty stations of the CBC's trans-Canada network which carry the radio broadcasts. Sometimes an opera fan is conceived when a restless soul twists the dial of his radio in search of a football game and strikes the Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana* or *Caro Nome* from *Rigoletto*. Thousands of Canadians have a collection of opera recordings and develop their musical ears by playing them over and over again, finding new bits to admire each time.

None of these methods of the mass circulation of opera will ever be as effective as watching a single performance. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, a Brandon couple who had listened to opera broadcasts for years, were stunned when they watched an actual performance one spring in Minneapolis. "We both left with tears in our eyes and we couldn't speak at all for a half hour afterward," Mrs. Crawford recalls. "It was so beautiful." Thousands of new opera lovers are created during spring tours from people who bought tickets out of inquisitiveness and returned home with their hands pink from clapping.

A portion of the applause the Met gets on its spring tour should be reserved for the virtuosos whose job is getting it onstage. The Metropolitan Opera Company on the move is a logistics monster that leaves railway schedules quivering in its wake and keeps its generals in a state of panic the entire seven weeks of the tour. Preparations start in the middle of March, a month before the New York opera season closes. As each opera of the seventeen operas chosen for the tour—"nothing heavy and nothing unusual" is the general rule—gives its final performance its scenery, properties and costumes are packed in bags, trunks, baskets and cartons and trundled to a siding in Jersey City where twenty-six boxcars wait for the opera's physical effects. More than two hundred truckloads are required to shuttle the entire load from the back door of the opera house to the siding and seven men work every day for a month loading the boxcars. The effects for *Lohengrin*, for example, fill two boxcars; *Madame Butterfly*, a lightweight, needs only three quarters of a car. The costumes for each opera are kept in the same car as the scenery, and there are fifteen thousand costumes altogether. Also packed here and there are one thousand buttons, fifty 1,000-watt spotlights, twenty trunks of music, seventy-five spools of thread, seven auxiliary switchboards, a baggage car of stock lumber for scenic repairs and a sewing machine. The Met has a slogan which covers the situation: We take everything with us but the opera house.

And Seven Seamstresses

### And Seven Seamstresses

Two freight trains lug this material through the sixteen cities on the tour, their unbannered flanks indistinguishable from the more mundane trains dragging tractors and heavy-duty tires. Each boxcar is labeled with a code number which indicates its contents in order to facilitate hopping some of the cars over stops where they won't be used. This system rarely leads to disaster, but once the company found itself in Dallas, all ready to present *Aida*, while the costumes rested at a siding in Los Angeles. Another time in Baltimore the first curtain was delayed almost two hours until the music was found.

The passenger trains—the Met needs two of these as well—contain twenty-two women and thirty-four men stars—among them such owners of world-famous voices as Risè Stevens, Zinka Milanov, Richard Tucker, Cesare Siepi and Leonard Warren—four conductors, nine assistant conductors, one stage director, two stage managers, seventy-eight chorus members, ninety-two musicians, four electricians, four property men, sixteen technicians, one orchestra manager, one music librarian, one costume mistress and seven seamstresses, forty ballet dancers and an administrative staff of seven, which includes the general manager himself, Rudolf Bing.

Even with the more than three hundred employees it transports, the Met has not sufficient personnel to present an opera. In every city thirty or more property men, electricians and dressers are hired to help out, music



MACLEAN'S

Feyer



# The Elizabethan touch



## AT 600 PLUS



Four centuries ago the courageous men of Britain, inspired by their queen, fared forth in gallant ships to explore, discover and assume the mastery of the seas. Today, descendants of those pioneers of global travel, probe the sonic barrier and the stratosphere in sleek and powerful ships of the air. They, too, are inspired by the constant interest and gracious example of another Queen Elizabeth.

Pioneers in the air with a record of leadership unparalleled in this Jet Age, the Hawker Siddeley Group is symbolic of that flair for exploration, discovery and advancement initiated in the Elizabethan Era.

That same spirit of adventure led the Group in 1945 to invest large sums to form AVRO Canada and occupy the site of the Victory Aircraft plant at Malton. Today over 14,000 AVRO workers are engaged in producing CF100's and OREND A jet engines for the R.C.A.F. At the same time teams of enthusiastic researchers, designers and technicians explore, discover and develop new ways and methods to provide better, safer and surer flight concepts in defence of freedom.



### AERONAUTICAL MEMBER COMPANIES

Hawker Aircraft Ltd.  
Gloster Aircraft Co. Ltd.  
Sir W. G. Armstrong  
Whitworth Aircraft Ltd.  
A. V. Roe & Co. Ltd.  
A. V. Roe Canada Ltd.  
Armstrong Siddeley Motors Ltd.  
Brockworth Engineering Co. Ltd.

AIRCRAFT DIVISION

## A.V. ROE CANADA LIMITED

MALTON ONTARIO



MEMBER OF THE HAWKER SIDDELEY GROUP

Cool... Comfortable...  
Correct



The  
**HARTT**  
Shoe

Summer Footwear by  
**HARTT**—for business  
and casual wear. These out-  
standing styles are available  
in natural shade nylon mesh,  
as illustrated, and in  
brown and blue nylon mesh.

*At Better Shoe Stores Across Canada*

Factory: Fredericton, N.B.



### An occasion for celebrating!

Anniversary Ale was brewed especially for just such an occasion. The lightest and smoothest of all ales, it leaves no regrets. Yet Anniversary contains all the traditional Labatt's\* body and character to

brighten an already glad occasion. Luckily there's no need to wait until you hole in one to celebrate with Anniversary Ale. Lighter, smoother Anniversary Ale is an occasion in itself. John Labatt Limited.

\*The swing is **DEFINITELY** to Labatt's



students are hired for two dollars a night as supernumeraries to fill out crowd scenes and extra singers are hired for the chorus when Boris Godunov and Lohengrin are scheduled. A month before the opera arrived in Toronto this spring, Stan Reid of the Rotary received a request from the Met to hire five trumpets, one flute, one clarinet and one bassoon for the stage band in Lohengrin and have the musicians report an hour before curtain time for the rehearsal. He was also asked to pick up a Hammond organ somewhere for the Easter music in Cavalleria Rusticana.

The payroll for this massive breed of entertainment runs well into seven figures a year. The Met's employees belong to thirteen different unions all of them strident and devoted to increases. The Met nearly closed down a few seasons ago when the orchestra members wanted increases from the one hundred and thirty-nine dollars a week they were getting. Plans for the season were resumed only when the union agreed to shelve wage demands until the Met was in better financial shape. This date might well coincide with Judgment Day; last year the Met had a deficit of a half million dollars. This was a matter of some pride, however, because the Met had the lowest deficit of any major opera house in the world. The Met is also the only major opera company in the world which is not government-subsidized; private philanthropists keep the bailiff off the crimson doorstep.

Members of the chorus receive a basic pay of one hundred and five dollars a week. They and the musicians are employed full time by the Met during the season, spending their afternoons rehearsing, their evenings performing and their mornings sleeping. In the summer many of them continue to pay the rent by working with a summer-season opera company, like the Cincinnati Zoo Opera.

Most of the singers enjoy the spring tour, particularly the choristers who never have to make the concert tours which exhaust the stars and make them rich. The singers hold two continuous poker games on the trains, one in Italian and one in English. The Italian one is noisier but the English one is more deadly. The cast indulges in a certain friskiness which doesn't appear at home. Last year Lily Pons claimed she could hold her breath longer than anyone else at the Met. Jan Peerce retorted that he could hold his breath a minute and thirteen seconds with his mouth full of pebbles and Miss Pons abruptly dropped the subject.

The Met's employees are a cosmopolitan crew divided into social cliques

according to their nationalities. One third are Italian, one third German and the rest English-speaking. The Italians keep together, rarely speak English and attend one another's performances to applaud with zest, studiously buffing their nails when a non-Italian is singing. The same is true of the Norwegians, the Germans, the Spanish and the French. The Met's imports tend to retain some of Europe's customs, like hiring cliques. A clique is a professional audience, paid by the singer to lead the applause after his aria and raise a ruckus of bravos, which is opera's equivalent of burlesque's wolf whistle. All European opera houses are frequented by thoroughly experienced cliques, one for each of the leading singers, artfully spotted where they can do the most good. The hostility between opposing cliques has led to pitched silent battles in the upper galleries. Unhappily, the cliques do not make the tour and singers must rely on the loyalty of their wives and compatriots, and the leftovers from the cheering sections of Ted Kennedy and Rocket Richard.

The Metropolitan officially frowns on these international rivalries as un-American and unsportsmanlike. The Americans in the cast attend all debuts, astonishing the Europeans with their hearty applause. Except in the case of the odd unmitigated ham, Americans do not hire cliques.

During the war opera picked up hundreds of fans among the soldiers who fought their way up the boot of Italy and spent increasingly less casual evenings in Italy's magnificent opera houses. A survey in Milan one evening discovered that there were more American soldiers at La Scala than in the USO canteen.

An anecdote of the period concerns four soldiers in a jeep, two of them privates and the others officers. The privates were whistling an aria from Don Giovanni and one of the officers exclaimed in surprise: "Imagine an enlisted man being able to whistle Mozart?" The privates exchanged a glance. "Imagine," one of them observed mildly, "an officer who can recognize opera!"

In Italy, where every town has its opera house, shoeshine boys sing Puccini without being suspected of having delusions of grandeur but in Canada and the United States an opera lover is still a freak, and likely a liar as well. In Robertson Davies' play Overlaid, probably the most frequently done Canadian play in history, the central character's intellectual stature is demonstrated by his insistence on hearing the opera broadcast, a refinement which irks his yokel relatives in a broadly



# No-risk gift for Dad, grad —or any man!



You've likely heard about the New Schick "20"—the finest shaving instrument of all time.

But did you know that 12 million men now shave electrically—and that more of them use Schick Electric Shavers than any other make?

That's real assurance that when you give a New Schick "20" it's sure to be appreciated—by Dad, or Grad, or whatever man of your choice.

Such popularity should leave no doubt that when you give him a New Schick "20" you're blessing him with those close, quick, trouble-free shaves he has been seeking all his life.

## NEW SCHICK COLONEL HAS MANY NEW SCHICK "20" FEATURES!



- NEW finger-fitting design
- NEW single-head version of "20's" famous comb-action
- NEW AC-DC real rotary motor
- NEW handy Caddie Case
- SAME 10-day, no-risk trial! \$22.95. "The Low-Priced Luxury Shaver"

Even so, we'll go still further—to make it doubly certain there's not a whisker of chance of your going wrong in choosing this gift.

For Father's Day, Graduation—or any gift occasion—you can buy the New Schick "20" on

## Schick's 10-Day No-Risk Trial Offer:

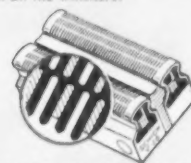
Simply go to your nearest Schick Electric Shaver dealer—and ask to see the distinguished New Schick "20" in its truly elegant Caddie Case. It costs only \$29.95, complete with accessories. Tell the salesperson you want it on the 10-day no-risk trial plan. Let that man in your life use the "20" for 10 days. Then, if he's not completely delighted in every way, return it—AND GET YOUR MONEY BACK!

We're sure your lucky man wouldn't think of parting with his beloved New Schick "20"—but isn't it nice to know that your gift problem needn't be a problem at all? Schick (Canada) Limited.

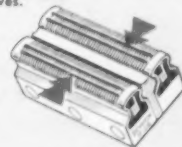
Why the New Schick "20"  
Gives Such Close, Clean,  
Comfortable Shaves:



Scientifically sized and shaped, the "20" can't get in its own way. It lets you see what you're doing, glides in anywhere and comes out with all the whiskers!



See these tiny, beveled comb-edges? Everybody knows whiskers grow every-which-way—yet only Schick has this simple, practical way to comb them into line for close, even shaves.



The lined-up whiskers are automatically guided to the "20's" Interceptor bars, which lift them—so its superbly honed shearing edges can make a clean sweep at SKINLINE!

# New Schick "20"

MORE MEN USE SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVERS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE—better-built for closer shaves



**IN CANADA'S**  
*Smartest*  
**BATHROOMS**



**SOLID Olsonite**  
**SEATS**

CANADA'S smartest homemakers choose solid Olsonite seats for their beauty **AND THEIR DURABILITY**. These attractive, smartly designed seats are available in 35 plain and pearlescent colors — colors that won't fade, can't wear away.

Olsonite seats are the same material, the same color — all the way through. There's no applied finish to chip or peel — no chrome hinges exposed to rust or corrode.

Dress up your bathroom — permanently. Choose a solid Olsonite seat for the beauty of your bathroom — for the life of your home. They're available from the master plumber in your neighborhood.

*Beauty that's more than skin deep!*

CANADIAN BATTERY & BONALITE CO., LTD. (Plastics Division) Windsor, Ontario

drawn parody on the national scene.

Some observers feel that opera owes its slow acceptance to the aura of snobbery which still clings to it. Opera was born three and a half centuries ago with a solid gold spoon in its mouth, the plaything of dukes and kings of Italy when the court jester became tiresome. The plots dwelt on the misfortunes of aristocrats and were filled with such noble failings as rape, seduction, torture chambers, incest, suicide, murder, adultery and love potions. Gradually it spread from the palaces to theatres patronized by the middle class and, in the nineteenth century, their popularity made them an effective tool for revolution. Some opera librettists were charged with treason for plots which parodied the monarchs of the day and even Verdi's neck was in danger.

In America the royal courts of Italy and France are represented by the Metropolitan Opera House which, for fifty years, was backed by wealthy dilettantes to enhance the New York social season. In the past twenty years opera has been penetrating the middle class, through the spring tours, the radio broadcasts, records and television. Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera *The Consul*, a modern work about refugees, is as provocative today as *Rigoletto* was a hundred years ago.

In all the Met's history, no one's contribution is more significant than that of a Canadian who is credited with saving the Met in the lean years of the Thirties. Edward Johnson, a tenor from Guelph, Ont., who had sung with La Scala Opera Company in Italy and the Chicago Opera Company before joining the Met for a thirteen-year career as a matinee idol, took over as general manager in 1935.

These were opera's blackest days. After 1929, when the large fortunes which had been supporting the Met were destroyed, the opera house began a struggle for survival. The haughty Gatti-Casazza was general manager then, running the Met exactly as though it were an Italian opera house surrounded by barbarians. In the twenty-six years he was at the Met he never spoke a word of English. In 1934 the deficit reached a million dollars and the directors were talking of closing the Met.

The Juilliard Musical Foundation, created by a millionaire's bequest, stepped in to help. On the advice of John Erskine, president of the Juilliard, Herbert Witherspoon was appointed general manager of the Met and Edward Johnson, who was that year retiring as a singer, was named his assistant. Six weeks later Witherspoon died of a heart attack and Johnson took over for a fifteen-year reign unprecedented at the Met for its gentleness and conviviality.

Johnson's plan, backed by a quarter-million-dollar grant from the foundation, was to appeal to a wider audience so that a multitude of small donations would compensate for the loss of a sprinkle of large gifts. The regular broadcasting of operas had begun soon after a Christmas-day broadcast in 1931 of *Hansel und Gretel* got an astonishingly warm response. Johnson used the intermissions to appeal for funds; it was years before he could convince anyone that the dazzling Metropolitan Opera Company was a pauper.

Johnson also created a sort of farm system to train opera patrons. He inaugurated Saturday-afternoon student matinees and the Met has had sixty-five of these in recent years, bringing in busloads of students from all over New Jersey and New York at twenty-five cents a head. The students are briefed on the plot of the opera beforehand and have heard some of the music on records — the opera company

Drop it  
in the  
Ash  
Can  
Ma'am...



**Get him a new  
SHUTTLEWORTH  
straw hat for  
Father's Day**

Priced from \$2.50 up

Heats 9 Room Home



CHATHAM ONTARIO

970 Gals. Oil with Gar Wood

Mr. C. Chinnick's suburban home at Chatham, Ont. has 9 rooms, including 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms plus a large utility room. It was heated by a Gar Wood unit for the full season on only 970 gallons of oil.

Gar Wood owners everywhere, prove by actual records that its economy, efficiency and trouble-free comfort cannot be equalled.

Your local Gar Wood heating specialist will be glad to show you these records. Find out how little it will cost for you to enjoy Gar Wood trouble-free, efficient heating from now on.

ENGINEERING INDUSTRIES CO. LTD. TORONTO 4

**Gar Wood**  
OIL GAS  
AUTOMATIC HEATING

ECONOMICAL DEPENDABLE DURABLE





never faces a tougher audience. The teen-agers always see the Met's best singers and conductors giving their best performances, not through any pious wish to set a glorious standard for future subscribers but simply because the students won't applaud otherwise. Entirely devoid of the politeness which will impel an adult audience to clap brightly at every pause, the children will stand and cheer a great performance and sit in stolid silence after one that is merely good. The Met's singers are more excited by the students' applause than by a houseful of bravos at an evening performance.

Money was so scarce during Johnson's regime that he couldn't pursue the Met's policy of hiring European singers. It was equally impossible for impoverished Americans to train their voices abroad, so Johnson sensibly began the practice of hiring American-trained Americans. The Metropolitan Auditions of the Air, a weekly radio broadcast, brought him many of his stars, including Risé Stevens. Johnson found Eleanor Steber in a midwestern choir and put her on a diet. Richard Tucker was a cantor in a Brooklyn synagogue before Johnson hired him, Leonard Warren was singing in the chorus at Radio City Music Hall and Jan Peerce was sawing a fiddle in the same theatre. When Margaret Harshaw auditioned for Johnson he was horrified at her size. "Don't worry," she assured him, "I'll lose forty pounds in a few weeks. I'm having a baby."

#### Carmen Got Renovated

Johnson kept opera afloat through the bad years, but he never had enough money to renew the productions or introduce many new operas. When Rudolf Bing, an Austrian, was hired as general manager in 1950 some of the scenery and costumes still in use were thirty years old. Bing began the costly overhaul of the Met, aimed at equipping opera to compete with Broadway shows. In three seasons at the Met, Bing has presented twelve new productions at an initial cost of about fifty thousand dollars apiece.

Bing, a meticulous, austere type, began by insisting that all artists attend rehearsals, a practice that had fallen into disrepair with singers who had done a role fifty times and felt a familiarity verging on contempt for it. Lauritz Melchior, who with Kirsten Flagstad had made Wagner the opera rage of the Thirties, promptly quit.

"We survived Caruso's departure," commented Bing suavely, "and I am sure we can manage without Melchior." Besides Bing had observed the trend had switched to Italian operas and he was less interested in tenors in horned helmets.

Bing was anxious about what he called "eye appeal." To make opera more enticing he felt it should be able to compete with contemporary entertainment, such as gaudy musicals and technicolor movies. The pompous decorum of the Met backstage, where the stage manager wears a tuxedo, was fractured with a series of Broadway imports who revised and modernized Bing's new productions. Alfred Lunt directed *Così fan tutte*, Garson Kanin and Howard Dietz did an English translation of *Fledermaus* that toured forty cities in competition with *Oklahoma!*, Tyrone Guthrie of London's Old Vic renovated *Carmen*, Eugene Berman created breathtaking sets for *Forza del Destino*, Margaret Webster, George Balanchine and Joseph Mankiewicz contributed their brilliance.

Every summer, after the tour has returned its belongings to the Met's warehouse, Bing must select the coming season's repertoire of twenty-two

operas, keeping a tender balance between box-office fondness for familiar opera and the aesthetes' yearning for Faust and Elektra.

The operas must then be arranged over the twenty-two week season so that the same opera is never repeated on Saturday-afternoon matinees, which are broadcast, or Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights, which are purchased by subscribers. Furthermore he can't schedule two heavy operas, like *Lohengrin* and *Die Meistersinger*, on successive nights because the chorus and orchestra will be too exhausted to

do the works justice. In between must be something light.

The Met has twenty-five sopranos and ten mezzos and contraltos to choose from when Bing is casting his heroines, handmaids and villainesses; twenty tenors, twenty baritones and thirteen basses for the heroes and villains. Over the season's one hundred and thirty-two performances, plus fifty-nine on the tour, a constant juggling of the parts takes place to accommodate the concert tours the artists arrange for themselves and to rest the voices. Most of the Met's artists sing only twice a week,

but there are exceptions. The six-foot-six bass Jerome Hines sang three leading roles in five days, an iron-man stint which a Met official explained was possible because "Hines is young and full of voice."

The Met will long remember the time one of its sopranos became ill suddenly and Eleanor Steber sang leads in *Othello* and *Così fan tutte* on the same day, a feat roughly equivalent to a pitcher pitching both ends of a double-header. Three years ago when Helen Traubel and the spare Wagnerian soprano were both down with throat

*Only a fresh cigarette  
can be truly mild...*

*enjoy* **SWEET CAPORS**  
*always fresh  
and  
TRULY MILD!*

**SWEET CAPORAL**  
CORK

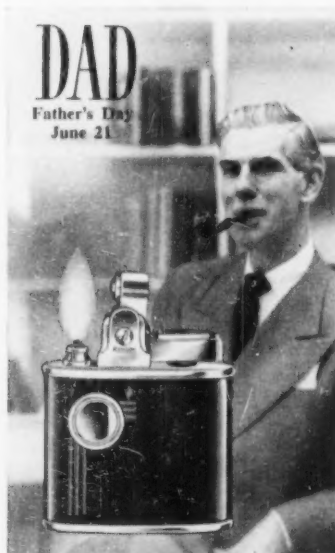
**SWEET CAPORAL**  
PLAIN

CORK or PLAIN

# It's the lighter they want ...they said so!

IMPARTIAL SURVEY TAKES THE GUESSING OUT OF GIVING

88% of Brides, 75% of Dads  
questioned...want Ronsons!



Give the day's most important man, the world's finest lighter—Ronson! **Ronson Vanstan** gas lighter. Thousands of lights per "throw-away" cartridge. Rich black enamel. \$13.50



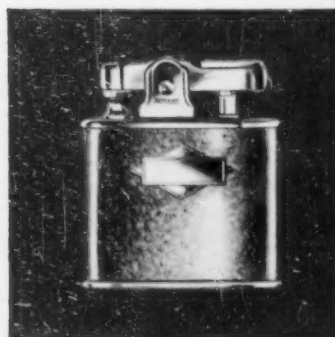
Give the bride the gifts she'll use with pride. Ronsons are gems of design... "musts" for modern entertaining... prized possessions! **Ronson Lydia**. Table lighter, fine porcelain, silver plate with wild rose design. \$18



Dad will be proud you chose this fine Ronson for his personal use! **Ronson Senator**. Desk lighter, genuine mahogany wood veneer. \$16.50



For the bride, a gift that shows your exquisite taste and thoughtfulness... a Ronson! **Ronson Crown** table lighter, with matching walnut cigarette box. \$35. Lighter alone, \$16.50



Give Dad the lighter that gives him years of sure performance—Ronson! **Ronson Medallist**. In six handsome gem-tone finishes. Only \$6.50



The bride will remember you with warmth, each time she uses this lovely Ronson gift! **Ronson Diana**. Table lighter in heavy silver plate, satin and polished finish. \$12

And 80% of the Grads agree they want Ronsons!

TO AVOID IMITATIONS, LOOK FOR  
THIS NAME ON THE LIGHTER:  
**RONSON**  
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER  
Ronson • Toronto

infections four hours before the curtain was to rise on *Die Walküre*, the wife of one of the baritones stepped into the part of Brünhilde.

Opera experts have observed that it generally takes an artist five years to do a role perfectly—or as close to perfectly as Risé Stevens does *Carmen* and Leonard Warren *Rigoletto*. Warren, a quick study, once learned seven parts in six months.

Most of the Met's roles can be sung at a moment's notice by several artists. Lily Pons, Roberta Peters, Patrice Munsel and Nadine Conner alternate as *Rigoletto's* daughter; Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, Canadian George London and Robert Merrill all sing the toreador in *Carmen*. Many artists can sing two or more roles in the same opera: Jerome Hines, for example, sings either King Philip or the Grand Inquisitor in *Don Carlo*.

Bing decides as the season progresses to try a new voice here and there as the operas begin to repeat and the critics become listless. Last season Lucine Amara, a San Francisco soprano who has three roles she can count on at the Met, Nedda in *Pagliacci*, a celestial voice offstage in *Don Carlo* and a gypsy girl in *Carmen*, received a call from Bing requesting that she sing Micaela in a production of *Carmen* about a month away. Miss Amara, an olive-skinned black-haired Latin type, was overcome.

"I've never even heard Micaela sung," she confessed to an acquaintance. "Even when I was singing in *Carmen* myself I just figured Micaela was a part for a small blonde, so I stayed in my dressing room until I was due on stage." It took Lucine two weeks of constant work with her music teacher to learn her part musically and another week of practice to get it set. She was enormously grateful that *Carmen* is in French, an easy language to sing, instead of German which she detests. "If I try to make the German flow it sounds like I am forgetting my diction," she mourns, "and if I emphasize the diction too much they tell me I am singing on my consonants. I can't win."

All the Met's artists continue to study with music teachers. Most of them have already spent fifteen years learning to sing, to speak Italian, French and German, to walk and sit down gracefully, to act with dramatic conviction, before they come to the Met. The men must also take fencing lessons for their stage duels. Just before a performance the Met's shabby backstage is bustling with puffed-up voice coaches helping the artists warm up their voices.

The Met's stars perform at the opera house for two reasons, neither of which is money. In the first place they all love opera to distraction and in the second their connection with the Met gives them prestige with which they can command good fees for radio, television, concert-stage and motion-picture appearances. The Met's fees alone furnish the singers with a meagre living; the Met's reputation buys them mink. This year Richard Tucker is earning about fifty thousand dollars, about a fifth of which is derived from the Met.

Even if the Met were paying its singers on a par with its charwomen it would be more than it could afford. The new productions have been popular, but it will take several seasons before the investment in costumes and scenery is repaid. In the meantime the Met's obsolete stage becomes more dilapidated, vermin infest its satin-brocade walls and the gas fixtures which are wired for electricity are tipsy. Worst still, more than three hundred of the 3,465 seats give an obstructed view of the stage.

The Met wants a new fifteen-million-dollar opera house built somewhere in Manhattan, possibly Central Park, with a seating capacity of more than four thousand but first it must make itself solvent. Bing last season gave opera's finale ace—the English language—a fair trial. He offered *La Bohème* in both English and Italian, Boris Godunov in English, *Fledermaus* in English and Stavinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, which was written in English. It is too soon to decide if this is the solution to the pain opera is suffering in its books. Musicians were appalled at Howard Dietz' translation of *La Bohème*, blanching when the familiar liquid Italian syllables emerged as "My dear you are shivering, let me get you your shawl."

The Grand Debate has been progressing without any noticeable gain on either side for a decade. Jerome Hines observed that he saw people enjoying the music of *La Traviata* when it was sung in Italian, but they cried when it was sung in English.

"Language in opera has been exaggerated as a problem," Rudolf Bing once commented. "Last week I heard

## THE TRUTH ABOUT MONEY

Money isn't everything.

No, my friends, it's not.

Money is the means by which

Everything is got.

RICHARD WHEELER

Parsifal sung by Germans in my native language and I didn't understand a word."

This phenomenon occurs in the English language as well. An opera admirer from Oxbow, Sask., insists he cannot understand a word of the English version of *La Bohème*. The peculiarity extends beyond opera: Most of the singing in musical comedies, particularly a fast-paced one like *Kiss Me Kate*, is completely unintelligible. The point seems to be that an English-language *Kiss Me Kate* is a better commercial product than a Sanskrit version.

Opera's new champion, television, is infatuated mainly with English librettos. The most successful native opera in the land, Gian-Carlo Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, was written especially for television and in one year has become a Christmas tradition second only to Lionel Barrymore's reading of *A Christmas Carol*.

In an effort to make television an ally rather than an enemy, the Met last winter arranged to televise an actual performance of *Carmen* into theatres, charging as much as three and four dollars a ticket. The test run failed, as several other attempts to televise the Met's stage have failed, because technicians are unable to light the singers sufficiently. Risé Stevens' low-slung costumes showed through the gloom handsomely however and the next day she was admirably compared to Theda Bara. Variety reported that during one sequence "some women in the audience were fearful, and the men were hopeful, of a near tragedy in her costuming."

Until the television difficulties are cured, the Met's most profitable venture is the spring tour and the tour's best stop is likely to continue to be two hockey rinks in Canada. Culture has come to the land in a location that even the Massey Report couldn't anticipate. Come on, Leonard Warren! ★





Of all whiskies exported  
 throughout the world from any country,  
 more Seagram's V.O. is sold  
 than any other brand.

# Sunbeam Rain King

The BEST SPRINKLERS MADE

Set it to  
sprinkle **5 to 50 FEET** AUTOMATICALLY

EXCLUSIVE  
FINGER-TIP  
CONTROL

IDEAL FOR SMALL AREAS

OR WIDE LAWNS

MODEL K

The sprinkler you see on beautiful lawns everywhere. Simple turn of dial sets distance and spray automatically. Whether set for small or large areas, you get a natural rain-like shower best for all lawns. Delivers up to 500 gals. an hour at 30 lbs. pressure for deep saturation of the soil—so important in developing rich, thick lawns. Famous long-lasting quality. Beautiful, rich green base and upright. All exposed brass parts chromium plated for enduring beauty.

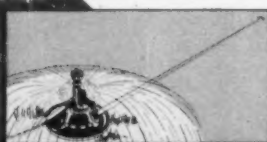
## SENSATIONAL TRAVELING SPRINKLER

- Travels any course up to 100 feet—
- SHUTS OFF automatically
- Travels straight or around corners
- Sprinkles areas 5 to 50 feet wide

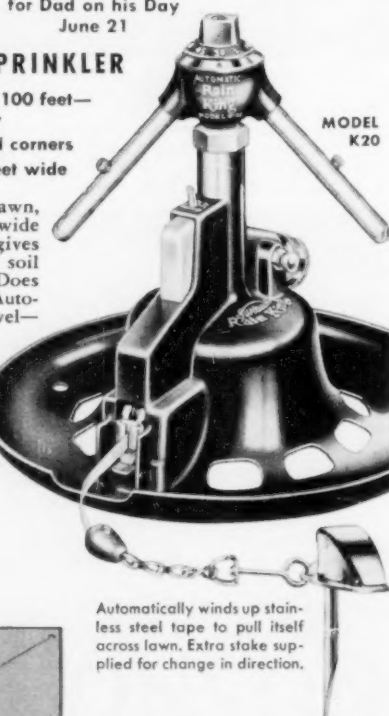
Ideal sprinkler for average lawn, long narrow parkways or wide open areas. Speed of travel gives perfect watering for deep soil saturation. Set it! Forget it! Does the right job every time. Automatically cuts off at end of travel—or can be set to "stays-on". Can also be used stationary. Lightweight. Easy-to-handle. Built-in Sunbeam quality throughout.



Follows curve of stainless steel tape



Travels a course up to 100 feet



Automatically winds up stainless steel tape to pull itself across lawn. Extra stake supplied for change in direction.

These and other Rain King sprinklers for sale by dealers everywhere

## The Forgotten Idol of the Eighties

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

to Canada and was beaten for the Canadian title by Wallace Ross, of Saint John. Ross then challenged Hanlan to race for one thousand dollars in a five-mile event, the usual championship distance in those days. Ross was an eight-to-one favorite when the race took place on Toronto Bay, but Hanlan won. A return match, held at Rothesay, N.B., on the Kennebecasis River, the following year, has been called "the most disappointing and unfortunate race ever rowed." It is described in detail in many rowing annals.

Both men, amid the wildest enthusiasm, struck the water simultaneously. At the half-mile mark Ross was pulling a fiery stroke of thirty-seven and Hanlan a great sweep of thirty-two per minute, with Hanlan a length ahead. With no increase of effort, at the mile mark Hanlan had doubled his lead.

Ross was pulling a stroke that must have been wrenching him apart, while the little one in blue was gliding along apparently as if strolling on the road. The pace was, however, tremendous, and Ross kept forcing himself to the utmost. When a mile and a quarter had been traversed, however, a change came over the aspect of affairs, for, as Ross was pulling home his stroke, he was seen to go headlong over into the water. Hanlan, after seeing that Ross was safe, went over the course...

To the Canadian crown Hanlan soon added the American championship and his next significant race was in Oct. 1878, at Lachine, Que. It was the first of what was to become the famous Courtney-Hanlan series. These races were debated for generations after they took place and are still hotly discussed by cracker-barrel oarsmen. They were responsible for the only slur cast against Hanlan's honesty but, at least to the satisfaction of Canadians, his name was later cleared.

The first race against Charles E. Courtney, of Union Springs, N.Y., one-time amateur champion of the U. S., was over five miles with a turn, for a purse of six thousand dollars and a side bet of two thousand dollars. No

one ever saw more buggies at Lachine. Flat cars carried spectators from Montreal. Hanlan won by a mere one and a quarter lengths and his shell was hung up over the cigar counter in Montreal's Windsor Hotel after the race.

A lot of money had been won and lost so another match was arranged for the following October at Chautauqua Lake, N.Y. Interest in the race became feverish. A grandstand for fifty thousand spectators was erected. An observation train half a mile long and every steamboat afloat promised to follow the racers and even old barges advertised seats at five dollars apiece. The race never took place. The morning of the day it was scheduled, Courtney's shell was found sawn in half.

In a book published in 1923 (Courtney and Cornell Rowing, by C. U. P. Young) it was suggested that Hanlan "whose convivial habits were well known" had imbibed too freely the day before the race. His backers became alarmed and tried in vain to have Courtney postpone the race. Then they offered the entire prize of six thousand dollars to Courtney to make the race a draw, but again Courtney refused and "before the morrow dawned those whose bribe had been spurned were avenged."

H. J. P. Good, sport writer for two Toronto papers and an original member of the Hanlan Club, indignantly refuted the charge. Before the race at Lachine, he said, Hanlan's backers had been unable to get Courtney to row Hanlan. Finally, to entice the New York sculler out, it was decided there would be three races, each for a purse of six thousand dollars, the first to go to Hanlan, the second to Courtney and the third to the best man. In each instance the loser was to receive two thousand out of the purse.

"The arrangement," said Good, "was made entirely without the consent or knowledge of Hanlan, who, I am willing to swear, never wilfully lost a race." The day before that set for the Chautauqua race Hanlan rowed over the full five-mile course, breaking the record by 2:37. "Hanlan was then told of the arrangement," said Good, "and his reply was that if he were not allowed to win if he could he couldn't be hauled from the boathouse with a logging chain. Of course the Courtney party got on to the result of his trial row over the course... and to save the money



Sunbeam CORPORATION (CANADA) LIMITED  
321 Weston Road Toronto 9, Ontario



see **Da-Lite**

**color magic**  
on a **White Magic**  
Crystal-beaded Projection Surface

TRADE MARK

the new **Da-Lite**  
**PUSH-BUTTON** portable  
**Challenger** **SCREEN**  
**IS VERSATILITY PLUS!**  
**8 SCREEN SIZES: 4 SQUARE & 4 RECTANGULAR FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE!**

WHITE MAGIC is an exclusive controlled process which gives the snow white projection surface special adhesive properties to hold more crystal beads. WHITE MAGIC is whiter, brighter, stays whiter, brighter—longer! There's no fading or yellowing. The COLOR MAGIC you enjoy from Da-Lite's WHITE MAGIC is yours for years! See the complete line of Da-Lite WHITE MAGIC screens priced from \$3.50 to \$104.50 at photo dealers everywhere.

**Da-Lite's NEW UNIPOD CAMERA SUPPORT . . .**  
It's one-piece, lightweight, compact! The camera support you've always wanted — no parts to lose, goes everywhere with you! Fits all standard still and movie cameras. Dependable support for sport events, uneven terrain, panorama work. Extends from 25" to 60" **\$650**

**FREE New Booklet**  
Valuable suggestions on how you may get greater brilliance, more thrills from your color slides and movies.

**Mail coupon today!**

ROLLIT Products, Ltd.  
Brockville, Ontario.  
Please rush me a FREE copy of the new "COLOR MAGIC" booklet for improving my movie and slide shows.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_

which had been staked the boat was sawn."

The referee ordered Hanlan to row over the course on the day of the race, which he did, with two or three pauses, in 33:56 $\frac{1}{4}$ , a time which stands to this day as the fastest for five miles with a turn.

The purse was to have been given by the owner of a brewery, but he refused to pay on a "row-over." So the pair met again on the Potomac at Washington in May 1880. In that race Courtney was so far behind at the halfway mark that he dropped out.

In a tribute to Hanlan years later, James C. Rice, onetime coach of Columbia University, said: "I know personally that Hanlan was offered thirty thousand dollars to quit in a race for the world championship. It was all he could do to keep from knocking down the man who made the attempt to bribe him."

By 1879 Hanlan had beaten everyone of note on this side of the Atlantic so he went to England. In May he beat John Hawdon for the championship of the Tyne and the following month raced William Elliott, also on the Tyne course, for the English title.

Long before daybreak on June 16, 1879, the banks and bridges of the Tyne were crowded. Trains brought spectators by the thousands. The crush of boats on the river made navigation almost impossible.

Hanlan and Elliott were both in top condition. The odds, which all along had been largely in favor of Hanlan, grew less and less as the Tynesiders bet freely in small sums on their champion whom they believed invincible. Lawyer Kerr rhymed:

The champions take their stations,  
Promptly each takes his place  
In the sight of all the nations  
Of the Anglo-Saxon race.  
"Now, three to one," roared Elliott,  
"That I lead all the way!"  
And his stalwart arm and lusty form  
Might feebler foe dismay.

But it was Hanlan's craft Toronto that led all the way. He won by ten boat lengths and broke the record for the course by fifty-five seconds.

Then from the river's crowded banks,  
From roof-top, bridge and pier,  
Thrice thirty thousand lusty throats  
Sent up a mighty cheer;  
And many a British city  
Caught up the wild acclaim.  
And the western world from sea to sea  
Resounded with his fame.

Another civic reception was arranged for Hanlan's return and a Toronto shipping company advertised that a number of steamers were being chartered to meet the Chicora, bringing Hanlan home. ". . . The Opera Company will give an entertainment, commencing at 8 o'clock sharp. An address will be presented by the Mayor about 9 o'clock, to which the Champion will reply. The Champion will also appear with his boat, in full racing costume. Tickets will be sold at 50c.—no reserved seats . . ."

The scene of the arrival was painted in oils by William Armstrong, and hangs still in the Toronto home of one of Hanlan's daughters, Mrs. C. H. S. Michie. Dated July 15, 1879, it shows five old sidewheelers crowded to the gunwales and surrounded by a variety of little boats. On the leading steamer a tiny figure stands on a platform high in the prow—this was how the Boy in Blue came home.

There was still but one feather missing from the chunky sculler's cap, the championship of the world—and his backers were not slow in arranging the match against Edward

## A Guaranteed SHORT TERM Investment

# 4%

FOR FIVE YEARS

Guaranteed Investment Certificates of the Toronto General Trusts are issued at par in amounts from \$100 to \$100,000 to run three, four or five years. Certificates pay:—

4% for 5 years

3 $\frac{3}{4}$ % for 3 and 4 years

Interest is paid half-yearly by cheque

Repayment of principal on maturity and payment of interest are fully guaranteed by the Corporation. Certificates are a legal investment for trustees.

Endorsed by investors for more than fifty years

Write or telephone for booklet

Dept. M, 253 Bay Street, Toronto

## THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS

Corporation

Every Modern Trust and Agency Service

## how many **greats** for grandfather?

This is a day when popular sayings of the past are being challenged. Modern parents apparently don't believe in "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Next door neighbours wish they did.

There's another old-time saying that might stand revising. It's many a year since it was first used: "The Ale Your Great-Grandfather Drank". Repeated today, does it really do full justice to the antiquity of Canada's favorite ale? As a matter of fact, it doesn't.

The dictionary gives us 30 years as a generation. That makes it five or six generations since John Molson first produced his agreeable brew in 1786. That means a couple of extra "greats" should be added to "great-grandfather". And of course it could be many, many more. For example:

Consider that in 1786 there was a lusty young Egbert in Montreal who that year had a son, Egbert the Second. And that each succeeding Egbert in turn at the age of twenty had a son. Why today there could be an Egbert the Tenth looking forward to enjoying "the ale his great . . . grandfather drank"!

Just try figuring it out some time—over a glass of the best.

(Advertisement)

Trickett, the first Australian to have won the title. Interest in the outcome was world-wide. It was scheduled for Nov. 1880, on the Thames, and in June of that year an English racing fan wrote a Canadian newspaper from Newcastle:

This meeting between Trickett and Hanlan will be the event in the rowing annals of the year—if not of the century . . . Trickett's friends spoke of Hanlan as a small man—but I reminded them of the remark made by the ferryman near Pittsburgh, that "the more clothes he takes off

the bigger he gets," and suggested that when he measured speed with their six-foot-sixer, the little man might look the larger of the two.

The odds changed from two-to-one on Trickett to two-to-one on Hanlan as an estimated forty-two thousand dollars of Toronto money was placed with English bookies.

This race is still considered one of the most sensational of all world championship meets. It was rowed on the Henley championship course of four and a quarter miles, the scene of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race.

The race started at twelve-thirty p.m. and it soon became apparent that Hanlan was having things all his own way. He would lead by three lengths and then drop back to one. At Hammersmith Bridge he stopped rowing entirely to allow Trickett to catch up. Then he was off ahead again with a masterful spurt. The crowds cheered and the nery Ned drew near the bank and thanked them, then amused them by rowing with alternate oars.

Twice more Hanlan paused, once opposite his hotel, the Bull's Head, to wave his handkerchief, and again when

he dropped his skulls clumsily into the water, fell forward on his face and lay there for a second or two. The spectators groaned, then Ned jumped up, laughing, and resumed rowing. "A roar of laughter greeted this feat," recorded one newspaper, "and it was some minutes before the intense excitement occasioned by it had abated."

Hanlan won the race by a comfortable margin and Sporting Life of London commented, "Hanlan's sculling was worth travelling a hundred miles to see." Another rowing critic wrote, "Hanlan is like the deacon's celebrated 'one-hoss shay.' All his parts are equally balanced. Every muscle seems to be just as strong as its fellow."

Hanlan had established himself as the world's champion trick sculler and later made considerable money performing on the water. One of his best tricks was rowing with only one scull straight across the Thames and back again.

He returned to Toronto via New York, where he was given a public reception in Madison Square Garden, "on which occasion," it was written, "Signor Liberati, a famous cornetist, played the aquatic solo." In Toronto he was accorded another reception by mayor and citizens.

The following year, 1881, he rowed on the Thames again, this time against Elias C. Laycock, of Australia, for the Sportsman Challenge Cup, and won it for the third year in succession, thereby winning it for all time. It is one of the most impressive cups in sporting history, standing about three feet high. It is still in the possession of Mrs. Michie.

#### A Great and Unique Skill

Those were great days for the rowing game. The first official race between Yale and Harvard was held in 1852, although Oxford and Cambridge had been racing on the Thames since 1829. Fortunes were bet on the flashing oars that cut the waters of colorfully named Lakes Winnepesaukee, Minnetonka, Quinsagomond and Creve Coeur, the Seekonk River, Lake Couchiching and Shawnyan Lake. Ned Hanlan rowed and won in them all.

In 1880 there were at least a score of rowing clubs active across Canada and regattas were held at least once and sometimes twice a year. Cities like Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa and Montreal sponsored annual regattas. Youngsters asked their parents for gigs, wherries, dinghies or common rowboats and modeled their youthful oarsmanship after what they could learn of Hanlan's style.

Hanlan was perhaps the most finished sculler that ever sat in a shell. Spectators described his smooth speed "like being pulled by a string through the water." Before his time, rowing was largely a matter of strength; Hanlan added a great and unique skill and was at once the master of the game.

When he beat Elliott on the Tyne it was seriously suggested that he must have had a propelling machine in his boat.

With air-bags and machinery,  
The miners stoutly held,  
Or by some secret influence  
His skiff must be propelled,  
For never such a sculler  
Of form so lithe and fine  
Or such modest mien, had yet been seen  
On the Thames or the Tyne.

Some claim Hanlan was the first real champion of the world—of any sport. The modern revival of the Olympic games began only in 1896 in Athens, but it was not until 1908 in

# NOW-A NYLON CORD TIRE

## for only a few dollars more than a standard tire!

**Nylon cords mean up to 80% more strength!**

Up to now, only Goodyear has made an All-Nylon cord tire, and it has been available only in Goodyear's highest priced line.

But now Goodyear brings you the miracle strength, amazing safety of an All-Nylon cord tire . . . for only a few dollars more than a standard tire.

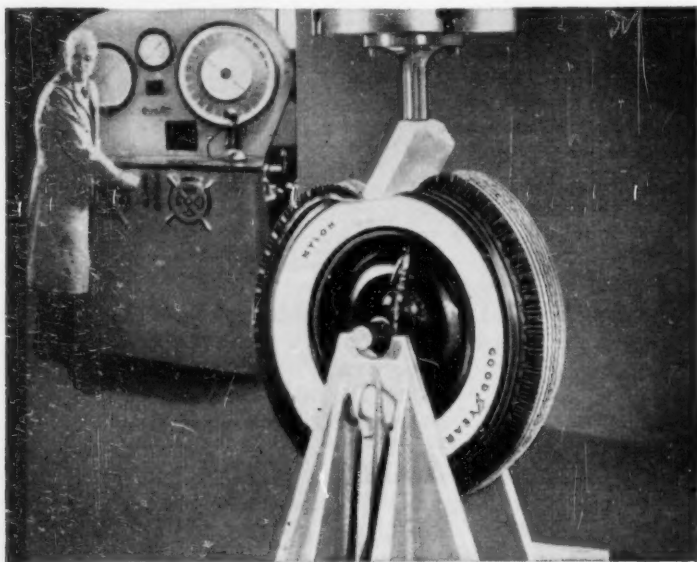
All-Nylon cords mean greater sidewall strength—longer tire life—greater freedom from blowout worries. And Goodyear puts this new

strength, new safety, well within your reach!

**New tread rubber, too! Up to 21% more mileage!**

This new All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion tire features a newly developed tread rubber that actually gives you as much as 21% more mileage than old style tread rubber!

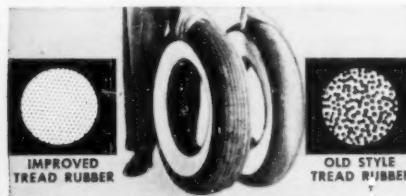
Think what this means to you! Now, you'll get as much as an *extra 1,000 miles for every 5,000 miles* you used to get—and all at a price just a few dollars more than you pay for standard tires!



"Brick Bat" test fails to break All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion at 8,560 lbs.!

An ordinary brick was mounted on this hydraulic press, then slammed into a Goodyear All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion with a force of 8,560 lbs. The tread was driven clear down to the rim, but the tough, All-Nylon cord body bounced back without a break! A tire with standard cords broke at 4,040 lbs. All-Nylon's extra strength means longer tire life, greater safety against impact blowouts.

See your Goodyear Dealer today! Although he may not have your tire size right now, because of a limited supply of Nylon cord, he will gladly accept your order for future delivery.



Tests prove new tread rubber gives up to 21% more nonskid mileage.

Both tires above—an All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion (left) and an ordinary tire—were driven the same distance. But, the All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion tread still has thousands of miles of safe, nonskid driving left! This new Super-Cushion actually gives you as much as an *extra 1,000 miles for every 5,000* you get with an ordinary tire!



Miracle-Strength All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion gives smooth comfort on roughest roads!

Nylon cords have more resilience—flex easier, safer—cushion the shocks you get with some other tires. And because All-Nylon cord tires run cooler and are as much as 80% stronger than other tires, they are ideal for today's faster driving, higher powered cars.

# ALL-NYLON CORD SUPER CUSHION

## by GOOD YEAR

Super-Cushion—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited.



London that there was world-wide representation.

Trickett challenged Hanlan in 1892 and they met on May 1 on the Thames with stakes of five hundred pounds. Hanlan won by nearly a minute and a half and, after passing the turning stake, he spun around and sculled back to meet Trickett. Turning again when almost level with him, he sculled away from Trickett once more and passed the finish line a second time with a lead of two and a half lengths. This was Trickett's last appearance in a first-class match, and who can blame him?

The next challenger was a dour Australian, William Beach, a blacksmith from the village of Dapto, New South Wales. He was a six-footer of more than two hundred pounds whose powerful stroke fairly lifted his shell out of the water. Hanlan defied the advice of his backers and traveled to Australia to race Beach on his own water. He need not have gone because, as world champion, he could dictate the locale of the race. But he had not yet been to the southern hemisphere and the adventure appealed to his restless spirit.

The race was rowed on the Parramatta River over a distance of nearly three and a quarter miles, in August 1884. In contrast to the many detailed accounts of Hanlan's victories, little was written on this side of the world of his defeat by Beach. One report said Hanlan fouled Beach by rowing into his water and, while Hanlan argued with the referee, Beach went on to win. Nevertheless, Beach won in record time for the course. The Toronto Telegram commented, "His defeat may possibly be due to unfavorable climatic conditions." A New York publication, Turf, Field and Farm, saw it differently: "It is to be feared that the many victories of Edward Hanlan caused him to underrate his opponent." The sad truth was that the Great Hanlan had met his match. Several months later he was beaten again by Beach on the Parramatta River.

Back in America Hanlan lost the American championship, regained it and lost it again. He arranged for a third race with Beach in 1887 and lost again on Australia's Nepean River. He was now thirty-two and no match for the more youthful scullers coming to the fore. He won other races after that but never an important one.

In 1889 and 1890 he staged exhibition races. The name of Hanlan could still draw thousands to the Toronto waterfront. But it was not until 1897 that he retired from competitive rowing to become Toronto's most colorful hotel-keeper, to coach and to dabble in politics. Hanlan's Hotel, which he had built in 1882 on the island (it burned in 1910), displayed a huge collection of his trophies and souvenirs.

In 1898 he was elected a Toronto alderman, was re-elected once but defeated for a third term.

Ned had married Margaret Gordon Sutherland, of Toronto, formerly of Brantford, Ont., in 1877 and they had two sons and six daughters. His wife lived until 1927. One son, John Douglas, runs an insurance business in Galt, Ont. There are four daughters still living: Mrs. Michie, Margaret and Aileen Hanlan, of Toronto; and Mrs. Alfred Hafner, of Portland, Me.

When Hanlan died on Jan. 4, 1908, at fifty-two, papers in every part of Canada carried editorials about him. The Montreal Herald said, "Ned Hanlan was the first of our national heroes." And abroad, the London Telegraph said: "He stood alone among professional scullers . . . Probably no sculling boat ever moved faster than his."

Hanlan was given a civic funeral, and probably ten thousand people filed

past his bier. A death mask was taken.

Years later a Toronto citizen reminisced: "The last outings Ned had with the Argonauts were shortly before his death when, on the odd Sunday morning, he'd pile on three or four old sweaters and stroke the club's 'gig' to the Humber. Off the Old Fort he would strip off his clothes then dive overboard and swim and blow round the gig like a walrus, then, dripping and refreshed, resume. The Boy in Blue never really grew up."

Ned Hanlan flashed across the pages of the world's newspapers of seventy-

five years ago, but mementos will keep his name alive for many years yet. A six-by-ten-foot painting of him hangs in Toronto's City Hall; one end of Toronto Island will long be known as Hanlan's Point; a town in Australia is named Toronto after Hanlan's home town; and, in 1926, eighteen years after his death, Toronto sportsmen still thought enough of him to erect a twenty-foot, seventeen-thousand-dollar monument to Hanlan, the only known monument to a sculler in the world. It stands in the grounds of the Canadian National Exhibition, looking over the

waters where Ned first learned to row.

In 1936 the late Dr. A. R. Carman, editor of the Montreal Star, wrote of Hanlan that "no citizen of Canada was so well known throughout the English-speaking world."

And Lawyer Kerr put it in verse:

While Ottawa, from storied cliff,  
Uplifts her crown of towers;  
While modest merit still shall charm  
This Canada of ours;  
So long in distant story,  
As time rolls on apace,  
Shall it be told by young and old  
How Hanlan won the race. ★

## UNEASY STOMACH OR HEADACHE CAN SPOIL YOUR HOLIDAY FUN!



take along  
**BROMO**  
FOR FAST RELIEF

Too much sun, exercise,  
travel . . . change of diet  
and water . . . can bring  
on headache or uneasy  
stomach and spoil your  
holiday fun. That's why  
it's wise to take along  
fast-acting, pleasant-  
tasting BROMO-SELTZER!



refreshing TO TASTE!



©COPYRIGHT 1951, ATLAS SUPPLY COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

**38,000 ATLAS DEALERS SERVING**  
*Sold and Serviced by Imperial*

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JUNE 1, 1953





There's a

# Honey of a Deal

waiting for you at your  
**ATLAS Tire Trading Bee!**



**It's time to trade** for safe, long-lasting Atlas Tires . . . and it's good business, too. For many Atlas dealers are now offering special allowances on all makes of used tires

for new Atlas Grip-Safe and low-pressure Cushionaire Tires. For a real Honey of a Deal visit your local Atlas "Trading Bee." Get a set or pair of Atlas Tires... **TODAY!**



Wide, flat tread shares wear at high speeds on Pennsylvania Turnpike



7-rib tread gives quick stops on Georgia's slick back roads



Buttressed sidewalls give cool running, even on Arizona's Painted Desert



Tough rayon cord takes punishment in stride, over Maine logging trail



"Live" rubber gives long, safe mileage on California Salt Bed run

## ATLAS TIRES

**BATTERIES  
ACCESSORIES**

**SERVING MOTORISTS EVERYWHERE**

*Imperial Esso Dealers in Canada*

## Crocus at the Coronation

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"What's that got to do with the coronation, Jake?" I said.

Jake he turned to Stevie. "You runnin' your trap line agin this winter, Stevie?"

"Uh-huh," said Stevie.

"I seen weasel pelts sell as low as ten cents a hide." Jake bit into his

ham sandwich. "They'll go high this year—higher'n a cat's back."

"But, Jake—"

"Wouldn't be surprised to see 'em hit seven dollars a hide. Coronation year. Snow white—them black tips to their tails. Ermine. Yes, sir, when they strike up GOD SAVE THE QUEEN over there next spring they'll all be decked out in prime ermine weasel pelts in Westminster Abbey at seven dollars a hide."

Now there's not many people would think of that, like Jake did. Jake he's wise and that's something you're born

with; Jake's our hired man helps Ma and me farm our place out of Crocus. Just me and Ma and Jake; my Dad didn't come back with the rest of the South Saskatchewans last war.

By the time curling season rolled round, like Mr. Kiziw said, she was really hummin' over there—Crocus too. Mrs. Allardyce bought the first ticket to go, then Mr. and Mrs. Abercrombie, the Shackertons. Mayor MacTaggart and the town council sent coronation year greetings over to the mayor and town council of London. Louis Riel Chapter IODE took their Preservation

Prairie Historical Sites Fund, turned it over lock, stock and peepsights to the town council to use the best way they saw fit to help the Coronation along.

ALONG about the middle February Jake and me took the cream can into town, dropped in on Way-freight Brown runs the depot in Crocus. Mr. Brown looked up with the green eyeshade on and the telegraph going ticky-tick-ticky-tick away.

"Jake."

"Way-freight."

"Mr. Brown."

"Banner year," Way-freight said. "She's shapin' up for a banner year for this railroad right now."

"Freight rates goin' up agin, Way-freight?"

"No . . ."

"Outa the red are you?"

"Oh—we been outa the red for number of years now, Jake. No—coronation year, Jake—this railroad from Atlantic to Pacific piercing our wild land of rocks an' rills, evergreens an' lakes an' rushin' rivers . . ."

"Yeah yeah, Way-freight . . ."

" . . . with its termini at the Great Lakes—lifeline to the mighty industries minin', pulp an' paper, gold an' copper, coal—girdlin' the continent by rail an' the world by water an' stratosphere. Gonna carry a new an' greater cargo to the old land—first an' second an' third class they'll go to the Old Land—visitin' friends an' relatives on the other side—watchin' the breath-takin' splendor an' pomp an' awe of the Coronation—"

"That's nice," Jake said when Mr. Brown stopped for a breath.

"Plan now to make your dream come true, Jake."

"Huh!"

"Make your reservation now . . ."

"Hell, I ain't intendin' . . ."

"They're all goin' over—Mrs. Beeton—Allardyce—Shackerton—bedroom—compartment—stateroom—fly high above the blue Atlantic with comfort to keynote your trans-Atlantic flight . . ."

"Not today, Way-freight."

"World beneath your feet with hot full-course meals, bar service, champagne suppers—foam-rubber seats soft as a royal bed . . ."

"Way-freight—that's a little outa my line . . ."

"Everybody's goin', Jake. It's an exodus."

"Yeah," Jake said. "I guess it will. But I don't think you'll be makin' out schedules fer an aitch of a lot of hired men. You know, Way-freight, lookin' over the list folks takin' off from Crocus district, I'm a little worried."

"How's that?"

"Look at 'em—wrong folks is goin'. Over there in England they're gonna git the wrong idea us."

"I don't see that, Jake."

"Yep. She's the crust you might say. Ones that's got wheat in the bin."

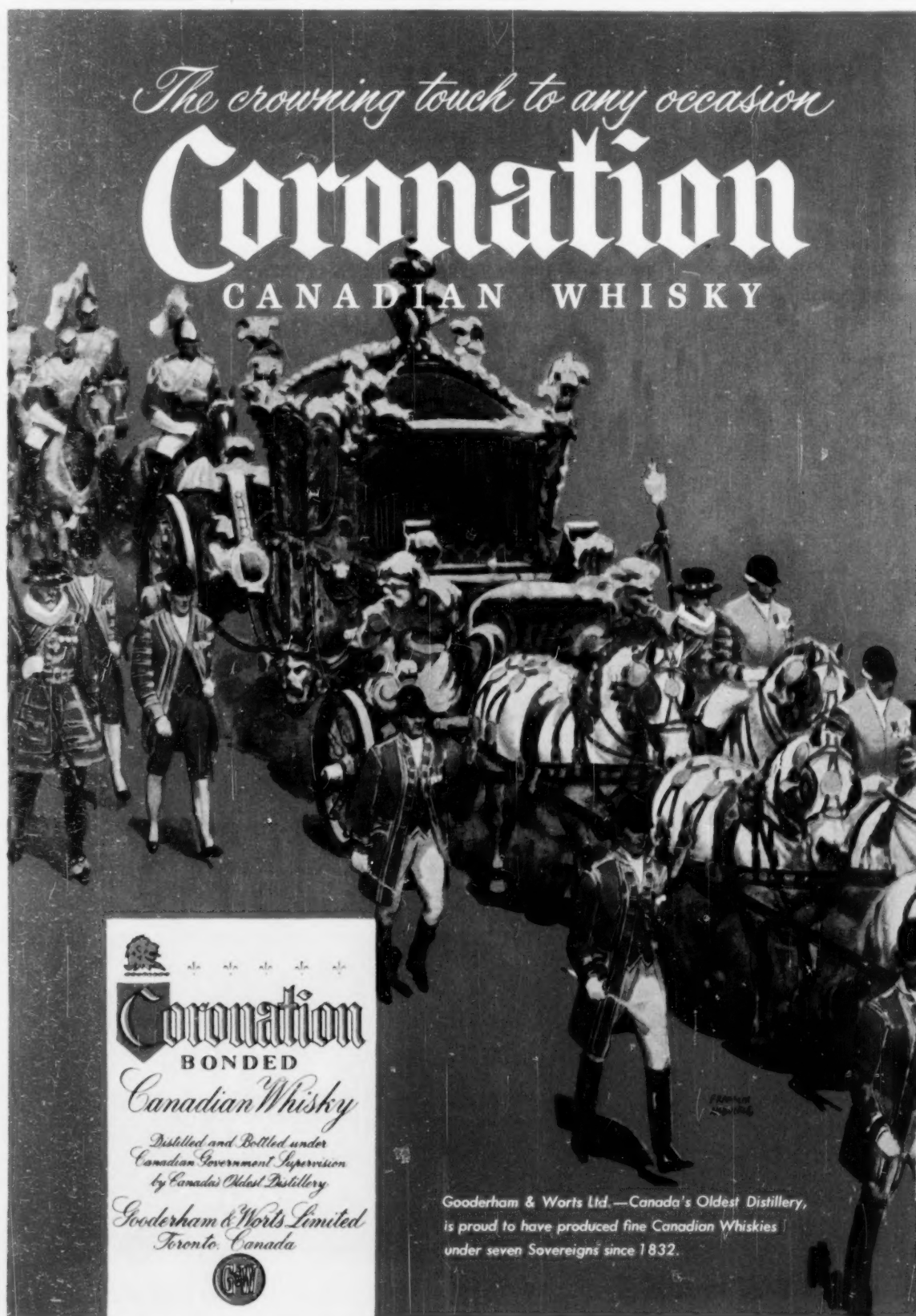
"Nothing wrong with that," said Way-freight. "Like we're puttin' our best foot forward."

"That's right," Jake said.

"Well . . ."

"What they need to sort of lighten her—tone down all that purple blood of the Allardyces an' the Abercrombies an' the Shackertons an' the Clifton-Wells—I'd say—they oughta have a handful section han's—couple St. George waiters—sprinklin' hired girls—mebbe Malleable Brown outa his blacksmith shop an' Pipe-fittin' Brown an' Aunt Fan." Jake turned away from Way-freight's wicket. "Some of those folks goin' over to the Coronation, I'd say Crocus'd be real well—ah—represented."

Jake and me dropped into MacTaggart's Trading Company, and after Jake gave Mac our grocery order, he



*The crowning touch to any occasion*

# Coronation

## CANADIAN WHISKY

**Coronation**  
BONDED  
*Canadian Whisky*  
*Distilled and Bottled under Canadian Government Supervision by Canada's Oldest Distillery*  
*Gooderham & Worts Limited*  
*Toronto, Canada*

Gooderham & Worts Ltd.—Canada's Oldest Distillery, is proud to have produced fine Canadian Whiskies under seven Sovereigns since 1832.



told us what the council was doing for the Coronation.

"Council's matching Louis Riel Chapter dollar for dollar, Jake. Last meeting we figured out fine way to use the money—at least the committee did."

"What committee?" Jake said.

"Special coronation committee under Repeat Godfrey—Committee for Ways and Means Stimulating and Expressing Sentiment of Patriotism Binding Men Women and Children Round the Throne and Empire. Same committee gave the pictures to district schools last year."

Mr. MacTaggart was talking about the ones we got out at Rabbit Hill School: CANADA'S ANSWER TO THE MOTHER COUNTRY. Right at the front we got the one where these soldiers got blood-stained bandages around their heads and their hats over top and there's this wounded horse lying on his side. That one's called: SOMEWHERE WITH A VETERINARY UNIT IN FRANCE. Then all around the room there's pictures of Kitchener of Khartoum and Clive of India and Louis St. Laurent of Canada.

"... decided last meeting," Mr. MacTaggart was saying. "Use that money to send some deserving person over to the Coronation."

"That's real nice," Jake said.

"Yeah. Of course we haven't got all the wrinkles ironed out of it yet, but that's what the council's doing. All the way to England—all expenses—with the finest available seat..."

"Seat!"

"Bought and paid for. Right on the royal procession route." Mr. MacTaggart put both his hands on the counter and leaned over to Jake. "That item alone, Jake, is going to cost us—one hundred—dollars!"

**R**EPEAT GODFREY'S shop is right next to Barney's Vulcanizing and on the other side you got Len's Harness. Jake headed for there, and I had mine first whilst Jake sat in one of the chairs along the wall. Repeat started right in before he even pumped me up.

"Too hot for us to handle, Jake," he said. "Person takes a clear cool look at it, he realizes that—just hold her there, Kid—too hot to handle, I told 'em when the matter first came up."

"How's that, Repeat?" I could see Jake getting out a plug—in the mirror where Repeat has all his bottles hair tonic and instrument shelf. The clock over Jake's head had all her numbers backwards.

Repeat started up the clippers. "Too hot to handle. Can't send everybody—everybody wants to go over to the Coronation. Whoever you pick there's gonna be a hundred—be a thousand—thousand people—every soul in Crocus. Bad feelin's."

"Uh-huh." Jake was chewing and staring down at the tufts of hair all over the floor; every once in a while they'd lift and sort of breath along then settle down again.

"My committee got the idea," Repeat said. "Our idea in the first place. Good idea. Had a meeting at my place last night. Just last night. Tilt her a little to the south, Kid. First we thought might be a good idea to send a dignitary—official person—official. Spittoon right by your left heel, Jake. Official. Somebody elected by the town-people. Elected representative."

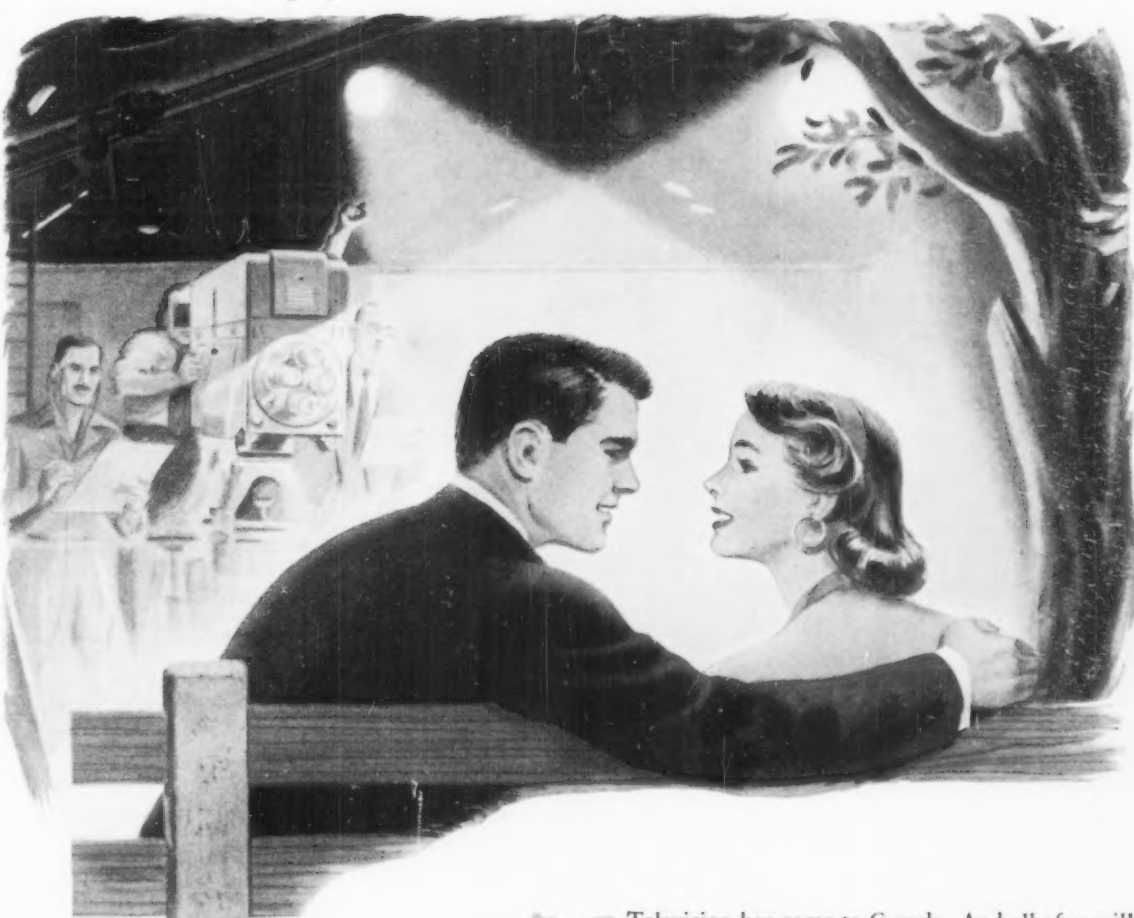
"Ah-hah."

Repeat turned off the clippers. He went to the shelf and stood there a minute with the comb and scissors. "Member the council—mayor maybe."

"Might be all right," Jake said.

## THERE'S Copper IN CANADA'S FUTURE

**ANACONDA**  
Copper and Brass



TV takes over—

Television has come to Canada. And all of us will watch with interest the effect of this modern miracle on our way of life!

If you visit a TV station you will see complicated apparatus and instruments. What you won't see is the extent to which copper, brass and bronze is used in this equipment. For here, as in so many applications, copper (or one of its alloys) is a vital, hidden element.

Since early days, the red metal has contributed much to the progress of science and industry... the improvement of our living standard. In fact, Copper is called "Man's most useful metal"—because it does so many things so well; because it alone offers all these qualities: strength, workability, freedom from rust, high electrical and thermal conductivity and resistance to corrosion.

Copper is widely used in homes because of its ability to defy rust and conduct electricity.



In industry, copper and its alloys are preferred for ease of installation and resistance to corrosion.

**ANACONDA**  
**First IN COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE**

C-5314

ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LIMITED—Main Office and Plant: New Toronto, Ontario • Montreal Office: 939 Dominion Square Building



FOR RADIANT HEATING

**ANACONDA**  
**Copper Tube is Better**

Anaconda Copper tubes assure you of a long, trouble-free radiant heating system. For Anaconda Copper tubes can't rust, resist corrosion and have high heat conductivity. Smooth interiors mean an unobstructed flow of water. Ask your heating contractor about the advantages of Anaconda tubes for radiant heating.

**ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LIMITED**  
Main Office and Plant: New Toronto, Ont. Montreal Office: 939 Dominion Sq. Bldg.

**First IN COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE**

C-5317

There's an air of formality in the smart styling of this new Gore Oxford.



*This investment looks good\**

**VALENTINE**  
THE VALUE-LINE IN FINE SHOES

Plain-toe styling distinguishes this smart, heavy-sole oxford in brown calf.



Built with the rugged strength of

**VALENTINE**  
WORK BOOTS

\* They're good-looking shoes . . . shoes you'll be proud to wear. And with the fine leathers and smartly correct styling goes Valentine's built-in value of longer-wear 'work-shoe' ruggedness — a big dividend that's yours at modest prices!

GORE SHOE COMPANY LIMITED, KITCHENER, ONTARIO



*Time for*

Dog tired? Feel good again with a cool bottle of clear, light Old Vienna Beer.



**OLD VIENNA TREATS YOU RIGHT**

## JASPER AT THE CORONATION

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"We thought so—we thought so." Repeat lifted his elbows, snipped a couple times at the air with the scissors, blew on the comb, then he lowered his knees and started on the back of my neck. "Couldn't agree—which one. Human nature. I say human nature reared her ugly head. Exception me and Milt Abercrombie they all wanted to be the delegate—coronation delegate."

"How come you two . . ." Jake started.

"Can't get away, Jake—couldn't leave the shop that long—and Milt—he and Mrs. Abercrombie already made their arrangements—they're already goin'."

"I see," Jake spit.

"Spittoon right by your left heel, Jake." Repeat spun the chair around and looked at the mirror a minute. "We got her licked—we think."

"That's nice."

"We think it'll work out better'n we figured. Hold a draw. Going to hold a draw. Then nobody can kick. Lucky person goes. Nobody's feelin's are hurt. Sell tickets."

"Wait a minute," Jake sat up. "You already got the money for the . . ."

"Folks expect to pay for draw tickets, Jake. No reason we shouldn't charge for 'em. Raise more money. Good cause."

"You mean the coronation trip . . ."

"Oh—we got another cause as well—another cause." Repeat cleared his throat. "Need a new roof on the curlin' rink."

"Well," Jake said it that surprised way a person has when he finds a dime on the street when he's walking along not even looking for a dime. "That ought to tickle the curlers—ah—." He leaned forward to spit.

"Right by your heel, Jake."

Jake settled back without spitting. "All you fellahs curl on the council, don't you?"

Repeat whipped the cloth from around my neck, brushed off my shoulders. "That's right, Jake. That's right. But—ah—there—couldn't say there was any selfish undercurrents—none of that. Self-interest played no part in our decision. New roof on the curlin' rink—good cause. Whole town uses the curlin' rink—Activians hold their carnival there every year. Women's Atheniums hold their flower show. Sort of a community centre."

Jake got up and reached in his pocket for the price of my haircut. "I don't know, Repeat. Don't seem right."

"How's that, Jake? How's that?"

"Lot of folks get to talkin'. I can just hear 'em. Wrong fer the finger chance to pick the person have the honor goin' over to the Coronation."

"May be. That may be. Lesser of two evils. Only fair way, Jake. Just. Justice is blind. She's blind."

"Is she?" said Jake.

"And that's the way she's gonna be," Repeat said real firm. "Two dollars seventy-five cents."

"Hey wait a minute—a kid's haircut . . ."

"That's right—seventy-five cents and . . ." Repeat held out two tickets. "Got 'em printed this morning at the Crocus Breeze office. One fer you an' one for the Kid's Ma. Royal draw tickets. Dollar each. Cost a dollar apiece. Going like hot cakes, Jake. Two dollars an' seventy-five unless you want one for the kid here as well—three dollars an' seventy-five cents."

Jake looked down at me. "Better make her the three, Repeat."

WHEN the summer fallow starts to steam and they find the first gopher of spring or the first crocus or a butterfly out on Gladys Ridge, a funny thing happens to folks—like a fever—seeding fever. Jake says it's the same thing hits them at an auction so they buy table lamps for their parlor before they stop to figure they haven't got the power line in. This year a sort of double fever hit Crocus folks from two sides at once: spring seeding and the Royal Coronation Trip Draw.

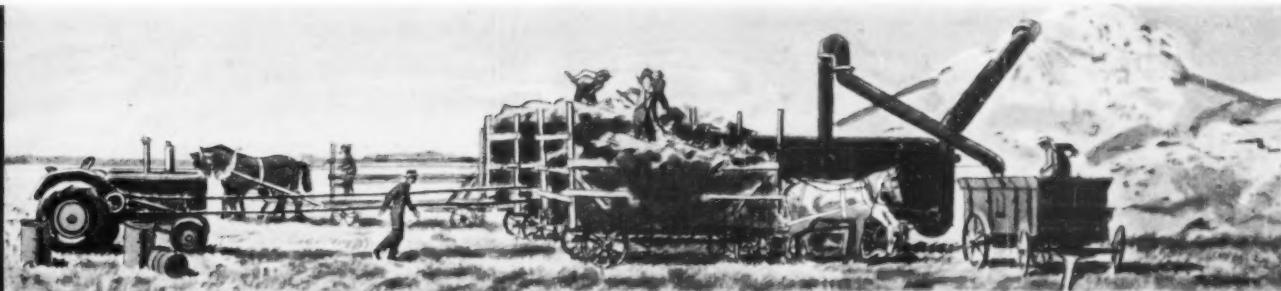
They sold out the first printing of tickets within a week; end of the next week they had enough money to build the curling rink roof, and the end of the month they had enough to build a new curling rink and send the town council over to England to boot. Mr. MacTaggart sold three hundred by himself to grocery and hardware and dry-goods travelers coming through. Crocus Breeze couldn't print them fast enough so there'd be a supply handy at the cash register of the Sanitary Cafe or the General Delivery Wicket at the Post Office let alone to send out to Macoun and Tiger Lily and Conception where they were yelling for them. Everybody wanted them.

Take old Daddy Johnston that lives with Mrs. Southey. He's the oldest man in Canada—hundred and seven, he claims. Every Saturday he puts a shawl over his shoulders, takes his cane and goes downtown with careful slow steps. Every Saturday. He always gets



# Canada's "Manpower Miracle"

As late as the 1930's, it took a crew of 6 to 8 men a full month to cut, stook, and thresh 500 acres of grain.



With 440,000 fewer workers than in 1939, but with modern power-farming machines on the job, Canadian farmers produced the nation's all-time-record crop in 1952! . . . And with a "manpower balance" of 1 farm worker to 4 non-farm workers in 1952, Canada's total national production hit the history-making peak of \$22,984,000,000!



Today, with a Massey-Harris self-propelled combine and a truck, two men can cut and thresh 500 acres in 10 days.


**I**n the days of the early pioneers, 4 out of 5 Canadians worked on the farm. The work was nearly all done by hand. There was little time for other work, after producing the necessary food for their own families . . . and they had very little surplus food to sell.

*Then came machines to multiply the output per man.* And gradually, over the years, with continuing development of new and better equipment, a "manpower miracle" has been brought about.

Today, you can see the result of this miracle in Canada's amazing record of production for 1952. Last year, less than 1 Canadian worker in 5 was employed on the farm, yet farmers harvested our country's all-time-record crop—more than 650 million bushels of wheat and 850 million bushels of other grains! And with more than 4 out of 5 workers engaged in *non-farm* activities, Canada enjoyed the greatest year of industrial growth and progress in history!

Tomorrow holds out an even richer promise to Canadians. Now our work-forces are "balanced" to meet the challenge and opportunities that lie ahead in the development of our great resources. With confidence and pride, all Canadians can look forward to better and more prosperous living in this fast-growing land.

## MASSEY-HARRIS

A CANADIAN COMPANY WITH  A WORLD-WIDE ORGANIZATION

**Everybody benefits when farmers are prosperous**

# Seal in New Car Power!

with the famous  
**Veedol**  
Film of Protection



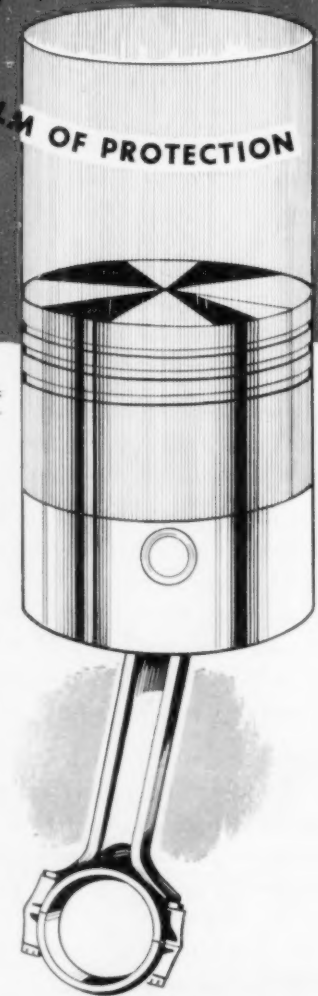
Help your engine stay new with the famous Veedol "film of Protection". Smooth as silk! Tough as steel! Clean as a whistle! Insist on new VEEDOL High-Detergency Motor Oil for bonus miles of trouble-free performance.

VEEDOL Motor Oil keeps engines for cleaner . . . forms a tight piston seal to preserve power . . . helps keep combustion dirt and gasoline out of your crankcase . . . fights the ravages of acid corrosion. So . . .

Don't risk the hazards of peak engine stresses and strains. Keep new-car power with fresh VEEDOL Motor Oil every thousand miles.



**TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY (CANADA) LTD.**  
MONTREAL - TORONTO - WINNIPEG



a shave from Repeat. That was where he bought his first ticket, and afterwards Repeat said he didn't know whether he ought to sold the old man a ticket, him being so old and shaky he'd never be able to make it to the Coronation if he did win. But old Daddy is stubborn and he'd heard about the draw; Repeat said it was one of his good days. Daddy has his good days and he has his bad days—clear as a bell Monday, and Tuesday he's way back in the Fenian raids or marching with Middleton to the Riel Rebellion. If a person could get himself inside Daddy's hide and head I guess it would be like on the prairie when the sky is clouded and melting shadows over the grass—light then dark then light again. Daddy bought another one in the Sanitary Cafe when he picked up his House of Senate cigar he smokes every Saturday, and Taffy sold him another when he dangled over to the Maple Leaf.

But it was Stevie Kiziw really went overboard. He ran his trap line all right that winter—never missed an after-four and the weasels were running good. Two the Saturday I went out with him and a badger and a skunk and one of Tinch's chickens. I asked him what he was going to do with all his money and he just looked at me and he slipped off his mitt and he reached into his pocket and then he reached into his other pocket. When Stevie wants something he really goes after it.

"I didn't buy 'em all in one batch," he said.

"Gee, Stevie—how many you . . ."  
"Eighty-nine so far. They're all spread out—every other day." He stuck them back in his pocket. "All my hide money's gone into them tickets." He snuffed and he leaned down and he picked the weasels by their tails and the badger he'd just taken out of the trap. " 'nother month yet an' when the trap line isn't payin' off I'm sellin' the twenty-two to Willis—I figger I'll have nearly two hundred."

After that I didn't even bother to take out the ticket Jake bought me—wasn't much point in looking at it when Stevie had two hundred of them! She'd have to be a miracle for them to draw my ticket and she'd have to be another miracle if they didn't pick one of Stevie's two hundred.

**I** FIGURE it was smart of them to hold the draw the twenty-fourth of May and patriotic the way it's Queen Victoria's birthday. Getting a lump in your throat is patriotic and that happened to me four times, first when the Crocus Millionaires beat the Conception Beavers, then when they played the Maple Leaf Forever and later on during the harness races with those drivers' silks brighter than poppies and them holding their heads sideways out of the way of the horses' tails and their feet flipping out fancy and delicate and prancy and tilting whilst they rounded the corners. Jake says horse racing is the royal sport and all the royalty go in for it—only not harness racing so much as staple chasing.

But the main thing was the draw just before dark and the fireworks. Mr. MacTaggart got up on the platform and he grabbed the microphone they had for speaking over. He said a lot of folks didn't approve of drawing for the Coronation because it was gambling, but he said it was the only democratic way and fair way to do it, and the Queen wouldn't mind seeing she ran horses herself. He said the Coronation was a solemn spectacle and they would be putting the crown on a queen and a thousand years of history. He said they would crown triumphs and defeats on that June day.

He ended up, "She's a human same

as anybody else but she's something else besides. She's symbol—livin' symbol joinin' all the future the British Commonwealth with its history. When they crown her it'll be the self-same way they crowned kings and queens ever since there been kings and queens. That coronation hasn't been changed one iota in a thousand years just so's it can remind us of our hopes an' prides an' our ideals we had in common for a thousand years an' are gonna have for another thousand years!"

Me, I was watching the sun setting over toward Hig Wheeler's lumber yards and just touching the top of the grain elevators beyond. What Mr. MacTaggart was saying made a person feel real noble; I felt so noble all I wanted was for Stevie to win that draw and not me, because I knew right then Stevie Kiziw didn't have to have Mr. MacTaggart tell him what a coronation meant. He knew when he put all his hide money into draw tickets!

Mr. MacTaggart was saying that Crocus and surrounding districts had supported them so well they not only had enough money to send the lucky person over to England but they were going to be able to pay for a room in the hospital forever if anyone needed it. He didn't say anything about the new roof for the curling rink.

"The fireworks display you are about to see—after the draw for the Coronation and Return Air Trip—has been paid for by part of the money as well. And after you have seen them I think you'll agree with me they're the finest outside maybe what you'd see at the Toronto Exhibition."

He turned away toward this big drum they had all decorated with tissue paper. Mariel Abercrombie was standing there all dressed in red, white and blue and after Mr. MacTaggart turned the drum like you would a butter churn she stuck in her arm and pulled out a ticket. Mr. MacTaggart looked at it a long time. I could see Stevie ahead of us and he was holding his tickets all fanned out like playing cards; next to him Old Stevie had a bunch and Stevie's mother and Mr. and Mrs. Tinch and Old Man Gatenby that had brought them into town. They were all tickets Stevie had bought.

Mr. MacTaggart stepped up to the microphone. "The winner—is number—." He looked down at the ticket again. "—number two thousand nine hundred and seventeen. Two nine one seven." He waited a minute. "Will the holder of ticket number two nine one seven please come up to the platform?"

It was like everybody was holding their breath. A kid cried; a dog barked; somewhere somebody in a parked car leaned on the horn by mistake. I could see Stevie and his Dad and his Ma and Mr. and Mrs. Tinch and Old Man Gatenby looking over Stevie's tickets.

Then she cut loose—to the south and down near the front—long and shrill and curdly.

"Hah—YAH-HAH-YIPEEEEEE EEEEEEEEE! Hold her, boys! The life an' drum is out!"

Everybody's head turned and their jaws dropped open.

"When you hear the bugle blow assembly—come a runnin'!"

Even in the dusk you could tell it was Daddy Johnston dangling across the tracks. I never saw him move so spry—came and shawl flying, waving his ticket and then doing a sort of a jig on the platform.

When he spoke over the loudspeaker MacTaggart's voice sounded kind of numb. "Mr.—ah—the winner—." He looked down at the ticket Daddy held out to him. He shook his head and brushed at his face like he had a spider web tickling across it. "I'm afraid—ah



The 22,000 Men and Women  
who work at General Motors earn

***\$75 Million  
a year  
to spend in Canada***

The money spent by Canadians for GM products provides the payroll for the huge family of General Motors workers, 22,000 strong.

Almost all of the \$75,000,000 they earn with GM is spent in Canada. It's money that is traded for every conceivable kind of goods and service, so that as time goes by it filters back to every part of the economy, to every edge of Canada — to the Maritime fisherman, the Prairie farmer, the western logger . . . to factory workers in every industry, to merchants, to entertainers and, through taxes, to teachers, policemen and civil servants. In fact it helps to raise the standard of living for all Canada.

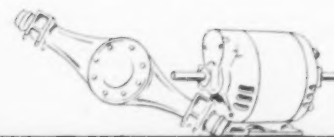
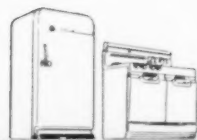
General Motors' policy is to buy Canadian and to manufacture even the smallest part, whenever possible, here at home. Thus, day by day as GM grows, it nourishes the roots of our country's whole economy and in turn draws upon Canada's strength to expand *with* Canada.



**GENERAL**



**MOTORS**



GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA  
LIMITED  
OSHAWA AND WINDSOR

FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA  
LIMITED  
LEASIDE AND SCARBOROUGH

GENERAL MOTORS DIESEL  
LIMITED  
LONDON

THE MCKINNON INDUSTRIES  
LIMITED  
ST. CATHARINES AND GRANTHAM TOWNSHIP

**PRODUCING MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE**

# ① ONE, TWO ②

and you're all through

WITH

①

A **Beatty**

## AUTOMATIC WASHER



Here's the most practical Automatic Washer for YOU. Requires less than half the hot water that others use...rollable on casters, needs no installation...REALLY washes clean.

UP TO \$100

FOR YOUR OLD FASHIONED ELECTRIC WASHER

EASY TERMS ON BALANCE

See your nearest Beatty dealer and find how little it takes to get a Beatty Automatic... your old washer and just a few dollars more... just a few cents a day.

②

**Beatty**

## CLOTHES DRYER



Electric

It's AUTOMATIC as well. Inside drying is a life-saver in our climate. Softer, fluffier clothes... so much lifting, lugging saved... and so much time, too.

SMALL DOWN PAYMENT  
EASY TERMS

New extra-large element has three times more heating area—dries clothes faster and more gently. Purifies them. Automatic shut-off—dry to any degree of dryness desired, for any type of fabric.

SEE YOUR NEAREST BEATTY DEALER



Washers



Ironers



Portable Ironers



Dryers



Polishers



Space Heaters



Ranges



Water Heaters

SAVE YOU MOST

HOUSEHOLD **Beatty** APPLIANCES

SERVE YOU BEST

517

—the holder of the winnin' ticket is — Daddy — Mr. Johnston — would . . .

But Daddy had grabbed the microphone so it sputtered like a lynk with the heart burn. He cleared his throat into her and she whistled wheezy and hoarse like the Brokenshell going out in the spring.

Right then over behind the platform they lit off the first of the fireworks—the cannon ones. Daddy leapt three feet, lifted his cane like it was a saber. "Hold her! Hold her, boys! If they come—they come! She's no use whangin' at 'em till they're in range!"

"Just a minute, Daddy," Mr. MacTaggart's voice came over the microphone, but Daddy slashed him back with his cane just as a sky rocket cracked and went trailing its fire tail to blossom out against the sky.

"Fire away, boys!" Daddy yelled. "Don't matter if you don't see 'em! Let 'em have it! She's the York an' Simcoe Rangers every time!"

The excitement of winning and those fireworks had rammed Daddy right into one of his bad days right there in front of the whole town of Crocus.

AFTER they got over the surprise of it, Crocus folks were kind of upset about Old Daddy Johnston winning. Mrs. Abercrombie said it was a shame. Even if he could make it, she said, he was hardly the one they'd pick to represent Crocus at the Coronation. Jake he told Ma he'd pick Daddy a damn sight sooner than Mrs. Abercrombie. Ma she said Mrs. Abercrombie was right; even if Daddy made it over there, they couldn't tell what would happen to him if he hit one of his bad days. Then Jake said if Mr. and Mrs. Abercrombie were going then maybe they could look after Daddy and Ma said don't be ridiculous.

I wasn't so fussy how the draw turned out. Like I said to Jake: "Stevie feels bad, Jake."

"Yeah."

"Over two hundred tickets."

"Can't win every time, Kid."

"Yeah but—with all those tickets, Jake! You'd think he'd—you'd think Mariel would of picked out one of his," Jake just sort of shrugged.

"Every bit of his hide money and seven dollars he got off Willis for his twenty-two."

"Yeah—yeah," said Jake.

"Lot of weasel pelts, Jake."

"Uh-huh," Jake spit. "I guess he just about done the works of 'em."

"Huh?"

"Them pelts. I guess Stevie dressed damn near a hunderd percent the House of Lords this Coronation."

BUT IT was Mayor MacTaggart Band Repeat Godfrey were the most upset. We hit MacTaggart's store afternoon after the twenty-fourth. Mr. MacTaggart was just on his way out.

"Come with me, Jake. Got a nasty—got a ticklish job to do."

"What's that?" Jake said.

"Headed for Daddy Johnston's . . ."

"Why, sure," Jake said. "Me an' the Kid got nothin' pressin'."

" . . . an' hopin' it's one of his good days," Mr. MacTaggart said as he went through the door. "I'm gonna need your help, Jake. You got a way with him."

Daddy was sitting in his black walnut rocker on the porch. Mr. MacTaggart pitched right in.

"Mr. Johnston, I've come as a—a spokesman for—I been sent as a—by the Royal Coronation Draw Committee to . . ."

"Out with her—out with her—tie her off and be done with it!" Daddy's eyes were sparkling in that caved and wrinkled old face; his voice was

## GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE

By Harry Mace



MACLEAN'S

"Cute!"

breathily like a husky whisper but she was strong all the same.

"You won the draw on the coronation trip . . ."

"That's right!" Daddy just cracked her out.

"We—we didn't plan—it's rather embarrassing—I've been sent to ask if you'd—uh—care to—ah—have the trip put up to the draw again!"

"What fer!" Daddy was starting to breathe hard so it whistled through his nose.

"So we can—so that somebody else—"

"So's you'll have more money fer yer curlin' rink!"

Mr. MacTaggart had his handkerchief out and he was wiping his face. "No—no—it's just that—why it's obvious to anyone that you're too—that you—at your age—uh—you can't fly." Right then I guess he was wondering if it was a good thing he'd hit Daddy on one of his good days. "—you won't be making a long—hard—tiring trip to the Old Country."

"That so! That so!" Daddy's hand was trembling while it reached behind him for his cane. "Wouldn't miss her fer the world. Not fer the world!"

"But . . ." Mr. MacTaggart's voice cracked, "—you're a hundred and—you can't . . ."

"Hell I can't!" Daddy had his cane and he was standing now. He faded back and his voice got real tight. "Fenian Raids I helped save—kep' the colony from the U. S. didn't I?" He lifted the cane so she was sloped over one shoulder. "An' agin in '85—fi' dollars a day an' rum an' feed fer my horse—service of the Queen! I won her fair! I won her fair!"

"Hold on, Daddy," Jake said gentle. He put his hand on Daddy's shoulder. "Set. Set. Take her easy."

Daddy sank back into his rocker. "Nobody's tryin' to take her from you. She's yours. It's just that folks are a little worried. You can't go all the way over there—alone."

"Alone! I ain't goin' alone! I'll fin' somebody go along with me . . ."

"Mrs. Southey," Jake said.

"She ain't—she can't. I ain't askin' charity. I kin pay. I'll fin' somebody."

"You ain't yet?" Jake said and he



was looking down at Daddy real thoughtful.

"Not yet."

"You ain't go much time left."

"I know it. I know it. That's why I wanta go. Hunderd an' seven . . ."

"All right." Jake turned to Mr. MacTaggart. "Mac, I think you an' your committee can fergit about Daddy puttin' that ticket up to another draw."

"But—Jake—he . . ."

"Can't see any reason Daddy can't make it—them airliners is comfortable—no drafts—all he needs is somebody to kind of look after him." Jake kept looking down at Daddy. "An' I got a good notion of the fellah for the job. Jist the fellah."

SO THERE is how Crocus got on all the papers and the CBC and the English BBC and the world map. Every time you looked you saw pictures of Old Daddy Johnston and Stevie Kiziw. "Colorful Visitors To The Coronation," it said underneath—and then the one where they were shaking hands with Churchill: "The Oldest and The Youngest From the Farthest Meet Prime Minister."

But she was the day the Coronation whilst we were listening to our radio that it happened. First there was this announcer talking to people and then he said he had an old man and a boy and then he said their names and they were from Crocus, Saskatchewan, Canada. He asked Daddy what he thought of being over in England and Daddy said fine fine and then he mumbled a bit and that was bad, because when Daddy mumbles that's a sign he's not having one of his good days but the announcer didn't know that. He went right on and asked Daddy for some of his impressions. Daddy mumbled some more and the announcer asked him would he please speak up, could he tell the folks back home what he thought about the Queen. That did it.

"The Queen—the Queen," you could hear Daddy in almost a whisper. Then he ripped her out. "The Queen—yes, Sir! Hunderd an' seven . . ."

"But, Mr. Johnston . . ." the announcer started.

"I fought fer her in the Fenian Raids—shouldered a musket fer her in sixty-nine an' agin in eighty-five. Long live Qu-EEEEEEEEEN VICK-TOR-IAAAAAAAAAAH!"

IT WAS Jake really tied her all up for me. "Kid," he said later, "you'll hear a lotta different ideas on Old Daddy Johnston and Stevie goin' over to that Coronation, but I figger we did all right."

"What you mean, Jake?"

"We done her deliberate we couldn't sent over two better fellahs." For a minute Jake stared at the Winedot picked along by the windmill, her legs going jerky the way they do like they got an elastic stretched between them. "Queen she's a symbol an' the Coronation. We sent our own symbols over there. Take Daddy—hunderd an' seven—why when we sent him over there with Stevie we sent 'em Confederation. We sent 'em the Riel Rebellion—we sent the history the Dominion Canada all wrapped in his old hide."

"Where does Stevie . . ."

"Stevie—you might say he was the other end of the stick. Canada's new too, Kid. Pollocks an' G'llicians, EUchre-anians, Dook-a-boors, Checks—Mennonites an' Hooterites—they're the new ones, Kid. With them two we sent the hist'ry an' the new blood."

"Yeah but . . ."

"An' St. Laurent was there too, Kid. He was there. The old of it and the young of it, Kid. Oughta tickle aitch outa the Queen, don't you think?" ★



**\$250,000<sup>00</sup>**  
**QUARTERLY DIVIDEND**



## are you getting your share of this?

**F**ollow the example of thousands of other Canadian investors . . . and put your extra dollars to work in Investors Mutual—Canada's fastest-growing Mutual Fund.

Get **your** share of Investors Mutual dividends totalling more than a quarter of a million dollars . . . every three months. You'll have no investment worries—and you will have the opportunity of making excellent long term capital gains.

All Investors Mutual holdings are selected and constantly supervised by skilled financial men. They comprise more than 100 of Canada's finest securities . . . representing widely diversified industries and enterprises, in almost every Canadian province.

Decide **now** to profit from Canada's prosperity . . . by taking the one simple step that makes you a part-owner of leading industries. Your **Investors Syndicate** representative will give you full information, without obligation.

Managed and Distributed  
 by Investors Syndicate  
 of Canada Ltd.  
 Representatives from  
 coast-to-coast



## Must the Commonwealth Split Up?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

nations of the Third Empire instantly combined in 1914 to save the world from Germany. To all appearances the Third Empire, soon to be called the Commonwealth, emerged from the First World War at the zenith of its power. In 1919 it girdled the earth, fat with newly acquired territory, the king's writ ran across a large part of the map and Britain, ruling the waves and presiding over Europe's new power balance, in fact dictated the policies of several foreign states and many barbarous territories without Kipling's Law.

In those sunny and delusive days the Commonwealth consisted, like a Chinese box, of four nesting compartments: Britain and the self-governing dominions in the centre; around them the colonies and protectorates; beyond that a sphere of influence making British power paramount in Portugal, Greece, Turkey, Iraq, Iran, Saudi Arabia, Egypt, Afghanistan and Tibet; and finally such nations as Norway, Sweden, Finland, Estonia, Columbia, Brazil, Bolivia, Paraguay and Argentina, largely influenced and sometimes dominated by the financial power of London.

At this very point of supremacy, established by the victory of 1918, the retreat of the Commonwealth began and ended at the knife edge of disaster.

From the Mediterranean to Asia local nationalism, long pent up, erupted in perpetual revolutions, steadily sapping Britain's old authority. The more vital regions of Near East oil seemed scarcely worth defending. In India a spidery little man, wearing a bedsheet and a dollar watch, was building a new state (two as it turned out) with nothing more than a spinning wheel and a dream. On the Pacific, Britain's old ally, Japan, having long guarded the back door of the Empire, was lunging into China and preparing to lunge southward against the precious regions of tin and rubber. At home Britain was living beyond its means and disguising its deficits by eating invisibly into capital.

By the years of the depression British statesmanship seemed to have lost the name of action.

The vacuum created by this sudden paralysis was quickly filled, first by a third-rate Italian adventurer who, on his march through Ethiopia toward his own hanging, could temporarily defy the power of Britain and the broken League of Nations. The Commonwealth was in retreat all along Kipling's far-flung battle line to the final humiliation of Munich, where a paper hanger from Vienna could blackmail the heirs of the Victorian age.

The paralysis was not confined to Britain. It was actually centred in the United States which, by repudiating Woodrow Wilson's internationalism, had destroyed the world power balance apparently established at Versailles. The free world was now sick unto death and the Commonwealth looked sicker than it was.

Those, like Hitler, who saw it dissolving by an act of divorce called the Statute of Westminster had misread the whole record and genius of the English-speaking peoples. When the moment came to stand in defense of Poland the long malaise ended in one night. The retreat of Dunkirk was the first stage in the largest advance since the days of Wolfe and Clive, but a very different sort of advance.

It was, first, a recovery of the spirit,

not to be measured in military or economic terms. Secondly, it included the most profound development of modern times—the return of the United States to the world as Churchill and Roosevelt replaced the figures of George III and Washington. And this single act of itself assured the new phase of Commonwealth evolution now under way. At which the shade of Bismarck must have chuckled grimly, for had he not long before discovered the most important fact of the modern world, that the British and American peoples both spoke English?

In the process culminating in the defeat of Germany and Japan the Commonwealth had learned certain important lessons.

It had learned the bitter truth that it was no longer defensible within its own resources, as the fall of Hong Kong and Singapore and the siege of Britain had proclaimed.

It had learned also—a lesson never learned by any previous empire—that it could never control or compel its members, even the weakest ones; that they must be linked together by nothing more than free will, joint interest and similar notions of life. Nothing more than that—a thin thread but a thousand times stronger than any constitution.

When Britain took the final step of freeing India in 1947—the biggest and most enlightened gamble in the record of politics—when, in 1948, sitting by the sick bed of Mackenzie King in London, Nehru decided to remain in the Commonwealth and accepted the unparalleled paradox of the Indian Republic, an imponderable structure which may be called the Fourth Empire emerged with hardly a tremor, with only a few clipped sentences of explanation.

### No Longer in the First Class

What of the Fourth Empire which we call the Commonwealth, after dropping even the adjective "British" because it applies to only a quarter of the whole?

At first sight a survey of the assets and liabilities of that strange company is depressing. The statesmen I have questioned assess the balance sheet about as follows:

Britain itself, drained by two world wars and by bad management, is poor as it never has been since Victorian times. It has achieved, by peaceful politics, the kind of egalitarian social revolution which has shattered many great states and bred many familiar monsters. It is no longer a Power of the first class comparable to the United States and Russia. It can never hope to recapture its old dominant place in Europe and the world. It has never lived truly within its means since the last war, even after its huge labors of increased production and a self-disciplined austerity such as no great nation has ever willingly accepted before.

India, by far the largest nation of the partnership, is a highly sceptical and often unrealistic republic, recognizing Elizabeth not as Queen but only as Head of the Commonwealth. It has no racial or emotional ties with Britain or any of the other English-speaking partners. It remains in the Commonwealth solely as a decision of enlightened self-interest and would leave at any moment if its interests seemed to lie elsewhere. Its foreign policy often conflicts with that of the Western nations. It watches them with a mixture of sympathy, hope and suspicion.

Of all the free nations in the Commonwealth and outside it, India is the most imponderable and, in some ways, the most strategically important. It is the West's only real bridge into Asia.



British built...made to last



The Morris embodies the great tradition  
of British automotive engineering:

economy, comfort, safety and  
convenience. It is one of the soundest  
products of the automobile industry.



*Illustrated: Morris  
Oxford 4 door sedan.  
Also available: Morris  
Minor 2 and 4 door,  
Morris Minor  
Convertible and the  
Morris Oxford Station  
Wagon in the latest  
colors out.  
White side wall tires  
optional at extra cost.*

DRIVE A  
**MORRIS**

DEALERS—PARTS AND SERVICE FROM COAST TO COAST

DISCOVER LOW-COST DRIVING PLEASURE—VISIT YOUR MORRIS DEALER TODAY

MORRIS REGIONAL DISTRIBUTORS:

BRITISH MOTORS LIMITED, St. John's, Nfld.

TOLEDO MOTORS LIMITED, Montreal, Que.

JAMES L. COOKE MOTORS LTD., Toronto, Ont.

JAMES L. COOKE MOTORS (WESTERN) LTD., St. Boniface, Man.

OXFORD MOTORS LIMITED, Vancouver, B.C.

CYCLING along  
shore roads,  
through centuries  
old lanes.



# All your heart desires



LOAFING in a quiet bay.

SWIMMING and  
picnicking in a  
special cove.



All the happy hours you've wished for golf, tennis, fishing, sailing. All the sunny days you've wanted—for cycling to picnic coves, for loafing on wonderful sandy beaches, for sight-seeing in old lanes, along shore roads. All the holiday beauty you've dreamed of—the bluest sky and bluer water, brilliant flowers and brightly coloured cottages, golden days and star-crowded nights. Here, in Bermuda, you'll find *all* you desire.

# Bermuda

AIR MAILED DIRECT TO YOU  
—FREE—your copy of  
these beautiful Bermuda  
booklets. WRITE TODAY!



**YOU CAN GO**  
quickly by plane... or  
leisurely by ocean liner.  
Your Travel Agent will  
make complete  
arrangements for your  
vacation—at no cost  
to you.

THE BERMUDA TRADE DEVELOPMENT BOARD  
Dept. M, 372 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.  
Please send me, without charge, "Bermuda Welcomes  
You" and "Where To Live In Bermuda."

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_

The concluding installment of  
**THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE**  
will be published in our next issue.

PIERRE BERTON tells the compelling  
and paradoxical story of Philip,  
Duke of Edinburgh



## THE MAN BEHIND THE QUEEN

who, in a land where the male is still supreme,  
must alone take orders gracefully from his wife.

IN MACLEAN'S JUNE 15 ON SALE JUNE 10

Its withdrawal from the West would complete the catastrophe of China and perhaps assure that ultimate nightmare, the war of color.

India thus stands with the West only through the flexibility, the historical understanding and the genius of the Commonwealth. If it had done nothing but hold India in the free world without an ounce of compulsion the Commonwealth would have justified its existence.

Nevertheless, the future of India is still incalculable and it remains a prickly partner, often maddening to the Western partners in its foreign policies of theoretical neutrality. Moreover, by insisting on the repayment of war debts, it has bled the economy of Britain in a long hemorrhage of goods that otherwise could be sold. The price of voluntary partnership comes high. But India, as the West's only great friend on the continent of Asia, is an asset beyond price in civilization's present civil war. An asset which only the Commonwealth could hold.

Pakistan, the second state spun by Gandhi's potent spinning wheel, is equally disturbing. It seems to be turning into a Moslem theocracy, whose spiritual home is with the other Moslems in the Near East. And it has long faced India, with threat of force on both sides, across the borders of Kashmir.

Not far away lie the sovereign nations of Australia and New Zealand and they, too, are feeling the oats of nationalism and the strains of the Fourth Empire. It is surely one of the most arresting and significant facts in the Commonwealth that these two southern nations signed their defense treaty with the United States over the anguished cries of Winston Churchill himself. Significant because it confirms the lessons of Hong Kong and Singapore; because it shows that the Commonwealth cannot defend itself alone; because it places Australasia and all the nearby British possessions under the protection of the United States; and because, above all, this Anzus Pact is a new and powerful link binding the American and the other English-speaking peoples together on the Pacific, as they are bound by the North Atlantic Treaty in the West. Only in this Commonwealth, and in no empire before it, could such a thing come to pass.

South Africa alone has returned, in a grisly anachronism, to the doctrine of race. It has antagonized the whole dark continent with possible consequences terrible to contemplate. By persecuting its Indian immigrants it has angered the whole population of India in a dangerous inter-Commonwealth quarrel. It remains a strategic asset on the long seaway to Asia but has become a political liability which no one is willing

to defend in the United Nations, a liability which can prove too heavy to be carried if Malan refuses to live in the twentieth century. (At this writing the Government of South Africa talks openly of establishing a republic as a preliminary step toward complete resignation from the Commonwealth. It does not mention in public, however, that South Africa is tied to London by financial and economic arrangements essential to its prosperity.)

Finally there is Canada, bound to Britain by ties of blood, history, emotion and self-interest but the only dollar nation of the Commonwealth, bound to the United States by trade, by the Ogdensburg defense agreement and by long friendship. Organically Canada is a part of the North American economy. It is trying harder than it ever tried before to be a North American nation, a suburb neither of London nor Washington.

The second fact of Canadian life, often overlooked, is that less than half our people are British by race.

The third fact, which most Canadians have yet to grasp, is that Canada, within half a century or so, will be a more powerful nation than Britain, simply because it possesses far more of the raw stuff of power than the British Isles contain. Canadian children now living may well see Canada become the most formidable Commonwealth partner.

Introducing the British North America Act into the British parliament, Lord Carnarvon said that the Canadian state thus created might some day be stronger than its mother. That was a wild surmise in 1867. In 1953 it has become a certainty, if Western civilization continues.

With one foot in the new world and one in the old, Canada is unique in its present position and in its potential power. As on pilot Abraham's Plains, its future must vitally affect and could largely determine the future of the Commonwealth. Canadians therefore carry constantly increasing responsibilities, not only for themselves but for the Commonwealth.

We Canadians have been busy and sometimes belligerent for nearly a century in asserting our status in the Commonwealth. We are only beginning to understand our responsibilities. In the recent havoc of the world Canada has been the beamish boy of fortune. Our exemption from the harsher trials of these times will not continue long and probably is ended already. In our youth, now closing, our eyes were turned inward upon the treasure of our wilderness. In our manhood, now beginning, we must think of ourselves and make our decisions as part of a free world under siege.

And not a minor but an essential





You'll get *better color pictures*  
with *today's*  
**ANSCO COLOR FILM!**



Inexpensive  
wallet-size  
Anso Printon  
color print.

Compare your results with today's Anso Color with any other color pictures you've ever taken! You'll see for yourself that the *blues* in Anso Color skies and water have real-life pastel tones . . . that Anso Color *greens* give foliage a natural, *living* quality . . . that the *reds* and flesh tones have a softer, life-like look! Yes, with Anso Color, every foot of movies you take, and every snapshot, *comes alive* with nature's own true colors! So be *sure* to ask for *Anso Color Film* at your dealer!

**P.S.** *Anso Color* is a quality color film, for use only in cameras having f6.3 or faster lenses.

ANSCO OF CANADA LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

Enter the New **ANSCO COLOR** Snapshot Contest!  
\$12,000 in Prizes!

Entry Blanks with Contest Rules at Photo Dealers Everywhere!



**HERE'S WHAT YOU GET** with Anso Color Film in "still" cameras: Anso Color Film gives you sparkling *positive* transparencies that let you see the natural color clearly, brilliantly—just as your camera caught it! Ideal for hand viewing, or for screen-size projection.

OR . . . from these transparencies, you can get Printon color prints from your local dealer. His prompt service from one of 41 Anso authorized finishing plants also includes *big* natural color enlargements—up to 11x14 inches!

**For "Stills":** 120, 620, and 828 rolls, standard 35mm magazines, sheet film.

**For Movies:** 8 and 16mm magazines, 50 and 100 foot 16mm rolls.



## \* *Super service . . . improved with* **POLYSAR**

A careful look at the modern service station reveals the most up-to-date equipment available . . . and yet your eyes will probably miss one of the most important advances—oil and gasoline resistant pump hose.

At one time the deteriorating action of gasoline on rubber hose was a serious problem for refiners and station operators alike. But now through the use of chemically controlled Polysar N, flexible hose which will not disintegrate and fail in service

is being adopted wherever oil, gasolines and greases are to be carried.

Polysar, in many varying forms, is a man-made material which improves on nature. Polymer's technical staff is constantly at work putting elements together in ways that provide extra qualities for tires, tubes, belting, hose and a wide variety of existing products and also makes possible many new ones.

These combinations result in materials with such outstanding superiorities that today, 50% of all new rubber used in Canada is Polysar.

Polymer Corporation Limited • Sarnia, Canada



\*Registered trade mark

*Man-made materials chemically controlled to  
improve many existing products and create new ones*



part. Without Canada the Commonwealth is almost unimaginable. Equally true, without the Commonwealth the nation of Canada might well have been impossible.

In the past it has been as a member of a powerful world-wide organization that we have possessed sufficient implicit power to maintain our independence, often against great pressures. In the future, as a member of that organization, we can exert our maximum influence on our own destiny and that of our friends.

The art of government in Canada, you might say, has been largely a tightrope act between the power of Britain and the United States. As the disputes between Britain and the United States on Asiatic and on economic problems have indicated in recent months, our influence has shifted from one side to the other on what we conceive to be the merits of the immediate case in point and sometimes has deeply affected both our friends.

Thus we have acted as a North American dollar nation in influencing the economic policies of the Commonwealth; we have acted as a Commonwealth nation, fully supporting British policy, in resisting some American policies toward China.

As the fulcrum between the United States and the Commonwealth Canada's influence on both will steadily increase as our own intrinsic power grows. Our use of that influence will provide the future test of Canada as a great nation. In such large affairs as the West's uncertain policy in Asia we are only starting now to feel the full impact and bite of our unique middle position. From now on we shall feel it more and more.

That, in the roughest sort of draft, is the political state of Elizabeth's Commonwealth. Its economic state is perhaps less satisfactory.

Oversimplifying a problem of infinite complexity, the plain fact is that the whole Commonwealth, apart from Canada, has been living beyond its means since the last war and masking its deficit by inflation at home and by gifts from the United States and Canada. As the Manchester Guardian puts it: "With all its wealth of resources, production and capital, this powerful group of nations cannot earn its keep in the world, except by drastic restrictions on imports . . . The Commonwealth has drifted into an impossible situation."

Britain itself is the centre of that impossible situation. By its peaceful revolution at home Britain attempted after the war a standard of living and of governmental services, and later a courageous rearmament, which it could not support without American and Canadian aid. It has produced goods on an amazing scale but too much of its energy has gone into the wrong kind of production, often at too high a price and too low an efficiency for sale in North America, from which Britain must buy many goods not obtainable elsewhere.

Part of the British economy is obsolete in the period of sharp international competition now under way. Part of it has been distorted by too much production of nonessential things and neglect of essentials. Moreover, Britain has been grievously impoverished by the repayment of war-time debts to Commonwealth nations, mainly India—exports which buy no imports.

At the same time such overseas Commonwealth nations as Australia have built up artificial and uneconomic manufacturing industries, protected by tariffs against British and other imports, instead of concentrating on the efficient production of foodstuffs and

raw materials that Britain needs.

The Commonwealth conference last November candidly admitted that the whole economic fabric of the Commonwealth was desperately out of balance as a trading organization, that all its members (Canada much less than the others) were individually sick with the disease of inflation, held in precarious check by direct state controls.

To create a new balance in trade and to cure inflation will be a long and painful process. It will involve the revision of many popular social policies in Britain and elsewhere. It certainly will enforce continuing austerity in Britain for years to come. The key problem of Britain, indeed, is to save more of its total production and invest the savings in more efficient industries at home and in raw-production territories abroad. Britain must produce more without consuming much more. No miracles are on the agenda, except the miracle of Britain's courage and patience.

"The sad truth," the Guardian concludes, "is that the world does not owe us a living." That living cannot be earned within the Commonwealth but only in a reconstructed world economy which only the United States is strong and rich enough to build.

Some of the political and economic facts thus stated are not palatable. But I doubt that anyone in authority at London or Ottawa will deny them. In this coronation year they are being faced piecemeal, rather late.

All of them bring us back to the question originally asked here: Can a Commonwealth so strained politically and economically long endure? Assuredly it can, but only if it evolves once more into another and broader form.

#### A Theory Was Interned

This is not a new idea in Canada. After the First World War John W. Daffoe, then almost a minority of one, put starkly the theoretical issue which now has become an urgent immediate fact. The political strains of the Commonwealth, he said, can never be resolved within it. They must be resolved within a much wider world organization fully capable of maintaining world order.

Daffoe's thesis of the 1920s was proved in the Forties. Before the second war the Commonwealth, lacking American support, was not capable of maintaining world order. In the war it was not capable of defending itself without the full military power of the United States. As the official statement of last November's conference in London implied, the Commonwealth cannot support itself economically today except by greatly increased commerce with the world at large and especially with the United States. The whole theory of an economically self-contained Commonwealth was finally buried at that conference.

It is easy to say that the Commonwealth must now perform another of its many feats of evolution. Is this in fact possible? The answer is that the latest evolution already has begun, is further advanced than most Commonwealth citizens realize and steadily expands with hardly a sound of growth.

Nothing, however, has gone according to plan.

When the victors of the last war assembled at San Francisco in the naive springtime of 1945 they hoped to form the kind of world organization that had been attempted in the League of Nations and destroyed by American isolationism and a paralysis of action in Europe. If the United Nations had gone according to plan the problems of the Commonwealth could have been



Dandruff on shoulders is excessive dandruff . . . a sign your scalp needs care.

# DANDRUFF

Why it may be  
"the beginning of baldness"...

We don't claim miracles. We can't prevent baldness. Nor do we believe anyone can. But you should know the following facts about dandruff.

Dermatologists, while differing in their views as to causes of baldness, say that the condition symptomized by excessive dandruff does frequently lead to baldness.



1st STAGE:  
Spores of Malassez

#### Seborrhea

Dandruff commonly arises from a disease of the scalp called *seborrhea*. Many leading dermatologists say that a causative agent of seborrheic dandruff is a tiny parasite called the *Spore of Malassez*—also known as *Pityrosporum Ovale*. In most men who have it, seborrhea progresses through three stages:

1. Dry white scales flake off your scalp, drop to your shoulders.
2. Moist, sticky scales appear on scalp. In many cases, hairs begin to die.
3. "Choking" of hair roots with fatty substance from glands, dead cells and dirt may occur. Result is increasingly "thin" hair, often baldness.

#### A scalp hygiene program: the Kreml Method

Watch your general health; if you're "run down," see your doctor. Apart from that—give your hair and scalp the right kind of care. Here is an easy-to-follow home program—the Kreml Method—used professionally by leading barbers and hairdressers:



2nd STAGE:  
Bacilli shown  
may be present.

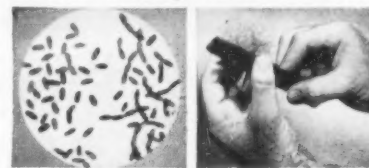
TODAY, get a bottle of Kreml Hair Tonic. And make sure you have a good

shampoo on hand. TONIGHT, start the Kreml Method of treatment. Shake Kreml Hair Tonic generously on to your head. Massage your scalp vigorously.

Next, apply shampoo. Work up a thick lather—without putting any water on your head. Now, rinse with water. Lather again. Rinse. Dry your hair thoroughly. Shake on Kreml Hair Tonic—massage it in—comb hair in place.

Tomorrow morning—and every morning: Shake on Kreml Hair Tonic—rub it in—comb hair in place. Kreml contains just enough oil to groom hair—without plastered-down appearance.

At first, more dandruff flakes than usual may appear. This simply means dandruff is being "chased out" from



3rd STAGE: Bacilli shown may be present.  
Hair growth may be affected.

scalp. In stubborn cases, repeat Kreml-and-shampoo treatment.

#### Inhibits growth of bacilli

There is no known permanent "cure" for seborrheic dandruff. But certain ingredients of Kreml Hair Tonic DO inhibit the growth of bacilli and of the Spores of Malassez. The Kreml Method is not offered as a substitute for the services of a dermatologist—but it has helped thousands of men. Letters tell us so!

**Money-back offer.** Try the Kreml Method faithfully, and, if you are not entirely satisfied, write the J. B. Williams Company, La Salle, Montreal. Enclose Kreml label—tell us what you paid—and we will gladly refund your money.

Get Kreml Hair Tonic today. And we recommend our Kreml Shampoo. See how quickly the Kreml Method makes your head feel better and look better!

solved within a new world community, ruled by agreement and law. Instead, the plan was wrecked by Russia, which never intended to let it work. The glazed cannon-ball face of Molotov at San Francisco hid both Russia's secret hopes and its historic misjudgment of free men.

The resulting bisection of human society brought free men to the ultimate point of peril. It also confronted the Commonwealth with peculiar difficulties of its own. The dilemma foreseen by Dafoe had been reached. Indefensible alone, and on the brink of financial

bankruptcy, the Commonwealth must seek powerful allies and economic aid. It found both in the United States.

The best hope, the world-wide authority of the United Nations, had failed. A good second best appeared in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, a new regional grouping of peaceful states determined to defend themselves and, if possible, the peace. Both NATO and the still larger grouping of nations in the defense of Korea demonstrated the same truth—that only in such a community of states could the divisions of the free world and

of the Commonwealth be bridged.

If the Commonwealth, under threat of war, now began to feel the delayed tensions inherent in its structure, it was presented at the same time with an historic opportunity. As that opportunity is grasped or abdicated the Commonwealth will flourish, break up or slowly rot like the empires of the past.

The danger is clear to anyone who looks at a map or reads a newspaper. The opportunity, so far, is clear only to a few men like Churchill and Eden in Britain, St. Laurent and Pearson in

Canada, Nehru in India, Menzies in Australia.

When Churchill makes his perpetual pilgrimages to Washington he is not concerned with such technical problems as dollars. He is concerned with something infinitely more important. He is repealing George III's fatal blunder. His Harvard and Fulton speeches, his every policy, act and gesture, are directed to the final task of welding together the English-speaking world.

It is tempting but unwise to say that Churchill, the child of a British-American marriage, is busily marrying the Commonwealth to the United States. When I used that phrase to a group of ardent thinkers in a Fleet Street pub an eminent Briton became more crimson than the Burgundy in his glass. Such loose talk, said he, will only enrage or terrify the British, the Americans and especially the suspicious Indians. But after a few more glasses and explanations we found ourselves in complete agreement and parted friends.

We agreed, in short, that the cardinal problem of the Commonwealth under Elizabeth is to embrace American power on terms satisfactory to both; to construct not some fragile constitutional fabric on paper but a practical day-to-day working arrangement of parallel policies and joint objectives.

Thereby the power of the Commonwealth will not be diminished. It will be vastly increased. Managed properly the joint power thus amassed will be far greater than the sum of its parts. Separated, the parts will not be strong enough to save anybody. No one knows that better or announces it more candidly than the hopeful men in the Kremlin.

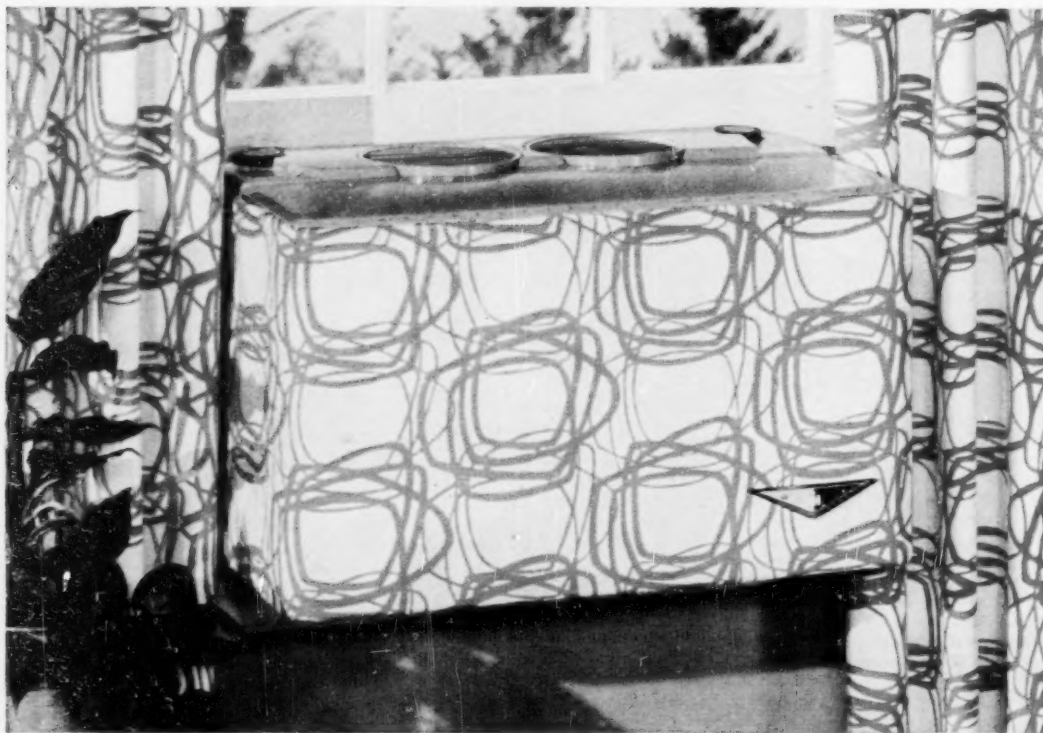
The trans-Atlantic embrace already is closer than a man like Churchill would have dared to hope a few years ago. His celebrated wartime remark that the affairs of his country and the United States were mixed up together is now seen to be a deliberate masterpiece of understatement.

During the war the Commonwealth and the United States were mixed up together only by joint danger, improvised solutions and casual *ad hoc* arrangements. Now the alliance is legal by the contract of NATO. For its own safety, the United States has permanently installed its military power within the Commonwealth. Forty thousand American servicemen in Britain tell us more of the facts of life than any formal document. The United States bestrides the lifeline through the Mediterranean. It guarantees the defense of Australia and New Zealand under the Anzus Pact, of Canada under the Ogdensburg Agreement.

All these steps represent the typical and instinctive Commonwealth approach to every great problem—the practical, experimental approach in complete disregard of precedent, theory and logic.

That approach has worked in the

## International Harvester introduces the Smart way to keep cool



### ...it's the Decorator Air Conditioner

—the only Air Conditioner that becomes a part of your decorating scheme!

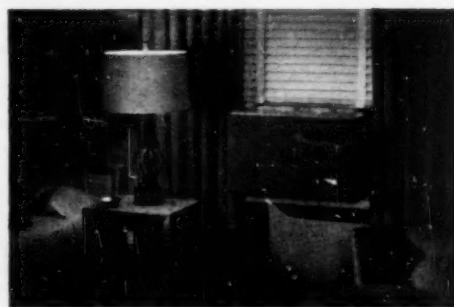
Here, at last, is a room air conditioner that lowers the temperature, lowers the humidity, filters out dust and pollen . . . yet doesn't intrude on either your eyes or ears! *You can hardly see it . . . or hear it!* Match it with your drapes . . . blend it with room colors . . . change the fabric any time you choose . . . with less than a yard of material . . . in as little as 7 minutes.



See the new Decorator Air Conditioners at your dealer's. Four sizes to choose from . . . ½, ¾, 1 and 1 ½ hp. Available for 60-cycle areas only.

Exclusive with  
**International Harvester**

Company of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario



Only International Harvester Air Conditioners give you all these advantages—adjustable air-direction to prevent drafts—quiet operation—air that's both filtered and cooled—exterior that's rustproof and won't streak walls—extra cooling capacity—and changeable fabric finish.

International Harvester also builds Refrigerators . . . Freezers . . . Dehumidifiers . . . McCormick Farm Equipment and Farmall Tractors . . . International Trucks . . . "Big Red" Crawler Tractors.

#### CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Be sure to notify us at least six weeks in advance, otherwise you will likely miss copies. Give us both old and new addresses — attach one of your present address labels if convenient.

Write to:

Manager, Subscription Department,  
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE,  
481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ontario



Commonwealth. It can work over a much larger area, with all kinds of different arrangements of detail in different places among different peoples — if they have the wisdom to adopt it.

Though Churchill has publicly imagined a common British American citizenship of the future many people feel that the less said now about formal arrangements the better. Arguments of constitutional theory will only confuse and retard the larger movement which must be based on feelings and common purposes, not on words. After half a lifetime Churchill discovered that the Commonwealth was not tied together with "bits of string." Bits of string, in the form of constitutional arrangements, even if available, could not tie the free world together either, at its present stage anyway.

Nevertheless, the Commonwealth, by its whole history and by the compulsion of modern events, is committed to a larger hegemony of free peoples or it is committed to future decay.

If that seems a surprising statement consider what is the paramount fact of the twentieth century. It is, surely, that nation states are growing obsolete, that unrestrained national sovereignty is a dangerous anachronism, that a community of peace-loving states is essential if civilization itself is to endure. After five thousand years of brief apprenticeship civilization must unite or explode.

#### An Experiment In Unity

The Russians, like former dictators, know how to unify the world in slavery. No organization in human history understands so well as the Commonwealth how the world, or half of it, can be united in freedom, for it has achieved that miracle within itself. Better than any other political organism it can teach the final lesson to the world by its own experience.

As Mackenzie King said in his greatest speech to the British parliament, the strength and glory of the Commonwealth lie in the fact that its lessons are not exclusive. They are capable of indefinite expansion. The structure of the Commonwealth, created haphazardly and intuitively by trial and error, is the first successful experiment in unity without compulsion. Its system (whatever names and forms it may be given and however it may be varied) is a working model for the only kind of world which can hope to avoid man's latest weapons.

In theory and, to a surprising degree, in practice a community of free peoples has been accepted in the Commonwealth and in the United States. How Western Europe fits into it is, at this writing, a subject of irritating debate, especially among the rather too logical French.

Whatever happens in Western Europe the first priority of American and Commonwealth policy is clear enough: However it may expand in future, the core of any workable community must be the Commonwealth and the United States, and the core-within-the-core must be the English-speaking peoples if only because they speak the same language and have similar notions of life. If, for a start, the English-speaking peoples cannot live and work together the Russians already have won the struggle for the world.

It is foolish and dangerous, however, to imagine that living and working together effectively will be a simple business. The difficulties are immense. Without the Commonwealth's experience in life, without the full return of the United States to the world, they would be impossible.

You see some of the difficulties in Britain this spring. Britain's holiday

mood does not hide a grim determination, a patient frustration and disappointment, a superb self-discipline mixed with natural envy of rich North America and deep suspicion of a supposedly trigger-happy and irresponsible United States. Here the American people are seen in a Hollywood caricature, as the British people are usually seen as a Punch caricature across the ocean.

You cannot expect the British people, who once ruled the world, to accept without heartbreak a lesser role beside the American and Russian colossi. You

cannot expect them to understand quickly that within a larger community Britain's real power will expand.

You cannot expect British housewives who have stood in a queue for fourteen years to appreciate sound but condescending economic advice from North Americans who never missed a meal, whose hands (in Lloyd George's phrase) are dripping with the fat of sacrifice.

And you cannot expect them to take exactly our view of war when London is still pock-marked by the blitz and, as an

influential Englishman told me, "an atomic war would reduce our island to a bog of radioactive mud while you in North America have a continent to absorb this punishment."

If the British people have yet to adjust themselves to a changed scheme of things, as only one among equal partners in the Commonwealth and the free world, the Americans also have some deep soul-searching ahead of them.

Economically the United States' problem is obvious. It cannot re-create the kind of world economy it is always

## International Harvester introduces the Smart way to keep food



### ...it's the Decorator Refrigerator

—a great new kitchen idea offered in two of ten IH Refrigerator models for '53!

Now you can make your refrigerator a feature of your kitchen decoration. Match it with your curtains . . . blend it with your color scheme . . . using 1 1/4 yards of fabric . . . any pattern or color. Takes as little as 7 minutes to change. Fabric can be left off, leaving a beautiful white refrigerator, with handy foot-pedal door control.



...and there's an inside story too!

You get all 7 essential food climates (all working at once) in the new IH Refrigerators — plus push-button defrosting and a host of other exciting features.



Ten great IH refrigerator models to choose from at your dealer's...including two 'Decorator' models. Available for 60-cycle areas only.

Exclusive with  
**International Harvester**

Company of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario

International Harvester also builds Freezers . . . Air Conditioners . . . Dehumidifiers . . . McCormick Farm Equipment and Farmall Tractors . . . International Trucks . . . "Big Red" Crawler Tractors.

*Small illustration of a man in a top hat*

# "right" at any time

*Small illustration of a man in a top hat*

# "74"

*Small illustration of a man in a top hat*

## Canadian sherry and port



*Bright's*  
*True Canadian*  
**Wines**  
SINCE 1874

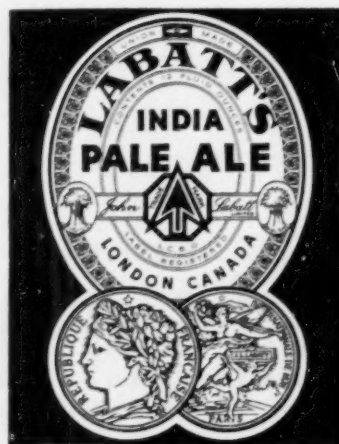
### It's a MAN'S work...



#### for a man's beer!

If you want a man's drink—brewed for men, without a thought for the ladies—then India Pale Ale is for you. You'll enjoy its old-time character... full-bodied, hearty flavour. Order Labatt's I.P.A. next time. It's a man's drink and really satisfying. John Labatt Limited.

*The swing is*  
**DEFINITELY**  
*to Labatt's*



**A MAN'S DRINK**

preaching so long as it exports about four billion dollars a year more than it imports and creates a world dollar shortage of the same magnitude. Plain business sense should solve that problem. The political test now facing the United States is far harder.

As no great nation before, it has suddenly reversed the isolationist policy begun by the Founding Fathers. Like Britain in Pitt's time, it is leading a vast unwieldy coalition of defense, paying for its leadership in blood and treasure. But it is not making friends. There is the dangerous flaw in its leadership.

Its leadership is based, so far, primarily on its unequalled power and wealth, not on the admiration of its allies, not on its way of life, which its allies generally misunderstand. The frictions in the alliance can usually be disguised in the statements of governments. They cannot be disguised in the talk of the British, Canadian, European and Indian man on the street. In London they assail the Canadian as soon as he opens his mouth and by his accent is taken for an American.

On the other hand, the American man on the street and even his government hardly attempt to disguise their irritation with allies because they fail to accomplish in a year or two the normal progress of a century.

Pitchforked into the leadership of the free world, the United States also must learn overnight the lessons learned by the Commonwealth through the centuries. It must learn that not only does it require friends for its own survival but that power and money alone can never buy more than reluctant allies or hungry camp followers, unreliable in the pinch. Above all, it must learn patience.

If there is to be a community of the free world, strong enough to confront the community of slaves, then it can be based only on the operating principles of the Commonwealth, whatever outward forms it may take. If there is to be an ultimate marriage it must be between consenting parties. The whole project, however, will fail without a new awareness in Britain and Europe of their peril and their true hope of salvation, without a better understanding in the United States of foreigners' minds.

All this, written in a lovely old-fashioned English hotel beside a quiet London courtyard, is pretty vague. Necessarily so because all the statesmen and other thinkers I have questioned admit that no man, in this chaotic moment, can think his way through the future of the Commonwealth and the world or look much beyond next Sunday. When subjects of this sort are raised most authorities give some stereotyped reply like a public address or flounder uncomfortably into worn-out clichés.

Vagueness at this point need not worry us too much. The Commonwealth was always vague and moved almost blindfolded, a step at a time. It never knew or asked the end.

In 1902 Joseph Chamberlain, discussing Britain's problems at an imperial conference, uttered this unnecessary cry of alarm: "The weary titan staggers under the too vast orb of its fate." This only twelve years before Britain began the first defeat of Germany.

A distinguished American student of the Commonwealth not long ago gave the proper reply to Chamberlain: "The weary titan," wrote Albert Viton, "has staggered on somehow until now; he will stagger in the future. There will be no decline and fall of the British Empire. Like all other political structures it, too, will come to an end—but as a result of the slow evolution and fruition into a higher social organization." ★



By Appointment  
Marmalade Manufacturers to the late King George VI  
James Robertson & Sons (Preserve Manufacturers) Ltd.

**IMPORTED  
FROM  
SCOTLAND**



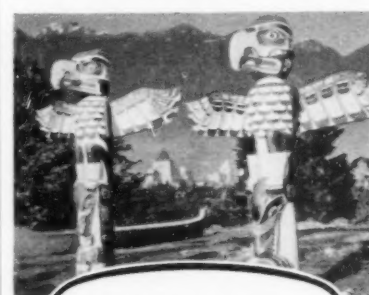
Robertson's  
delicious  
preserves are  
recognised  
everywhere  
as the finest  
in the world.



## Robertson's

Ginger Marmalade  
Silver Shred Lemon Marmalade  
Scotch Marmalade  
Blackcurrant Jam  
Raspberry Jam  
Strawberry Jam  
Wild Bramble Jelly and  
**Golden Shred  
Marmalade**

Made and  
packed in  
Scotland



**BY THE SHORES  
OF THE BLUE  
PACIFIC**

... you'll find a perfect  
vacationland—rich in his-  
torical lore and natural  
beauty. More to see, to do,  
to enjoy—or a glorious  
place to relax.

write BRITISH COLUMBIA  
GOVERNMENT TRAVEL  
BUREAU, VICTORIA, B.C.



**VACATION IN  
BRITISH  
COLUMBIA**

MC-10-53



## London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

person than Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, whether the Scots accept that designation or not. The Queen is a constitutional monarch advised by her ministers but on paper her power is colossal, even if by practice her power is hedged with safeguards developed through the centuries.

For example, every sailor in the Royal Navy wears on his cap the words HMS VALIANT, or HMS DEFIANT or HMS something or other, whether it is a ship or a barracks on shore. The reason of this is that the navy, and everything appertaining to the navy, is the absolute property of the Queen. That is why at the officers' mess on any ship of the Royal Navy the loyal toast is always drunk sitting down. By contrast the officers of the air force, the artillery, the engineers, or the poor benighted infantry have to stand up.

Strictly according to law there is nothing whatsoever to prevent Her Majesty selling the entire British fleet to Mr. Malenkov of Russia—nothing whatever. In doing so she would be quite within her legal rights.

I have discussed this point from time to time and it seems that parliament has devised a method of dealing with such a situation if it arose. Mr. Churchill, as Prime Minister, would be impeached on the charge of treason for having given the Queen bad advice. We would then put Churchill in the Tower, notwithstanding his protests which, I hope, would be uttered in a decorous manner. This procedure would legally hold up the transaction and would permit the deputy prime minister and perhaps the minister of agriculture to go and have a talk with her Majesty.

### Six Maids of Nobility

Queen Elizabeth is a young woman of clear mind reinforced by a strong character, which fortunately does not lessen her natural attractive womanliness. And while she recognizes that there are traditional powers which, as Queen, she must not exercise, there are other powers which are entirely within her jurisdiction. And one of these is the choice of her maids of honor at the Coronation.

Quite obviously Her Majesty must have pondered this question with great care. I have no doubt—in fact there is no doubt—that she contemplated a retinue gathered from Britain and the Dominions—if the word "dominions" does not affront the sensitivities of today.

At this point I do not know any more than you what determined Her Majesty's choice of the maids of honor. Putting aside the temptation of a Commonwealth octette, putting aside the even more obvious temptation of a peer's daughter, a miner's daughter, Attlee's daughter, a duke's daughter, and so down the line, she deliberately chose six daughters of famous noble families whose ancestry goes back through the centuries.

It was not an easy decision for Her Majesty to take. Certainly the choice was not one to inflame the public imagination, no matter how pretty or dignified the girls may be. But if the selection had included the daughters of a miner or a fisherman these girls would have had to be dressed in flowing apparel that might have embarrassed them and certainly taken away any suggestion that democracy was on the march.

The rumor is that the Queen decided that since the monarchy was hereditary in principle she would choose the

daughters of great county families who had played an honorable and important role through the centuries of Britain's life. On the whole the decision is sensible without being exciting.

However, the Coronation neither begins nor ends with the Abbey. The London theatre is well aware that not only will overseas visitors want entertainment but that the British themselves will swarm from the outlying districts into the metropolis and will want to see a West End show.

The first appropriate musical attraction to arrive on the scene was film

star Anna Neagle in *The Glorious Years*. On duty bent I went to the first night and came away with my pulses under control. Among other things, I saw Queen Victoria decorating a boy bugler with the VC for having apparently conquered the Sudan for Kitchener. Maybe by the time the Coronation fever reaches its height Anna Neagle's show may seem in the mood.

But London is not Britain. In my constituency (and in most constituencies) we shall have open-air performances of the operetta *Merrie*

England and we shall have rallies of Boy Scouts, and Sea Scouts and Girl Guides and the Home Guard and all the rest of it. The mayor of my borough will be in full bloom from morning to night, and on such occasions as I attend these functions as the local member of parliament I must bow low to the mayor for is he not the first citizen?

And, speaking of the first citizen with its reminder of Shakespeare, let me assure you that the Bard will be in full blast. At the Old Vic on the South Bank, near the spot of Shakespeare's



for blushing brides and

seasoned homemakers

## New tempered PYREX bakingware in COLOUR



The ever popular coloured Bowl Set now Tempered (as steel is) for extra strength—\$3.95.



Refrigerator Set, a kitchen favourite with hundreds of uses and now more durable than ever—\$3.95.

### 2 YEAR GUARANTEE

If any piece of PYREX tempered Bakingware breaks from oven heat within two years, your dealer will replace it in exchange for the broken pieces.

### Cook perfectly—Serve smartly

Now you can get all the "practical" advantages of PYREX Ware cooking and baking—with the added richness of colour to brighten your table. These new, TEMPERED PYREX Ware pie plates, casseroles and baking dishes—in warm flamingo red or cool lime green—allow heat to penetrate faster and brown foods more evenly. They clean *clean*—oh-so easily. And new TEMPERED PYREX resists chipping... crazing... high oven heat. You'll cook so perfectly—serve so smartly—with new PYREX Bakingware in colour.

If it's Pyrex Ware the trade-mark is on it.

PYREX WARE—A Product of CORNING GLASS WORKS OF CANADA LTD.

"Pyrex" brand is the registered trade-mark of Corning Glass Works of Canada Ltd.



Clear cover on Flamingo Coloured Casserole lets you see how cooking is coming along—\$1.89. (Also in Lime Green.)



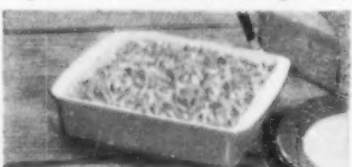
Now luscious pies are even better-looking on the table. Shallow Baking and Serving Dish—9"—69c. (Also in Lime Green.)



Durable PYREX dishes bake superbly, serve in style. Oblong Baking and Serving Dish—\$1.59. (Also in Flamingo Red.)



Foods heat quickly, evenly—with almost 1/3 less heat in the Round Baking and Serving Dish—\$1.19. (Also in Flamingo Red.)



Broiling or baking, no taste of the pan in PYREX Ware. Square Baking and Serving Dish—8"—\$1.49. (Also in Lime Green.)



# DISCOVER How SATISFYING A CREAM LAGER CAN BE...



Another fine Brading's product

# This is the Gin

IMPORTED FROM LONDON, ENGLAND



By Appointment  
Gin Distillers  
To the Late King George VI  
Tanqueray, Gordon & Co. Ltd.

*Quality  
Incomparable*

# Gordon's

*Stands Supreme*

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO., LTD.

... the largest gin distillers in the world  
available in various bottle sizes

76H

sixteenth-century Globe Theatre, his plays will be performed at their best. Remuneration counts nothing at the Old Vic, but some of our finest actors play across the River for the sheer joy of it. And at Stratford there will be not only Shakespeare's plays but his birthplace and the riverbanks where he courted Ann Hathaway so successfully that a marriage was hurriedly arranged—or so the gossips say. And visitors will be able to buy genuine Shakespeare relics turned out by the hundreds to meet the demand.

It is quite true that when the Stratford company visited New Zealand early this year our kinsmen behind the beyond took a dim view of the performances, even if they were more or less from the horse's mouth. If newspaper reports were correct New Zealand audiences left no doubt as to where they stood.

All of which I firmly applaud. New Zealand has just as much right as England to decide how Shakespeare should be played. The fact that New Zealand is undoubtedly wrong is neither here nor there. Shakespeare would certainly have applauded such sturdy independence.

But do not imagine that the only entertainment will be in the realm of the arts. At Royal Ascot the Englishman will wear his grey topper and grey morning coat as only an Englishman can wear those symbols of civilization. The Queen will drive up the course in her carriage on two days. She loves racing and will have two or three entries at Ascot but horses have little sense of the fitness of things and I doubt if Her Majesty will have a winner.

## Drake Will Bowl Again

Then there will be the Derby at the other end of the social scale, the great festival of the people where most of the vast crowd will see nothing but a few jockeys' caps glinting above the heads of the crowd. And, since this will be the Coronation Derby, London will invade it en masse.

We shall have bands playing in London's magnificent parks, we shall have Cockney orators at Spouters' Corner denouncing the monarchy, the government and the police; on the Thames we shall have floats and boats and pageantry as in the days of that other Elizabeth; at Plymouth our old friend Drake will probably play his game of bowls again as the Armada is sighted—thus establishing the precedence of sport over war. And on every village green there will be dances and tableaux plus all the quarrels and misunderstandings that are inseparable from such joyful events.

In fact the Englishman is going to dress up in fancy costume. He is about to turn himself into an ancient halberdier, or a footman on a coach like Leigh Holman, or a breastplated member of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company, or a City Herald, or a Lieutenant of the County in full plumage. In fact as I set down these words I wonder if I should not alter my decision and wear a sword once more at the Abbey.

Because, ladies and gentlemen, we are about to see the crowning of the young Elizabeth who in her person embodies the ageless deathless story of this realm, this island-mother of nations, this patient goodly people. When the Archbishop of Canterbury turns in the Abbey to the north, then the east, the south and the west and asks us to declare this girl to be our undoubted Queen, there will be proud hearts but suspiciously shining eyes as we shout the answer:

"Long Live Queen Elizabeth!" ★



## Precious Time... Don't Waste it!

Let Sani-Flush save your housekeeping time. Cleans toilet bowls quick... no work, no messy scrubbing. It not only cleans chemically but disinfects—and removes the invisible film that gathers in all toilet bowls. Just follow directions on the familiar yellow can. At all grocers. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

**Sani-Flush**



for a  
**REALLY CLEAN** toilet bowl



MAKE VERY SURE

it's 'Vaseline' Brand

Don't be content with a substitute. The pure petroleum jelly you want always carries the trade mark 'Vaseline'. Ask for it—look for it—no imitation of the genuine is ever as good.

## Corns CALLUSES BUNIONS

**SUPER-FAST  
RELIEF!**

PUTS YOU RIGHT  
BACK ON YOUR FEET!

Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are 3 ways better. (1) They relieve pain in a jiffy... ease new or tight shoes; (2) Stop corns, callouses before they can develop; (3) Remove corns, callouses one of the quickest ways known to medical science. No other method does so much for you. Get Dr. Scholl's today.



**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**



## Should Edith Shinder Get Her Baby?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

nain thought in his life. He tried to think of other ways to make his wife happy. "Let's go to this new place for dinner, Edie," he'd suggest. Or, "Let's get dressed up tonight and go out dancing."

But nothing would cheer her up. She wanted a child. She kept a picture scrapbook of her friends' children. She bought them presents. She remembered their birthdays, and Christmas, and the Jewish festival days. Once she discovered that a friend's baby had a wry neck before its parents suspected the trouble. Summers, the Shinders rented a cottage at Rockaway Beach, a gay and crowded resort not far from Brooklyn, where their married friends and their children surrounded them. Mrs. Shinder says, "Two years ago we were at Rockaway and my girl friend Helen was on one side of us, with her red-headed Denise (she's a darling, that Denise!) and my girl friend Dinah was on the other side, with her two-year-old Billy Boy (he's a pet). I was the only one without a child. That summer I took care of the other kids all day long. Denise just lived with me, and I felt awful when we went back to the city and I was alone with no children in the house. My girl friend Mary has a little boy Benedetto, we call him Bennet. He tells everybody that he has two mummies and two daddies—his own, and Jack and me. He swears it."

It was only natural, then, that the Shinders would finally decide to adopt a child.

It was only natural, too, that they should go about it by their own peculiar hit-and-miss method. Toronto newspapers reported that a New York adoption agency had turned down the Shinders because Jack did not earn enough money, and their three-room flat was too small to accommodate a child. They were wrong. The Shinders never made any formal application for adoption, either in Brooklyn or anywhere else.

Rather, they heard from friends that it was impossible for people in their circumstances to get a baby from an agency; that only those with lots of money and big houses had a chance, providing they were able to promise a sizeable "donation" to the agency.

In Brooklyn, later, Mrs. Rosemarin Edith's sister—herself childless—expressed similar feelings on the subject: "Listen, people like us don't have to go to an agency to find out that we can't get a baby from them. We know without asking. It costs money, lots of money. Everybody knows that. You say to one of your friends that you want to adopt a baby, and she tells you 'Listen, my girl friend has a big house and her husband owns three drugstores and she can't adopt one. So how can you?'"

Actually, although it is not impossible that the Shinders could have got a baby from a New York agency, it appears extremely improbable. To start with, being Jewish, the agency they would properly have applied to is the Free Synagogues Child Adoption Committee, a federated agency serving all of Greater New York, Westchester County and Nassau County. The agency handles Jewish babies only—that is, babies born to Jewish mothers—and is careful to place them in Jewish homes. (Babies born to Roman Catholic or Protestant mothers are handled by other agencies and are adopted into homes of the mother's

faith.) The committee receives around twelve hundred applications a year from persons wishing to adopt a child, interviews about seven hundred to nine hundred (the others are ruled out immediately on account of geography, lack of citizenship, age or other children in the family). For those several hundred couples interviewed each year there are only approximately one hundred and twenty children to place.

A spokesman for the agency declares, "There is no financial requirement for families who wish to apply. There are other things which are more important

to us—a happy home, a good relationship between husband and wife."

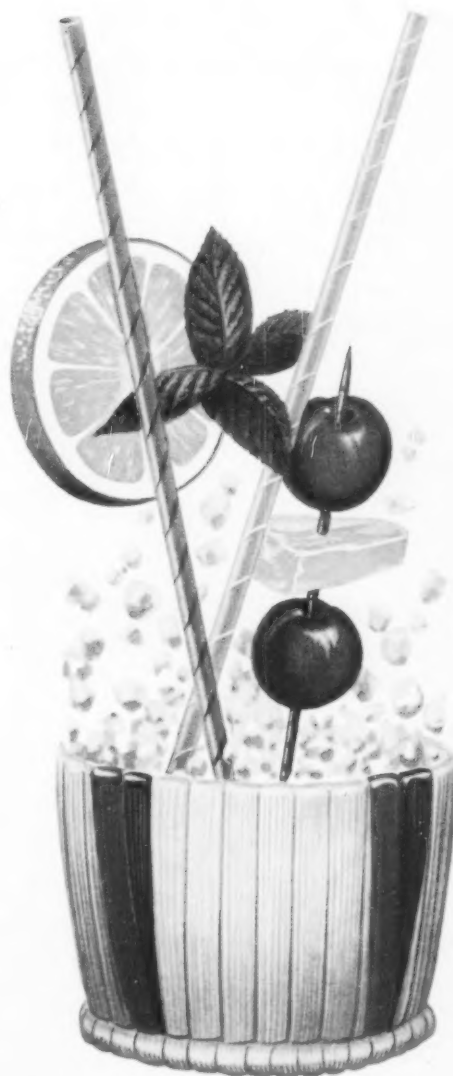
But the Shinders are right when they declare, "It costs money to adopt a baby from an American agency." Like many other agencies in the United States, the Free Synagogues Child Adoption Committee is not entirely state-subsidized and charges a service fee for its placements. The average fee collected is between four hundred and five hundred dollars.

Faced with this kind of situation, even though they did not fully comprehend it, the Shinders felt as though

heaven had answered their prayers when they were introduced to Dr. Joseph Chaikoff, of Toronto, at a party in Brooklyn. Chaikoff had a young patient, an unmarried girl of fifteen, who had threatened to commit suicide rather than have a baby. He had offered to carry her through pregnancy without charge and to find a good home for her baby when it was born. The Shinders were desperately anxious to adopt a child. The solution to everybody's problem seemed fairly obvious.

So that Chaikoff could get to know

## "Captain Morgan's in town!"



# Captain Morgan RUM

Blended in Canada from Carefully Selected Rare Old Rums by Captain Morgan Rum Distillers Limited.



...and  
he's bringing you a  
*Captain Morgan Rum Special!*

This most inviting of all tall, cool drinks tastes just as refreshing as it looks. You'll find this and many other delightful ways of serving and using rum in the new Captain Morgan Recipe Booklet. For your free copy, write to Captain Morgan Rum Distillers Limited, Dept. Y, Box 308, Montreal, Que.

*Black Label*  
Extra smooth  
and flavourful



**GOLD LABEL**  
Rich and  
full-bodied

them properly they invited him to dinner—"so he'd see what a nice place we have," as they put it. The Shinders live in a very ordinary neighborhood in the far reaches of Brooklyn, in a dusty old apartment-house building, but they have managed to make their ground-floor three-room suite neat and clean and attractive.

Soon they heard from Chaikoff that they could have the baby. There were still several months to go and he would notify them when to come to Toronto. They did not tell anyone of their plans but their immediate families and a couple of close friends. They bought a crib and a layette and settled down to wait.

Early in February word came that the young mother's time was drawing near. The Shinders, who had never been in Canada before, packed their bags, traveled to Toronto by train, and settled down in a modest house on Denison Street with Mrs. Sadie Green, the mother of one of their friends. But the baby was late: they were in Toronto for a week before the doctor phoned that his young patient had just given birth to a healthy eight-pound boy.

Jack Shinder hurried off with flowers and fruit to visit the girl, who was registered at St. Mary's Hospital as "Mrs. Edith Shinder." The real Mrs. Shinder stayed on Denison Street and waited, for four more days. Then mother and baby were discharged from hospital, final good-bys all round were said in Chaikoff's office, and Shinder took a taxi back to Denison Street and handed small "Martin Shinder," registration number 53-05-010112, into his wife's eager arms.

All that night they stayed awake, too excited to sleep, watching the baby sleeping in a bassinet beside their bed, tiny fists curled over its ears, small face almost hidden in the new blue blankets.

Next day they packed their bags, said good-by to Mrs. Green, and set off for Malton airport where they had reserved seats on the New York plane. Mrs. Shinder had wired her mother that the baby was a boy and now Mrs. Grundfest was probably making final preparations for the *bris*—the traditional Jewish ceremony of circumcision, at which a child formally receives his name while godparents, relatives and friends of the family celebrate with pickled herring, cakes, tea and wine. All that remained was to send out cute birth-announcement cards to everybody back home.

As it turned out, however, birth-announcement cards were unnecessary. For next day the story of the Shinders and their baby hit the front pages of Canadian and American newspapers from coast to coast.

What had happened hinged ironically on the fact that Mrs. Shinder, unaware that American immigration officials might demand proof of her American birth before letting her proceed back into the country, had not equipped herself with a birth certificate. When she appeared at Malton airport without any definite proof that she was a citizen of the United States, carrying in her arms a five-day-old baby who should certainly not be traveling so soon, the immigration official on duty saw something fishy in the situation. He refused to allow them to board their plane until matters were straightened out by the U. S. immigration office in Toronto. The Shinders left the airport, and the official phoned his suspicions to the central authorities, who—with "baby rings" always in mind—became equally suspicious. When the Shinders arrived they were questioned at length, and the baby's birth certificate was asked for and examined.

Mrs. Shinder was informed that if

she could get somebody in her family to go to the New York immigration office with her birth certificate the New York office would then inform the Toronto office that proper proof of her American birth was on hand and she would be allowed back into the United States. They were told to go back to Denison Street, instruct their family in Brooklyn what to do, and return to the U. S. immigration office in Toronto at three o'clock that same afternoon.

No mention of the baby's false birth certificate was made at this interview

but, no sooner had the Shinders left, than immigration officials informed the RCMP, the FBI, and the Toronto Police Department of their suspicions. All border crossing points were notified to refuse the Shinders re-entry into the United States until further notice.

The Shinders, meanwhile, sensitive to a certain excitement in the air, decided that trouble was brewing. They thought maybe they ought to have a lawyer to handle their affairs in a strange country. They were referred to Louis Herman, QC, prominent Toronto barrister.

When Herman questioned them the whole story came out. Advised by their lawyer that they could get into serious trouble trying to cross the border with a baby who was neither their own, nor legally adopted, they agreed to tell the whole story to the Immigration Department, and to have Herman proceed in a legal manner to get proper adoption papers for the child. An interview was arranged for the following morning with J. S. Kershner, U. S. immigration inspector in Toronto.

But the Toronto police department decided on action. Late that same

**The ALL-New DOMINION ROYAL FLEETWAY**

**gives up to 41% more**

**truck tire mileage**

**at standard**

**price levels!**



afternoon they picked up the Shinders at Denison Street and lodged them in jail overnight on a charge of false registration under the Vital Statistics Act. Reporters and photographers flocked to the scene. Jack Shinder was snapped handcuffed to a policeman. Edith Shinder was photographed huddling in a dark patrol wagon. Of her night in jail Mrs. Shinder said two months later, "I slept on a board. In the morning I went round with a policeman, picking up the other girls — derelicts, drunks, dope fiends."

The Shinder story shook Brooklyn

like an atomic blast. For weeks the Manhattan vice probe into cafe-society prostitution had been front-page stuff. Now the Shinders made the headlines. As Mrs. Shinder remarked bitterly later, "One day we were nobody. My husband was a haberdashery salesman. The next day we put Mickey Jelke right off the front page."

Mrs. Shinder's mother, interrupted in her plans for the *bris*, was sick to think of her daughter spending a night in jail. Neighbors immediately got together and began a "Shinder fund" and Mrs. Rosemarin was dispatched to

Toronto to see what was happening up there. She told reporters, "People like us are scared when something like this happens." Mrs. Rosemarin found her sister on the brink of collapse.

The baby had been sent temporarily to the Hospital for Sick Children, where it was registered as "Baby Boy X." The Shinders were out on bail of two thousand dollars each, put up by their landlady. At the house on Denison Street the doorbell kept ringing, the telephone was never still. Sympathetic strangers wanted to know if there was anything they could do to help. Some-

body with a thick foreign accent phoned and threatened to "get them" for stealing Canadian babies. Somebody wrote them a viciously anti-Semitic letter.

There were long sessions with the U. S. Immigration Department. Although Mrs. Shinder showed them her eldest sister's birth certificate, her father's citizenship papers, her own voting eligibility, school records, and even a letter from the principal of her school in Brooklyn, none of this was deemed positive enough evidence of her American birth. The interviews continued.

The Shinders had insisted over and over that they were not connected with a baby ring and that they were unaware their actions were illegal. After long sessions with the police Mrs. Shinder said wearily, "They say ignorance of the law is no excuse, but unless you're going to be a lawyer they don't teach you law in school."

Both Shinders have only good things to say of how they were treated by Canadian police, detectives, and courts. Toward the newspapers they don't feel so charitable. Mrs. Shinder says, "I'll never believe a word I read in the papers again. The things they said about us! The lies they told!" They refer specifically to newspaper stories which they feel linked them with "a baby-stealing ring," and stories that they were turned down by American adoption agencies, that they had pretended to their friends that Mrs. Shinder was pregnant and were accordingly given baby showers, and that they paid Dr. Chaikoff four hundred dollars for Baby X.

#### A Quizzing at the Border

They declare that they agreed to pay the hospital bill (which came to sixty-four dollars), plus two hundred and fifty dollars to Chaikoff for his services not only to themselves but to the unmarried mother through her pregnancy and delivery. As it happened Chaikoff got only one hundred and fifty, for the Shinders arrived in Toronto early and spent one hundred of his promised fee on living expenses while waiting for the baby to be born. They feel terrible when they think of all the trouble they've caused the doctor. Meeting him in court corridors during their trial, Mrs. Shinder threw her arms around him and sobbed, "You're the kindest man I ever knew."

The Shinders are astounded and contrite to think of all the people whom they have involved in the case. There's Mrs. Green, who can't remember her privacy any more, and who says, "I'm too old to have all this happen in my house." There's her daughter Ray who was recently removed from the Buffalo train as she prepared to visit her fiancé in New York and was questioned for hours by immigration officials regarding her possible part in a baby-stealing ring. There's Chaikoff, who was convicted of false registration of a baby's birth and fined five hundred dollars quite apart from the damage to his reputation in medical circles.

And, of course, the greatest damage — outside of that done to the emotions of the Shinders themselves — has been to the sixteen-year-old unmarried mother in the case, who is still far too involved with her illegitimate child for her own good.

Part one of the Shinder case came to a quiet close when, on March 10, Jack Shinder was fined on a charge of obtaining a birth certificate by false pretenses.

Part Two, concerning the fate of Baby X, was just coming up. Since the end of February, when the Shinders were arrested, the infant had been occupying a cot in the Hospital for Sick

**It's ALL-NEW for:  
Mileage, Safety,  
Dependability,  
Durability &  
Handling Ease!**

Watch them rolling across the country . . . topping all previous performance records . . . sharply reducing costs for every truck . . . giving up to 41% more payload trips on original tread at standard price levels. It's the all-new Dominion Royal Fleetway — setting a new standard of performance and economy throughout Canada.

**Tested in Canada  
under Canadian  
driving conditions**



Mile after mile of testing, under every Canadian driving condition, over all types of terrain, in all temperatures, under extraordinary loads — has proved the Dominion Royal Fleetway to be the most radical improvement in truck tire performance in 15 years!

**DOMINION  
ROYAL  
TIRES**





Photo by Constance Bannister

## "My feet are killing me!"

When you've been on your feet all day—serve a nourishing, hot meal the easy way. Just heat juicy, SKINLESS wieners for seven minutes in boiling water. Serve with easy-to-prepare vegetables.

Save Time • Save Work • Save Money

# Enjoy Wieners

...always delicious!

Wieners made the Skinless Way are sure to be tender—quick—easy—nutritious!

**Free at your meat counter...**

a book of twenty baby photographs by the one and only Constance Bannister, world famous baby photographer. A prize collection! Plus tasty wiener recipes. Or write Visking Limited, Lindsay, Ont., enclosing 10 cents for postage and mailing.



VISKING LIMITED • LINDSAY, ONTARIO

Children, for lack of more appropriate accommodation. Now what was going to happen to him? Where was he to go? Whose baby was he? "There has been no complaint made in this case," said Stewart Sutton, director of the Children's Aid Society. "Therefore, so far as we are concerned, the baby's mother can do what she wishes with her child."

What she wished to do was to hand over her baby to the Shinders, as she had promised. However, since the Shinders were far from home without proper living accommodation for a child, she did the same thing in a different way: she handed over her baby boy to Mrs. Green, the Shinders' landlady, who agreed to act as foster mother until legal proceedings for its adoption by the American couple could be completed. Shinder thereupon returned to his neglected haberdashery job in Brooklyn. He had been away for over a month and was heavily in debt. Mrs. Shinder still didn't have any definite proof of her American birth, so she couldn't go home with him. By the time the Grundfests had located their old doctor and he had sworn out an affidavit that he had delivered their daughter Edith twenty-nine years ago she had decided to stay on in Toronto and care for the baby. "I'm not going back until I can take Martin with me," she told her worried mother by telephone. "Or at least until I'm sure I can't have him."

At the end of April Mrs. Shinder was still in Toronto waiting and Louis Herman, her lawyer, was busy preparing the case for the courts.

Trying to figure out whether the Shinders should or shouldn't get the baby is a job that any latter-day Solomon might turn down.

To start with, the problem is complicated by the fact that there are simply not enough adoptable babies to satisfy the demand. In Toronto, for instance, the Protestant Children's Aid Society, the largest agency in the city, receives twelve hundred applications a year from eager prospective parents, approves roughly half that number, and has not more than four hundred babies available to fill the demand. The Roman Catholic agency last year reported one hundred and thirty-six applications, of which it approved ninety-three, who thereupon were put on a waiting list for the sixty-four children available. The Jewish agency has so few children—only five, at the present time—that few Jewish couples in Toronto bother to apply any more, knowing that the waiting period will be anywhere from three to five years. Canadian agencies, unlike some American ones, do not charge for their services. The only expenditure an Ontario couple is called upon to make is a court fee of three dollars and fifty cents, for preparing final documents.

Over-the-border private adoptions, say Canadian agencies, are always long-drawn-out affairs and often end in heartbreak for all concerned. They are complicated by the different adoption laws of the two countries, the reluctance of the United States to take in a baby who may possibly become a public charge if the final adoption doesn't go through; the refusal of American social agencies to participate in adoption proceedings started in Canada and involving Canadian babies, and the disinclination of Canadian agencies to approve the start of proceedings they aren't sure the United States will finish. The Adoption Act provides that before an adoption order can be made an infant must have lived for at least one year with the applicants, or the applicants must be proper persons to have the care and the custody of the child and for specified

# Elastoplast

THE ORIGINAL ELASTIC  
FIRST AID BANDAGE



ALL  
THE SHAPES  
AND SIZES  
YOU'LL EVER  
NEED

## 2 KINDS

### REGULAR FABRIC

Safe protection of cuts, blisters and other minor injuries.



### WATERPROOF PLASTIC

Special protection against water, grease and oil.



\*STAYS PUT through work or play.

\*COMFORTABLE... stretches with your skin.

\*PROTECTIVE & HEALING... seals wound from dirt and germs, medicated pad aids healing.

\*FLESH-COLORED... unnoticeable.

\*CONVENIENT... a variety of shapes and sizes of bandages in the red tin.

# Elastoplast

FIRST AID BANDAGES

20¢ and 40¢ red tins at your druggist



reasons it is in the child's best interests to dispense with the period of residence together.

United States immigration officials have ruled that this particular baby will not be allowed to enter the United States until final adoption papers have been made out for him. This means that a year's trial residence with the Shinders in Brooklyn will be impossible. If it's impossible, may it be dispensed with? That's one question that will have to be answered, when the Shinder adoption case comes up.

A possible legal wrangle may hinge on the peculiar wording of a paragraph in chapter 7 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, which defines an "adopting parent" as "a person who adopts an infant" but then goes on to say that the court may make an order for the adoption of any infant resident in Ontario upon an application being made "by any person domiciled and resident in Ontario." Now the Shinders are obviously not domiciled and resident in Ontario, but the child's natural mother is. Could the phrase "any person" be possibly taken to refer to the baby's natural mother? In other words, could she apply for the adoption of her own child in favor of someone else, domiciled elsewhere? "After all," lawyer Herman has said, "who has a better right than the child's natural mother to speak up in his best interests?"

#### Is Baby X a Match?

What the court will decide in such extraordinary circumstances will depend largely on the recommendation of the Provincial Officer, who customarily relies on the recommendation of the local Children's Aid Society. What the society will say, faced with a situation that defies every tenet of scientific adoption procedure, is anybody's guess. "The child's future is the thing we are most concerned about" the CAS declares.

The Shinder case violates every agency rule on the books. For instance, the natural mother not only knows where her child is, but is still interested in its welfare (if the Shinders can't have it, she wants it herself, she is quoted as saying; and when the baby recently developed stomach flu its natural grandmother telephoned the lawyer to find out why she had not been notified). The baby's physical and mental development have not been evaluated. The safeguard of the one-year residence together appears legally impossible. And of course it has never been established that the Shinders and this particular baby are what adoption agencies call "matched" — physically, temperamentally or intellectually.

On the other hand, love and care are important too, and everybody who knows the Shinders believes they would give a baby the utmost in loving care. "It would be a lucky baby if Jack and Edie got it," their Brooklyn friends agree. "It would have anything it wanted."

While waiting for the adoption hearing, the Grundfests keep telephoning their daughter to come home to Brooklyn, baby or no baby. Jack Shinder divides his time between his job and his empty apartment and the neighborhood steam bath, the only place he can relax.

In Toronto, Edith Shinder spends her days taking care of the baby, now a bright active child three months old. The fact of illegitimacy doesn't perturb her. "His mother is a child herself," she says. "A blossom in the dust."

"Nothing matters, nothing at all, if we get Martin." ★

## How FX Saved the Maritimes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Margaree Forks, who stumped around the coastline rousing fishermen to rid themselves of poverty and feudal cod-fish barons.

The movement which later achieved such spectacular results had a most unspectacular origin about forty years ago. Most of the people around Antigonish were descendants of Scottish Catholics who fled from religious persecution. They settled in New Scotland, kept the Gaelic and their tartans and raised sheep as they had done for centuries before.

In 1914, MacPherson, then a part-time agricultural representative for the federal government, told them bluntly that they were wrong in washing their wool, since washing cut the weight and woolen mills paid by weight. Some of the farmers told him to stick to his breviary.

One night he knocked at a farmhouse at Havre Boucher. The farmer stuck his head and a shotgun out the window and roared, "Get the hell away from here, you German." Like the farmer, MacPherson had heard rumors that a U-boat had landed men nearby.

The priest shouted back, "*Gabh air do shocais*" — Gaelic for "Take it easy." He was welcomed in.

At shearing time he went from farm to farm, collecting eighteen thousand pounds of wool which he stored on the St. FX campus. He wrote to woolen mills inviting tenders. The farmers were getting seventeen cents a pound for wool. MacPherson's co-operative sale brought them twenty-eight. Within three years, with collective marketing and a wartime demand for wool, the price was up to sixty cents.

He did the same with lambs. Farmers had to take whatever New England packing-house drovers would offer, four or five cents a pound live weight. "Little Doc Hugh" got an idea. When the drovers came around in the fall they found the meddling priest had collected the lambs on the university's truck farm. One drover offered him a five-hundred-dollar bribe to swing the sale his way. He turned it down, called for tenders and got eight cents a pound. The next year Antigonish farmers, marketing on their own, were getting twelve.

In 1917 the dean of engineering sold fertilizer. He took orders from farmers around St. Andrews, bought in quantity and sold it to the farmers at half the price they'd been paying.

MacPherson's unusual work caught the fancy of Dr. J. J. Tompkins, the vice-president of St. FX, an energetic mite with a restless spirit, a high raspy voice and a propensity for mild cuss words.

Born in the Cape Breton farming community of Margaree, Jimmy Tompkins had been a frail boy in a family of giants. In self-defense he developed an agile mind that matched his sharp face and quick step. He had graduated from St. FX, studied for the priesthood in Rome and returned to the college as a teacher.

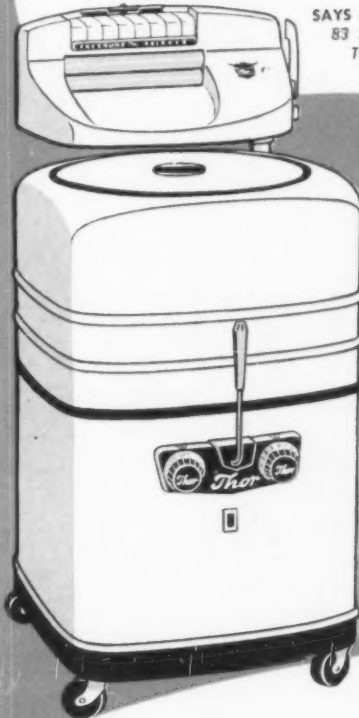
Tompkins sensed the need to develop leaders who would take their education back to the people, as MacPherson did, instead of using it to rise above them. He saw one in Angus B. MacDonald, a husky farm boy. In his junior year MacDonald called on Tompkins. The latter sat smoking a one-inch cigar butt, held to his lips with a matchstick. He asked MacDonald what he intended to do after graduating.

"I think I'll be a lawyer."

## "At Last I've found the PERFECT WRINGER WASHER

IT'S THE **Thor SUPERFLEX**

SAYS MRS. BETTY ADAMS  
83 Symington Avenue  
Toronto, Ontario



"I did a lot of searching and checking before I decided on my Thor Superflex. There's no doubt about it, the Thor Superflex is the only completely new Wringer Washer. New from its modern square-styling and compact build, down to its smooth-running mechanism.

"It turns out the cleanest, whitest wash, I've ever had. The best on the street. And it's no trouble at all. Yes, I've found the perfect Wringer Washer. To me, it beats them all in both beauty and performance."

## Only the Thor SUPERFLEX has these Super Features

**SUPERFLEX WASHING ACTION** — Thor Super-Agitator and new square-style Superflex tub combine to give faster, cleaner washing.

**EXCLUSIVE SUPER-SAFETY WRINGER** — "Silent Sentinel" releases pressure automatically if clothes wrap around rolls. Equalized pressure ensures uniform water extraction from every item.

**LARGE FAMILY-SIZE TUB** — Takes less space because it's square — holds more than 9 lbs. dry-weight of clothes.

**9-VANE SUPER AGITATOR** — 6 side vanes and 3 bottom vanes provide thorough washing action from bottom to top of tub. Patented design prevents tangling.

**LIFETIME POWER MECHANISM** — with precision, machine-cut gears gives smoother, quieter, trouble-free performance.

**THOR DUO-MATIC WRINGER DRIVE** — Only three moving parts. Exclusive spline-cut drive shafts give longer life and smoother operation.

**5-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN** — Only Thor offers you five full years of protection against mechanical failure of the mechanism.

### The Perfect Pair

The Thor Superflex and the Thor Gladiron make an unbeatable combination. One washes, the other irons. Ironing clothes the Gladiron way is so simple, so pleasant. You do it in a relaxed, comfortable, sitting position. The patented sleeve-size roll irons everything from shirts to sheets in jig time.

The Gladiron is the only ironer that folds up and can be rolled away. It takes less than 1 3/4 feet square of storage space.



YOU CAN DEPEND ON  
**Thor**  
HOUSEHOLD  
APPLIANCES

THOR CANADIAN COMPANY  
LIMITED  
TORONTO CANADA

Don't risk ROAD RAVAGE\* when  
**SPRING PUTS YOUR CAR  
 IN A MUD-BATH!**



**Simoniz® protects and beautifies  
 up to 6 months and longer**

New speedy method, developed by  
 experts, now makes SIMONIZING easier.  
 Actually takes only a few hours per year.

"Thin-Skin" liquid car waxes just can't  
 protect your car's finish through  
 Spring's tough weather. They contain  
 so little *real* wax, they can't resist the  
 gritty action of mud and dirt. They fail  
 to protect finish from pelting rains that  
 make rusting possible.

Only durable SIMONIZ stops Road  
 Ravage. Seals out mud, dirt, traffic film,  
 road scum. And SIMONIZ gives a rich  
 lustre that outshines any wax or polish!

So don't waste time and money on  
 "Thin-Skin" liquids. Protect your car  
 up to 6 months with SIMONIZ. Thou-  
 sands find they can now SIMONIZ their  
 cars in less than 2 hours. For complete  
 protection all Spring—SIMONIZ today!



**IMPORTANT!** No matter what wax  
 you use, it is essential to clean your  
 car first. For best results use Simoniz  
 Liquid Kleener. Faster! Cleans better.  
 Makes SIMONIZING far easier!

**MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ!**

**Why "Thin Skin" liquid  
 waxes can't stop  
 ROAD RAVAGE**



In a whole container of liquid car  
 wax there is less than a spoonful  
 of *real* wax—the rest is just liquid.  
 No wonder they fail to give last-  
 ing protection and lustre! But  
 Simoniz is *not* a liquid. Every can  
 contains 100% tough, durable  
 Simoniz. That's why it lasts so  
 long—protects up to 6 months.



Copyright 1953 by Simoniz Company

"Hell, they're all crooked."  
 "Well, maybe a doctor."  
 "Too many butchers in the country  
 already."

"How about dentistry?"  
 "What! And spend the rest of your  
 life fussing around with the dirty teeth  
 of all the old women in Antigonish  
 County? Get into agriculture, boy.  
 Things are going to happen in agri-  
 culture and they'll need good leaders."

MacDonald went into agriculture,  
 helped to spearhead the Antigonish  
 Movement and later became national  
 secretary of the Co-operative Union of  
 Canada at Ottawa. He died last year.

In 1920 Tompkins gave St. FX its  
 most unlikely crop of freshmen—a  
 group of farmers, fishermen and miners  
 picked by him to attend his first  
 "People's School." He fed and housed  
 them on the campus, made them read  
 and study. Some of them had never  
 seen a high school. Tompkins got them  
 to talk over their problems and swap  
 ideas on such diverse topics as filleting  
 codfish and parliamentary procedure.  
 All the time he was groping for a plan  
 of action. "The People's Schools"  
 lasted for two years, until their founder  
 was suddenly expelled from the uni-  
 versity.

Tompkins had traveled widely, win-  
 ning friends for the university and  
 influencing benefactors. One of them  
 was Andrew Carnegie. In 1920, shortly  
 after Carnegie's death, Tompkins had  
 interested the Carnegie Corporation in  
 putting up three million dollars to  
 federate the major Maritime univer-  
 sities at Halifax. Though it was never  
 put into action, the plan was favored  
 by some St. FX faculty members.  
 However, the head of the diocese,  
 Bishop James Morrison, was strongly  
 opposed. He felt the college would lose  
 its identity. Most priests heeded their  
 vow of obedience. But Tompkins, with  
 characteristic doggedness, kept up a  
 vigorous campaign for the merger.

He was exiled to Canso, a drab grey  
 fishing parish on the easternmost tip  
 of the Nova Scotia mainland. On  
 New Year's Day, 1923, he arrived  
 in poverty-stricken Canso wearing a  
 heavy black overcoat that once be-  
 longed to the richest man in America.  
 It was sent to him after Carnegie died.

Tompkins found debt-ridden fisher-  
 men living in weatherbeaten shacks.  
 They sold their catches wherever they  
 could for a fraction of their value.  
 In bad times they mortgaged their  
 homes and boats to feudal fish mer-  
 chants and storekeepers. Their children  
 were underfed, poorly clothed. They  
 were dejected and defeated.

On wharves and in kitchens Tomp-  
 kins talked to them. What they needed  
 wasn't any academic or religious ser-  
 monizing, but food and clothing, money  
 and self-respect. And, he believed, they  
 had to win it themselves.

"If the government gives a man a  
 ten-dollar dole," he said, "he needs  
 another as soon as it's gone. And he  
 hasn't learned anything." Tompkins  
 put them to learning. He formed the  
 people of Canso into small study  
 groups, three to eight in each, and  
 made them read and talk. He brought  
 in speakers, among them a university  
 president and a Protestant minister, to  
 talk to them. The Canso fishermen  
 and Tompkins were soon to write  
 headlines.

After World War I the Maritimes  
 had gone back into a slump that began  
 long before the turn of the century.  
 Between 1881 and 1931, notably after  
 the war, more than half a million  
 people, the young and ambitious, left  
 the Atlantic coast for other parts of  
 Canada and the United States where  
 the living was easier. In the mid-  
 Twenties a hundred thousand Nova  
 Scotians were living in Greater Boston.

The fishing industry was hardest hit  
 by the postwar recession. The value  
 of Nova Scotia's catch alone fell from  
 \$15,100,000 in 1919 to \$9,700,000 two  
 years later.

July 1, 1927, was celebrated across  
 the country as Canada's Diamond  
 Jubilee of nationhood. It was a sig-  
 nificant day, too, in Canso where  
 a meeting of townspeople heard a  
 banty little priest shrill out, "What  
 the devil have you got to celebrate  
 about?" That night forty fishermen  
 filled Phalen's Hall with angry shouts.  
 Newspapers called it "The Revolution  
 in Canso."

A week later the priests of the diocese  
 met at St. FX for a spiritual retreat.  
 One afternoon they discussed what the  
 college could do to aid farmers. Tomp-  
 kins jumped up. "What about the  
 fishermen?" he shouted. "They're  
 starving..." Bishop Morrison smiled  
 tolerantly.

"If you're going to laugh I'll sit  
 down," Tompkins shot back, "but I  
 know what I'm talking about." That  
 night he called a meeting of forty  
 priests from fishing parishes. They sent  
 wires to Halifax and Ottawa demand-

**Unfeeling Nature**

Because he's gone the sun won't dim;  
 The heavens will not weep for him;  
 No bird sit songless through the day,  
 Struck mute because he's gone  
 away.  
 No flower will droop, no leaf will die,  
 And neither, facing facts, will I!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

ing that a royal commission investigate  
 the fishing industry. The Canso fisher-  
 men met again and did the same.  
 Maritime newspapers took up the  
 shout. Three weeks later, Ottawa  
 complied.

One of the witnesses who appeared  
 before the commission was Dr. Moses  
 Coady, Tompkins' cousin and protégé,  
 a ruggedly handsome priest who stood  
 six-feet-four and weighed two hundred  
 pounds. Speaking for St. FX, he  
 suggested that the fishermen's salva-  
 tion was in practical education and  
 co-operative action. The royal com-  
 mission recommended just that. In  
 August of 1929, soon after St. FX  
 opened an Extension Department with  
 Coady in charge, Ottawa asked him  
 to organize the fishermen and help  
 them form co-ops.

Only a man of Coady's drive and  
 physique could have done the job. He  
 began, quite properly, at Canso. He  
 spoke to fishermen in stores, theatres,  
 churches and on wharves, tongue-  
 lashing them until they were ready  
 to follow him. He traveled by car,  
 sleigh, dory and on foot. Once he froze  
 three fingers on a nine-mile trip. Near  
 Sheet Harbour his car swerved off an  
 icy road into a brook. At 1.30 a.m.,  
 with the temperature below zero, he  
 stood knee-deep in the stream, trying  
 to jack up his auto with stones. At  
 length he walked back two miles to  
 call a wrecking car. Taken to Sheet  
 Harbour, he thawed out in front of a  
 pot-bellied stove and talked for ninety  
 minutes.

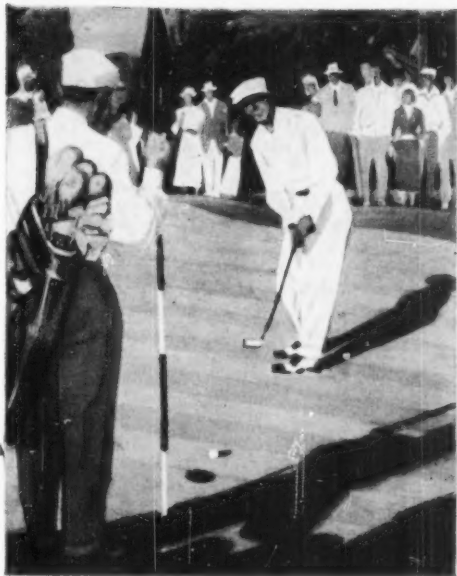
Going from Grand Anse to Ship-  
 pigan, in New Brunswick, Coady's  
 sleigh ran into snowdrifts. The horse,  
 a country-fair trotter, couldn't move.  
 So the driver went ahead, breaking a  
 trail for the animal. Coady pulled the  
 sleigh.

Everywhere he went the fisherman  
 took to this black-suited giant who



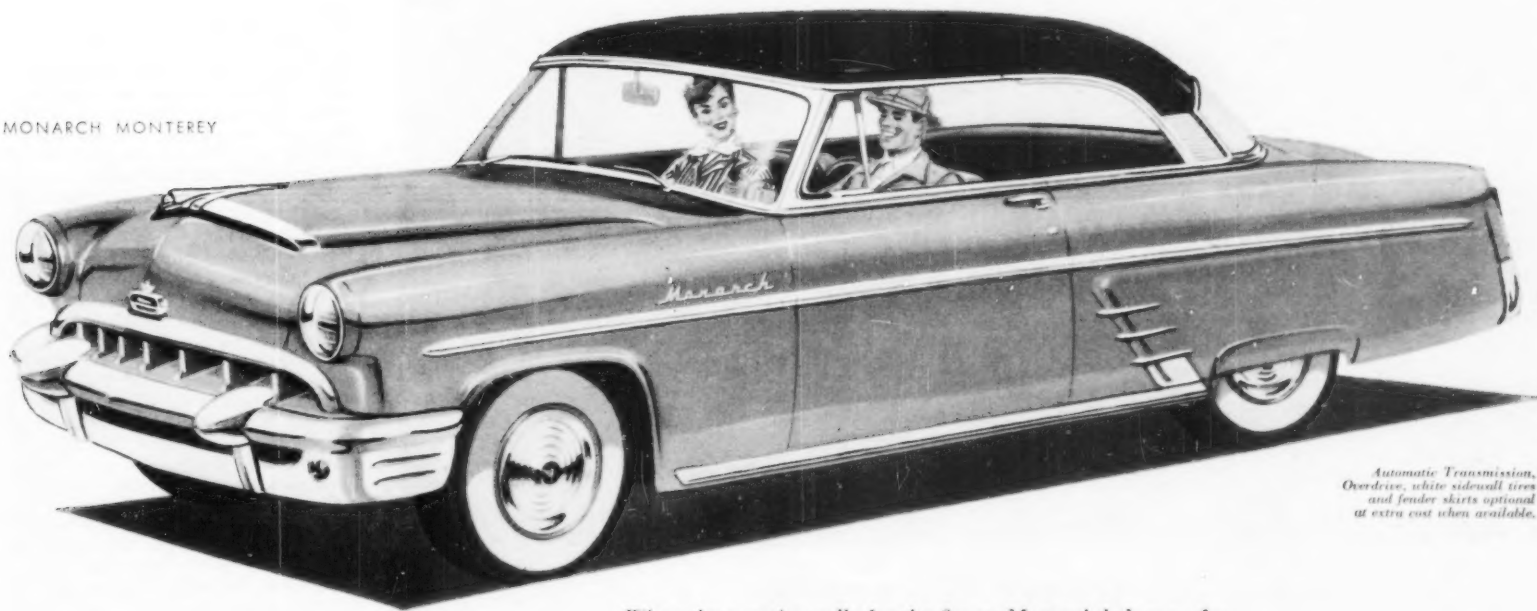
#### THE CANADIAN OPEN

At Scarboro Golf and Country Club in Toronto, an appreciative gallery follows every stroke with tense and eager interest as the world's outstanding golfers compete for top place in this great sporting classic. The Canadian Open is a memorable event for those who thrill to brilliant performance from tee to green.



Where a fine car matters... **Monarch** belongs

MONARCH MONTEREY



Automatic Transmission, Overdrive, white sidewall tires and fender skirts optional at extra cost when available.

When the occasion calls for the finest, Monarch belongs—for Monarch is a masterpiece of modern automotive design. Whatever the setting, Monarch adds an extra touch of distinction to the scene, contributes an extra measure of satisfaction to the car owner who takes pride in possessing those things which are unmistakably above the average of quality and beauty. There's a thrilling sensation of power that stems from the high-spirited performance of Monarch's great 125-Hp. V-8 engine... a welcome feeling of relaxing comfort induced by Monarch's superb engineering, its incomparable riding qualities... a sense of supreme confidence inspired by Monarch's amazing roadability and ease of handling. Every road is a royal road when you drive a Monarch.

Ride like a King in a **Monarch V-8**



YOUR MONARCH DEALER WILL BE HAPPY TO ARRANGE A DEMONSTRATION AT YOUR CONVENIENCE

CELEBRATING A HALF-CENTURY OF FINE CAR CRAFTSMANSHIP



talked their own blunt language. "Cast your nets on the sea of knowledge and you'll catch bigger fish than ever swam in the Atlantic."

Coady took ten months to carry out Ottawa's request, but it left him with a heart ailment. On June 25, 1930, two hundred delegates from all over the Maritimes and the Magdalen Islands met in the Masonic Hall in Halifax to form the United Maritime Fishermen.

"Fishermen and farmers are serfs," Coady thundered at them. "They hand over the product of their labor

to someone else to use in speculation. Through co-operatives you could produce and market your own products—and regain control of your lives."

The fishermen listened, too uneasy to stand up and speak. Then Harry Boudreau, from Petite de Grat, got up. "Let's not be ashamed because we have educated men in our midst," he said. "We follow an honorable calling . . . let's speak and speak loud. It's the only way we can get anything for ourselves." The UMF became a federation of the many small co-op groups that formed in Coady's wake. It gave

the fishermen the loud voice they needed.

Though the groundwork had been laid years before by MacPherson's co-op efforts and Tompkins' study clubs, the Antigonish Movement began to take shape after Coady organized the fishermen. Field workers, many of them unpaid volunteers, went out from St. FX, preaching a doctrine of co-operation to the farmers of eastern Nova Scotia, the miners and steel workers of Cape Breton.

Mass meetings, stirred by spellbinders like Coady, split into small

study clubs. The St. FX Extension Department bombarded them with books and pamphlets on every phase of social activity, from banking and health insurance to mixing composts and canning blueberries. The university paid the shot out of its general funds, augmented by grants from the Carnegie Corporation.

As the study clubs grew into the hundreds, then the thousands, people of every class and religion joined in. The movement was catholic, not Roman Catholic. One of its leaders was the Rev. J. D. N. MacDonald, a United Church minister.

The people studied their problems, then set out to lick them. The people of Little Dover, a fishing village near Canso, were so destitute in 1928 that an official of the Nova Scotia government recommended they be moved away. Under the constant needling of Tompkins, still in Canso, the Little Dover fishermen formed a study circle.

In time they decided to have their own lobster cannery. They went out, cut the lumber and built it themselves. To equip it they borrowed a thousand dollars, two hundred from Tompkins. The first year they did an eight-thousand-dollar business. The next year they built two large community boats, erected a fish-processing plant and had a thirty-thousand-dollar turnover.

In 1931 Tompkins climbed up on the stern of a fishing boat, waved a crowd around him and started talking about credit unions, the people's banks that were spreading through Quebec and the eastern States.

At Larry's River, near Antigonish, the parish priest bought some wool and started the women knitting socks and mitts for lumberjacks. In one winter they earned a thousand dollars. The men cleared a site and built a three-story school, valued at ten thousand dollars. To do it they first built their own planing mill. In 1932 they built a co-op lobster factory. Bank loans were hard and costly to come by, so the people formed their own bank, a credit union. Adults contributed their dollars, kids put in pennies. A year after, with cash from their credit union, they opened a co-op store. Later they added a co-op fish plant.

Grand Etang, on Cape Breton, was so used to poverty that the Acadian villagers sang a parody which began, "The rich have everything, the poor nothing . . ." In 1918, with the wholesale price of lobster at today's dizzy heights, they got only eight or nine cents a pound for their catch. Now, with co-op marketing, taught by St. FX fieldmen, plus a carry-over from the wartime boom, they get twenty-two cents and their income has more than doubled. Their co-op fish plant does a \$125,000 business, their co-op store \$85,000, and they have \$58,000 saved in their credit union. Their homes all have electricity and most have radios. Nearly a third of Grand Etang's one hundred and fifty families own cars.

What was done in Little Dover, Larry's River and Grand Etang was repeated in scores of other small communities. Striking as the fiscal returns of the Antigonish Movement were, the greatest change was in the people. An American sociologist reported, "It is amazing what self-help and personal ownership has done for them. They were depressed and afraid. Now they feel they can tackle anything."

Pushed by St. FX, co-operation spread rapidly through the Maritimes. The Nova Scotia government, which had promoted co-op marketing, doubled its efforts. The federal Fisheries Department made a yearly grant—now



## There's **NEW BEAUTY** above with **imperial colours**

Attractively light in shade . . . with a glowing richness of tone . . . they're entirely different from any shingle colours ever achieved. In Red, Blue, Green and Black, they bring new and vibrant beauty to Canadian roofs.

Added to the many popular B.P. solid shades

and blends, they increase still further the value and variety of Canada's finest selection of beautiful shingle colours.

Their beauty endures. All B.P. Asphalt Shingles are built to give lasting protection overhead; are weather-resistant and fire-resistant.

Whenever you're thinking of building or of re-roofing, you'll want to consider these new Imperial Colours. See samples at your B.P. Dealer's or write for full-colour illustrated folder to Dept. M-2, P.O. Box 6063, Montreal; P.O. Box 99, Winnipeg.



# asphalt shingles

**BUILDING PRODUCTS LIMITED**  
Makers of famous B.P. Flortile and B.P. Insul-Ated Sidings



forty - six thousand dollars — to St. FX for an educational program for fishermen.

Ten years ago friends of the university and the movement chipped in their money—at a hundred dollars a share—to open CJFX, a five-thousand-watt station in Antigonish. Its shareholders include the Roman Catholic bishop, two Jewish theatre owners, a barber and several steelworkers. One director, Joe Flinn, is a miner. CJFX carries three lively educational programs a week, all locally produced. They are preceded by study bulletins sent out by the St. FX Extension Department and followed up by discussion groups.

Though Jimmy Tompkins was never reinstated to the St. FX faculty he remained one of the prime figures in the Antigonish Movement. Toasted at a dinner in London, England, he made his hosts squirm by remarking that there were thousands of hungry people in the city's slums crying out for the crumbs from their feast.

At a meeting of adult educators at the University of Maine an admirer cornered him. "Doctor," he said, "they tell me you're making good Catholics of all those fishermen."

Tompkins snorted, "God's sake, man, do you know any Catholic or Methodist way of canning lobsters?"

#### The Gospel of Jimmy Tompkins

Early in the Thirties he was moved to Reserve Mines, a Cape Breton coal town, and here he undertook his most spectacular venture: co-op housing. Under his direction eleven miners bought twenty acres of scrubby land and cleared it. They put in a hundred dollars each, got a loan from the Nova Scotia Housing Commission. Between shifts in the pit they helped one another build. They called their development Tompkinsville. Four-hundred co-op houses have since been built in Nova Scotia. The original Tompkinsville houses are being paid for at a rate of \$12.15 a month, more recent ones at forty dollars.

Several universities, Harvard among them, honored Tompkins, and visitors flocked to his cluttered rectory at Reserve. One man wrote him a sentence that the priest wants as his epitaph: "I like the Gospel according to Jimmy Tompkins."

For more than twenty years "Doc" Coady was easily the best-known personality in the Maritimes. Every week newspaper pictures showed him opening new schools, churches and community centres, all built by co-operation. Wherever he spoke, at Musquodoboit or in New York, it was to full houses. Boston College gave him an honorary degree, Co-operative Extension Services of Philadelphia named him Co-operator of the Year in 1948 and the next year he addressed the United Nations. The church, too, honored him, making him a monsignor in 1946.

In a book, *Masters of Their Own Destiny*, Coady lambasted "trap-door education"—the philosophy that teaches the lowly to rise from their class and join the elite—as the cause of classes in a supposedly classless society. He ridiculed the old saw that there is always room at the top. It was mathematically impossible, he said.

"What would happen," he asked, "if some day all the people in any of our towns and cities suddenly decided to go into business? We would be living by taking in one another's washing."

Coady and MacPherson now live in retirement on the St. FX campus. Tompkins died early last month at eighty-three after being a hospital patient for several years.

The St. FX leaders feel the Antigonish Movement has shown graphically that people in depressed areas can win security without resorting to violence, statism or ruthless individualism. H. H. Hannam, president of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, called it "a scheme for tomorrow that works today."

Robert M. Lester, secretary of the Carnegie Corporation, credits St. FX with "some of the most original and effective extra-mural work ever to come to the attention of the corporation." Archbishop R. J. Cushing of Boston

terms it "a symbol to millions of what a university should be."

The Antigonish Movement's techniques have spread to all parts of the world. Sponsored by governments, UN and private benefactors, men and women have come to St. FX from Holland, England, South America, Korea, China, India, Puerto Rico, Nigeria, Haiti, Greece and other lands to study co-operation. The traffic hasn't been all one-way. The Rev. M. J. MacKinnon, Coady's successor, is currently on loan to the governments of India, Pakistan and Ceylon. He

heads a four-man team of co-op experts teaching the principles of co-operation in those countries.

Adult education being roughly as lucrative as intercollegiate handball, not even the Antigonish Movement has put the Extension Department on a paying basis. At last count it was one hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars in the red. Coady explains it away with a comment that pretty well sums up St. FX and its exceptional work.

"We're not making money," he says, "We're making human beings." ★

**The New Seagull**

IT'S LIGHT  
IT'S COOL  
IT'S WASHABLE

ONLY THREE NINETY-FIVE ACROSS CANADA

**SHUTTLEWORTH**

HATMAKERS SINCE 1899

Sea Gull  
BY SHUTTLEWORTH

# SWEETHEART OF T



## HIGHLIGHTS OF PONTIAC QUALITY AND VALUE!

**PONTIAC'S HIGH-COMPRESSION SIX.** Compression has been stepped-up to deliver a brilliant 115 h.p. for outstanding performance plus unsurpassed L-head economy. (118 h.p. on Powerglide—or Dual-Range Hydra-Matic-equipped models).

**INCREASED ROOMINESS** has been cleverly engineered into the great 1953 Pontiacs for solid comfort all the way!

**NEW DELUXE COLOR-KEYED INTERIORS** with nylon-broadcloth and other fabrics in smart decorator colors harmonizing with the car color.

**NEW CRANK-OPERATED VENTI-PANE OPERATION.** Front Venti-Panes are crank-operated for greater ease. Rear Venti-Panes on Chieftains are restyled with relocated locks.

**HANDSOME NEW PANORAMA-VIEW INSTRUMENT PANEL** puts everything within easy sight and reach. "Green-glo" illumination for better night-time vision.

### OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT AT EXTRA COST

**SPECTACULAR DUAL-RANGE HYDRA-MATIC PERFORMANCE** on Chieftains gives you better control than ever. Gives you the power you want, when you want it, where you want it!

**NEW, FINER POWERGLIDE** on Laurentian and Pathfinder Deluxe series offers new flashing acceleration, greater economy and new over-all performance.

**POWER STEERING** eliminates as much as 75% of steering effort, yet lets you retain the "feel" of the wheel.

**THE AUTRONIC EYE** greatly increases convenience and safety during night driving by automatically dimming and brightening headlights.

**TINTED GLASS** with exclusive, graduated windshield tinting, greatly reduces unpleasant heat and glare.

Pictured above is the Pontiac Chieftain Deluxe Catalina "8". Every mile you drive it, you'll be pleasantly conscious of its distinctive character.

Whether you choose a Catalina "6" or "8", you'll know that you command a car with more power than you'll probably ever need in its rugged, high-compression engine; a big, roomy, restful car with striking Dual-Streak styling and luxurious Body by Fisher. No wonder we call it "The Sweetheart of the Silver Streaks."

Remember, too, that Pontiac offers you a choice of 29 models in 5 great series—the Pathfinder, Pathfinder Deluxe, Laurentian, Chieftain Special and Chieftain Deluxe. Every model possesses qualities

**SEE YOUR NEAREST PONTIAC DEALER TODAY**



# THE SILVER STREAKS



that add up to all that any car can offer—yet are available to you in a Pontiac at amazingly modest cost.

And the longer you own a Pontiac, the more you admire it. Every mile makes you more fully aware of the progressive engineering and sound construction that have earned Pontiac's unsurpassed reputation for dependability and long-range economy.

Why not come in and see the great new 1953 Silver Streak Pontiac? Put it through its paces and see for yourself that Pontiac very definitely has a character all its own—a distinction that will make Pontiac miles the most pleasant miles you've ever known.

***DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR YOU CAN'T BEAT***

# ***Pontiac***

***A GENERAL MOTORS  
MASTERPIECE***

**DRIVE A GREAT NEW DUAL-STREAK PONTIAC!**



## Keep Your Pretty Cottons Like New All Summer...

- without  
home washing!

Trust your  
fine cottons  
to your  
Sanitone  
Dry Cleaner's  
"Cotton Clinic"

- Perspiration completely removed
- All dirt out... colors sparkle
- Spots gone... no cleaning odor
- Like-new look and feel restored by Style-Set finish

Avoid the needless drudgery of home washing... tedious ironing... the dowdy look of home starching! The Sanitone "Cotton Clinic" is a service especially designed to keep high-fashion cottons looking like new.

You'll be amazed at the way new Style-Set finish crisps cottons... preserves delicate style features... yet never makes fabrics uncomfortably stiff!

Watch your local newspaper for further information on your Sanitone Dry Cleaner's "Cotton Clinic."



TO FIND YOUR SANITONE DRY CLEANER: Look in your classified phone book for this symbol... the sign of skilled craftsmen using a new and better kind of dry cleaning.

A few Sanitone franchises are still available for quality-minded dry cleaners who can meet the Sanitone standards of excellence and who want to offer this really new, really better kind of dry cleaning. Write today.

## Sanitone Dry Cleaning Service

Division of Emery Industries, Inc., Cincinnati 2, Ohio

### FIND OUT HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR CLOTHES!

Send for this valuable book today! Tells how to select and care for your wardrobe. Reveals inside facts on dry cleaning. Complete section on newest fabrics.

Emery Industries, Sanitone Dept. M-6, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Gentlemen: Please send me your new 36-page book on Modern Fabric Cleaning. Enclosed is 25¢ in coin.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

PROVINCE .....



## WIT AND WISDOM



**IN THE RED** Today's typical citizen is defined as the guy who wears last year's suit and drives this year's car on next year's salary. *Vancouver Province.*

**IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE** The Moscow Press brags about its transit system. We are proud to say there is no city in Canada where you would hear subversive stuff like that. *Brandon (Man.) Sun.*

**FEED THE BRUTES** No matter how careless neighbors are about returning things, they always send your children home at mealtime. *Toronto Star.*

**ANCIENT IDIOTS** There are many boys of eighteen who just can't believe that some day they'll be as dumb as their fathers. *Rouyn-Noranda (Que.) Press.*

**MUCH BETTER HALF** The way to please a woman is to let her think she is getting her own way. The way to do this is to give her her own way. *Calgary Herald.*

**WASTELAND** A poet's work is but the reflection of his mind, says a poet. Which accounts for some blank verse. —*Victoria Colonist.*

**MOTHER'S GIRL** "Did you see how pleased Mrs. Smith looked when I told her she didn't look a day older than her daughter?"

"I didn't notice. I was too busy watching the expression on her daughter's face." *Alaska Highway News (B.C.)*

**BUSY SIGNAL** The Hollywood executive barked at his secretary: "Where's my pencil?"

"It's behind your ear, sir," she replied.

"Come girl, I'm a busy man," he snapped. "Which ear?" *Galt (Ont.) Reporter.*

**PEN PALS** A young couple sent a playpen as a gift to a friend who had just had her fourth child. They received this thank-you note: "The pen is a perfect godsend. I sit in it every week end and read." *Moose Jaw Times Herald.*

**THE CHAMP** "Who was braver than Lancelot, wiser than Socrates, more honorable than Lincoln, wittier than Mark Twain, and more handsome than Apollo?"

"My wife's first husband." *Port Perry (Ont.) Star.*

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S



**Kodak**  
TRADE-MARK



## Hug the memory tight— in snapshots

Each golden moment of childhood—  
each shining hour of youth—each  
priceless memory of your married years—  
they're yours for pennies in snapshots  
—if you keep your camera ready.



**Take your camera with you everywhere—  
for that's where great snapshots are**

It's so easy to save your memories instead of wishing you had. Just  
get the take-your-camera habit. Take it everywhere—and use it.  
On the porch. In the yard. On family outings. Wherever you go.  
Try it for a week, and you'll want to do it all your life.

New, thrifty Duo-Pak holds two rolls of Kodak  
Verichrome Film for black-and-white snapshots.  
One for your camera . . . one for a spare. In  
the popular sizes 620, 120, and 127.

First choice of beginners and experts alike—  
Genuine Kodak Film—in the familiar yellow box

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited  
Toronto 9, Ontario

# for a Royal Reception



## Corby's Royal Reserve

**RYE WHISKY**

In a smart  
**Royal Carton**

Lift high the glasses!  
Drink a royal toast with the  
whisky that befits the  
occasion . . . Corby's Royal  
Reserve! Buy it today in  
its smart new carton at no  
additional cost.



Available Now at all Government Liquor Stores

## The Strange Rites of Royalty

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

couldn't think of anything for a long time. Finally he thought of the national anthem. The idea was no sooner in his mind than Miss Tree played it on the piano. The audience immediately sprang rigidly to attention. Miss Tree finished and everybody began to file out. The evening had only begun but, the national anthem having been played, the entertainment was obviously over and the bewildered monarch and his wife who had only just arrived had to go home.

These things will all be noted, together with the fact that as long as all these different peoples kept singing together they seemed to get along better, for the most part, than those who didn't.

Such queer goings on will not surprise the anthropologists, who are quite used to this sort of thing, but they will certainly astonish and fascinate the layman of the future, as indeed they astonish and fascinate some of the laymen of today.

It will intrigue him to learn, for example, that certain people in the twentieth century felt a certain magical thrill in touching the person of their monarch. The Duke of Windsor, in his memoirs, mentions this curious "touching phenomenon" which followed him all across Canada. He was never free from hands plucking at him like branches in a forest. His brother, when Duke of York, once had to make a speech in Jamaica which he rehearsed carefully because of his stutter. As he got through the difficult words he could feel his ankles and thighs being prodded by the people beneath the speaker's dais and, at one point, he heard a girl at his heels whisper "Say, have you touched the Prince?" and another reply, "Yes, three times." Later he had an even more curious experience when he held his camp for boys at Southwold. Each year members of the crowd would

push forward hoping they might touch him and thus be cured of sickness. Indeed, during the last years of his father's reign, a Scottish cleric wrote to the newspapers suggesting that a crippled boy who had learned to walk without crutches might have been cured by "the royal touch." Linked to this is the equally strange belief in the "King's weather": a feeling that on great days of royal pageantry — and this was most noticeable on George V's jubilee and again on his funeral day — the weather will always be fine.

None of this curiosa will astonish the anthropologists. For they have seen it all before at some period in history. They know that in Korea the ancient kings were supposed to influence the rain and in Mexico the kings swore to make the sun shine, and that from southern Celebes to Homeric Greece, a good king (that is, one who followed in the path of his ancestors) could make the earth rich and the crops grow. They know that in ancient Ireland it was popularly supposed that if the monarch obeyed the customs of his ancestors the weather would be mild; that in the Middle Ages, Waldemar I of Denmark touched the children brought to him to make them thrive and that Elizabeth I of England touched her subjects to heal them of scrofula. For, in primitive times, kings and queens often started out as magicians and often ended up as gods and goddesses.

There are other points of similarity between the kings of the past and the Queen of today and it may be that in the future the anthropologists will come to the conclusion that the British constitutional monarchy, that supposedly modern development of an inventive nation, is, in reality, as old as the Hellespont.

In the past decade or so it has come as something of a shock to the British peoples to realize that the task of a king or queen is not the enviable one envisioned in fairy tales, where an ermined monarch puts up his daughter as first prize in the dragon-slaying competition. Marion Crawford, the present Queen's governess, has given a picture of what it meant to one man to

### CORRECTION

In the February 1 issue of Maclean's Magazine a Nuffield Exports Limited advertisement claimed the Morris car gives "quick starts at 100 degrees below zero." That statement was incorrect. It should have read "Quick starts at or below zero temperatures."

NUFFIELD EXPORTS LIMITED

# POISON

# IVY

POISON OAK

STOP ITCHING with this excellent new treatment for ivy, oak or sumac poisoning. It's gentle and **SAFE** for children and adults, quickly dries up the blisters — often within a day. At druggists, 69¢

## IVY-DRY

For booklet "Ivy Poison Treatment" send 10¢ to IVY CORPORATION, Dept. A Montclair, N.J.



become King of England: a wan picture of a saddened man laboriously practicing his new signature at his desk; a grey picture of a new queen saying quietly "We must take what is coming and make the best of it"; a wistful picture of two small children looking up in horror when they found they had to move from a home to a palace.

But the picture does not differ greatly from primitive times, from Cambodia in Indo-China where it was often necessary to force the kingships of Fire and Water on the reluctant successors to the throne, or the Savage Island where the monarchy actually came to an end because nobody could be persuaded to take the job, or various parts of West Africa where a prospective king has to be seized, bound and kept a prisoner until he is induced to accept the crown.

#### "At It All The Time"

We may not kill our kings outright, as the Zulus did, or the Shilluk of the upper Nile, but we allow them to kill themselves as surely as the King of Calicut on the Malabar coast of Africa who was required to slit his own throat. The entire British world watched its last King die by inches, knowing from the Press (including this magazine) that the job was destroying him, but never lifting a finger to lessen the more arduous aspects of his task. Indeed, the fact that he committed suicide by doing his duty has been commented on favorably on all sides, as it was in the days when the King of Quilacare in India stood on a specially built platform and hacked himself to death in front of his subjects. Already George VI is being spoken of as George the Good, because of his sacrifices. The last member of the royal line to receive this appellation was Albert of Saxe-Coburg, who also quite literally killed himself from overwork.

"We permanent officials never have a real holiday," King Edward VII once remarked to a fellow civil servant. "We have to be at it all the time." His son, in the final year of World War I, remarked that of all his subjects, he alone

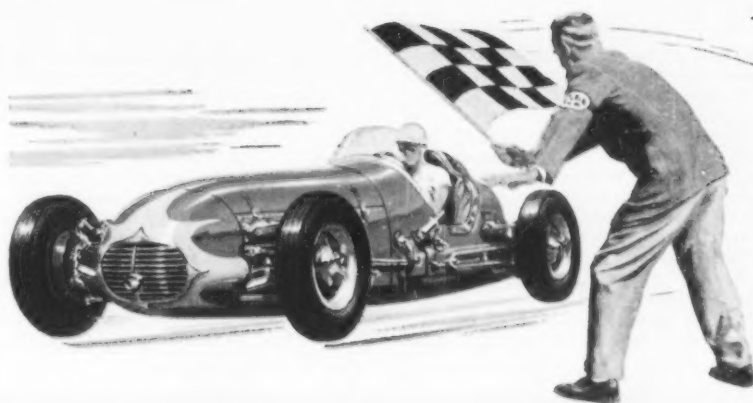
never knew what a day of rest was like. For always there is the endless signing . . . signing . . . signing. The British monarch signs his name between thirty and sixty thousand times a year. It plagues him until he dies—indeed a reference to it forms the last item in Queen Victoria's diary. But it is the least of the sovereign's tasks.

Every year of her life the new Queen must shake hands with upwards of five thousand people and receive the bows or curtsies of twenty thousand more. She will spend a thousand hours granting interviews and receive up to five hundred bouquets a year. If she visited every one of the two hundred and eighty thousand establishments anxious to receive the royal benediction she would have no time for anything else for the next fifty years. If a new war comes, one of her duties will be to personally award decorations. Her grandfather pinned fifty thousand ribbons on fifty thousand breasts. The time can easily come when her hand is so limp from shaking others that she will have to wear it in a sling, or when her voice becomes so husky from speechmaking that she cannot talk above a whisper. The last Prince of Wales suffered both these afflictions. Little wonder then that Bernard Shaw, who did not much care for royalty, was moved to suggest, when George VI ascended the throne, that the country set up a society for the protection of royal personages.

Yet these are not the real reasons why one royal personage accepts the throne with misgivings and another steps down from it with alacrity.

On Mount Agu in Togo in West Africa, on the very highest peak, there dwells a powerful but unfortunate man. He is king of all the land and is worshipped as such. But he is doomed for life to stay on his mountain. He may come down once a year to make purchases but even then he may not enter the homes of his subjects and must return the same day to the heights to which his destiny has banished him.

There is more than a passing similarity between Mount Agu and the summit upon which the British sover-



## THE REAL "WINNER" AT INDIANAPOLIS IS YOUR CAR

... Because from this world famous 500-Mile Race have come a great many of the major developments and improvements now used in your car. Advancements in spark plug engineering are a perfect example. Champion-equipped engines have won the vast majority of these races. The knowledge and experience gained in this toughest of all testing grounds is used by our engineers to produce constantly improved, better performing, more dependable Champions for your car. So try a set! You will never again be satisfied with ordinary spark plugs.

Better by Far for EVERY CAR

Regardless of Make or Year!



**Smart's**  
**POWER MOWERS**  
**FOR '53**

**NEW STYLING!**  
**NEW FEATURES!**  
**NEW VALUE!**

**Rotary Type**  
**"ROTO-CHIEF"**

Smart's new all-purpose mower for smooth turf, tall grass and weeds. Trims close to trees, walls, fences! Automatically pulverizes and spreads lawn cuttings—saves raking. Amazingly light and powerful—weighs only 43 lbs. Simple, direct drive means fewer moving parts.

- 1.2 HP Power Products engine
- Cast aluminum housing, crackle finish
- Take-apart handle for storage
- Direct drive—no chains, belts

**\$99.75**  
in most localities

**"TROJAN"** **Reel Type**

Finest reel-type power mower ever designed by Smart's—embodies new principle of tubular steel engine mounting for lightness, strength, ease of operation. Self-propelled—simply guide it! Abundant power for terrace or hill. Full ball bearings.

- Finger-tip control—automatic clutch
- Adjustable to any cutting height—18" cut
- Heavy duty non-slip semi-pneumatic tires
- 1 HP Red Seal Continental engine

**\$125.00**  
in most localities

**Smart's**  
power mowers  
are backed by  
a century of  
lawn mower  
manufacture.

At Hardware  
and Dept.  
Stores  
across Canada

**CANADA FOUNDRIES & FORGINGS LIMITED—BROCKVILLE, ONTARIO**

eign finds himself. Tennyson saw it and, on taking leave of the ageing Victoria, put it into words: "You are so alone on that terrible height." For the great Queen, who felt that the British Army was her own personal possession and who once gave orders to the captain of her yacht that the waves must cease to rock it, could never come down from her mountain. Once, when she had tasted a little haggis in the cottage of one of the humblest of her subjects, she remarked sadly that food in small houses always seemed to taste better than her own. On another occa-

sion she remarked wistfully that she had never seen a British railway ticket and was surprised to learn they were made of pasteboard instead of thin pieces of paper.

Now a new Queen sits upon the royal mountaintop on whose steep slopes are implanted the thick forests of taboo. Future generations may see her task as a Dutch traveler saw that of the heir to the throne of Loango in West Africa in the mid-seventeenth century. He reported that his upbringing was so fettered by increasing ceremony that "at the moment he ascends the throne he is

lost in an ocean of rites and taboos."

Queen Elizabeth II might think it strange that the King of Loango could never be seen at his meals by any of his subjects or that the King of the Buganda could never leave his home on foot but must ride astride a special carrier. Yet she herself has never been photographed in the act of eating a meal, nor can she leave her own palace on foot: she must take a limousine or a state coach.

If the King of Monomotapa could wear no foreign clothing for fear it might be poisoned, neither can the

Queen of England for fear that the action may poison British trade. She must buy British and she must be careful what she buys for she must not favor one manufacturer to the exclusion of all others.

The King of the Matabele would never receive strangers until they had been rendered fit for his presence by being sprinkled with a green sticky substance applied by a cow's tail. But in Britain, no woman can be received in an evening court without three ostrich feathers in her hair.

And if it seems strange that the King of the Ashanti must always appear with sandals on his feet, it is no stranger than the rule which forbids the Queen of the British to appear before school children in slacks.

It is odd to think that, in common with a great many other peoples, we use a special language to address the Queen, but one has only to look at the royal proclamations or illuminated addresses with their "May it please your Majesty" or their "Gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Elizabeth" to realize that this is true. In Burma, the monarch on his accession was known only by his title: his name was taboo. Similarly within Buckingham Palace, nobody refers to the sovereign as "Elizabeth." She is "the Queen" or "Her Majesty."

#### Nobody Noticed The "Baa-baa"

There is one other similarity between the British Crown and ancient kingships which is striking. And this, too, the anthropologists of the future must remark: The Queen today is like the monarch of Ponape, one of the Caroline Islands, who was apparently all-powerful and who did indeed know by heart all the sacred prayers and liturgy but whose government was entirely in the hands of a grand vizier or prime minister.

For modern monarchs, like ancient kings, far from being absolute rulers are themselves absolutely ruled. George V was bundled into a car and rushed to Westminster Abbey to take part in a thanksgiving service for his recovery with an open wound still in his back. They can have a four-pound crown clapped on their head and a speech thrust in their hands and they must read it as their own, though everyone who hears it understands the fiction and half of those who hear it know in advance what it contains. This so angered George IV that he went to the lengths of inserting the words "baa-baa blacksheep" in the middle of a speech from the throne as a protest. But it did no good for nobody noticed.

Why then are kings and queens not only suffered but venerated in the age of the atom? Why is it that an impending royal tour to Canada can cause a provincial premier to build a special bathroom in his house, a Port Arthur hotel to spend fifteen thousand dollars importing furniture and shifting windows, and a Vancouver Island resort to lay in stocks of blue Kleenex and green orchids? Why is it that a canceled royal tour to Australia can cause a loss of four million dollars to Sydney and Melbourne and bitter disappointment to a man who tore up his garden to produce the single word "Welcome" in flowers? Why, when a king gives an abdication speech on the radio does the entire nation stand stiffly at attention, including the husband of the woman he gave up the throne for?

The answer, as Sir Winston Churchill suggests, lies somewhere in the realm of magic, as the ancient kingships did. In a way, the British Queen is looked on as part goddess by a substantial number of her subjects and in this sense she is as powerful in the Brit-



**DEWAR'S**  
**"SPECIAL"**  
**SCOTCH WHISKY**  
never varies

*Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland*

AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES

M-53J



ish world as the spirit of Mahomet in the Muslim. The coronation service, which is a thousand years old, has about it faint whispers of the ancient priest-kings, for its central figure is an archbishop and its signal moment is not the crowning but the consecration—the one item in the ritual which is not to be televised.

Like a god, the monarch, in abstract at least, is immortal. After his mother's demise, Edward VII spotted a flag flying at half-mast on the royal yacht and immediately sent to know why. "The Queen is dead," came the reply. "But the King lives!" cried Edward and ordered the flag run up again.

Like a goddess, a queen can be nothing less than perfect. Her appearance must be above reproach and her actions must be supra-human and this is why she cannot be shown munching an apple or lying on a beach or riding in the subway. But, more important, her inner being must be godlike: she herself must be pure in heart; she must conform to the accepted standards of her day and she must follow faithfully in the footsteps of her ancestors as the ancient Irish kings had to do. For if she does not—if she neglects her business, or walks about the streets like a mortal, or seeks to marry a divorcee—the crops of Empire will fail and the fruits of Commonwealth will wither on their vine.

To assist her in this patently impossible duty, she has the backing of Press, parliament and public. Her person is sacrosanct. Her adviser may be upbraided; she never. The "palace" can be attacked but not the sovereign. The strength of this taboo was never more apparent than during the Abdication crisis when, for months, an entire nation was kept in the dark about its King's indiscretions so that even the pages of American news magazines reporting this incident were clipped before being placed on British newsstands. From the British Press there pours a daily Niagara of trivia about the sovereign. All of it is innocuous, all of it adulatory. Indeed it is doubtful if a newspaper or member of parliament could long survive the wave of public disapproval that would result from any criticism of the person of the crown.

This is by no means accidental. It is studied. Palace servants are screened as carefully as members of the U. S. State Department. No one who has business at the palace enters it without being warned of the penalties for speaking about the sovereign in public. Servants who do so are dismissed, their pensions canceled, and a notice detailing their crime posted in all servants' quarters in all the royal homes. Tradersmen who are indiscreet lose their custom. A Guardsman once happened to mention that George V had greeted him one day with the words: "Good morning. How's your health?" For this disclosure he was dismissed. Thomas Lawrence Jerram, the late King's valet, was recently asked to write his memoirs. Though he lives on only a small pension he replied that he would not do it for fifty thousand pounds.

Newspapers who break the taboo, in the mildest way, find their reporters no longer get entrée to royal affairs. Recently a press conference was held to launch an expensive limited edition of a book about the royal philatelic collection. All papers got invitations except the weekly Observer, the dean of the Sunday press. And a man from the palace was posted at the conference to make sure that no one from the Observer, under some other guise, got into the affair. No one knew exactly what the paper had done to incur this treatment, but no one wanted to find himself in a similar position.

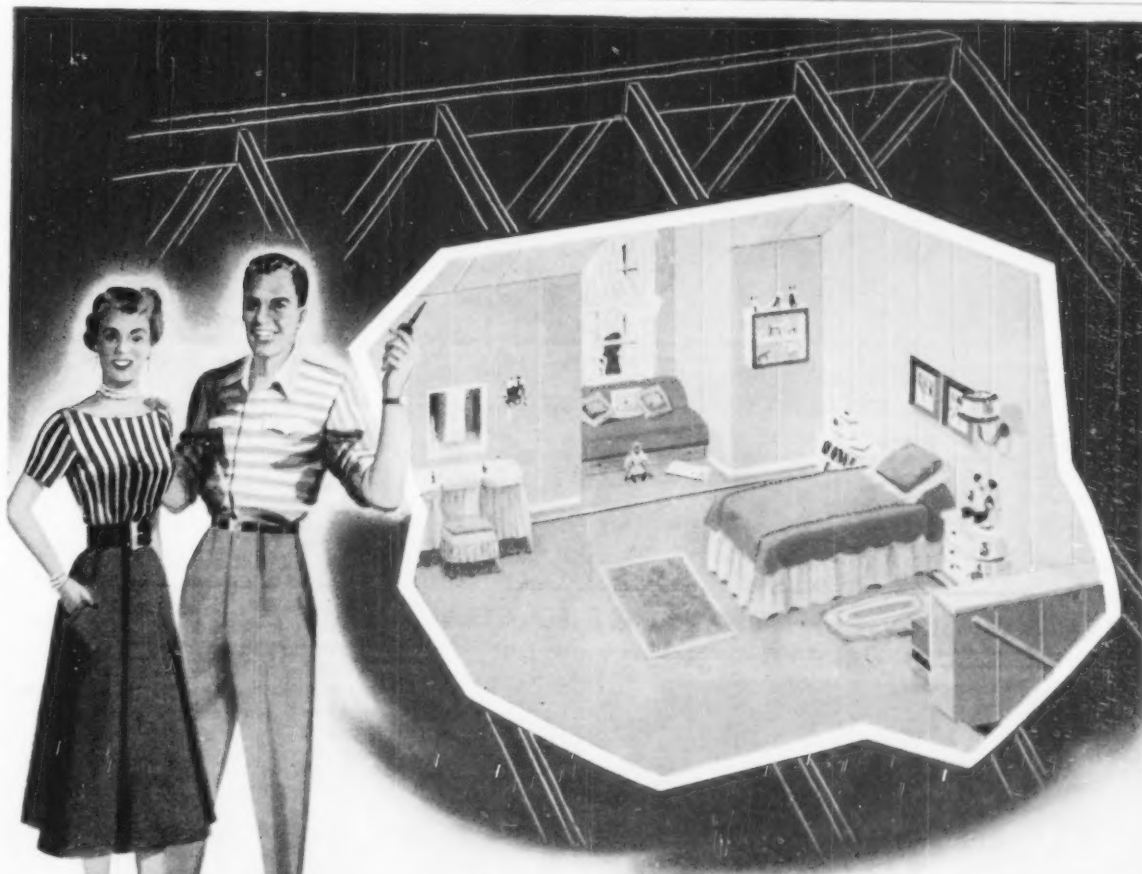
The palace's grapevine is sensitive enough. Not long ago a report about the same stamp book appeared in the Toronto Globe and Mail some hours before it was supposed to be released. Within twenty-four hours the press officer at Buckingham Palace had a copy of the paper on his desk and was making enquiries to find out how the breach had occurred.

But gods and goddesses have their practical uses and there is little doubt that the British monarchy is worth every sixpence spent on it.

First, there is the everyday business

of trade. The sovereign is imitated by her realm. When Queen Alexandra developed a slight limp, members of her court limped with her. When Edward VII left a button of his waistcoat undone, buttons popped around the Empire. When the Prince of Wales appeared in a sailor suit, the streets were white with little boys similarly attired. This very real power, which the Queen wields, is useful when a nation's business is sagging. Queen Mary's pastel lace dresses promoted the Nottingham lace trade. Queen Elizabeth's purchases have like results.

Then, there is the practical business of social leadership. Some modern states who lack kings have found it necessary to invent a substitute. France needs a president as well as a premier. And New York City found that the mayor's practical duties were becoming so heavy that it needed another man to handle his social tasks; hence Grover Whalen with his white carnation and perpetual smile. The U. S. president, burdened by his considerable duties, must still find time to greet and entertain the representatives of foreign powers. Much of this burden is lifted



We made a room for Janet  
...in just 3 week-ends!

## DONNACONA INSULATING BOARD

MAKES IT EASY TO "Do it Yourself"

Yes, when Janet needed a room we built it ourselves! DONNACONA INSULATING BOARD was the secret — a rigid, all-wood fibreboard that insulates as it builds. No wonder the new room is cool in summer, cosy in winter! Free Murray plans showed us how to install the convenient panels of Donnacona Insulating Board. Walls and partitions were easy to erect with this wonder material... so easy to saw and nail, so light to handle. And there's a variety of finishes and joint treatments that makes Donnacona Insulating Board a real boon for "Mr. Weekend Carpenter."

Call on your Murray dealer and find out how easy and inexpensive extra rooms can be! Or fill in and mail this coupon today.



**Alexander MURRAY & Company**  
LIMITED

HALIFAX • SAINT JOHN • MONTREAL • TORONTO • WINNIPEG • VANCOUVER  
Division of Dominion Tar & Chemical Company Limited

### FREE PLANS

To: ALEXANDER MURRAY & COMPANY LIMITED,  
Dept. M, 760 Sun Life Building, Montreal, P.Q.

Please send me my free copy of the Murray folder "RECREATION ROOMS and EXTRA BEDROOMS"

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Prov. ....

## FIRST TIME IN CANADA! Distinguished Style Leader



Now, for the first time in Canada, see the all-new Zephyr 6... in a distinctive class of its own. Zephyr presents the "new look" in big-car styling, comfort and convenience... an entirely new concept of motoring pride with economy.

Seats are upholstered in leather and "contour-slung" between rails for more comfortable riding. Its new, thrifty 6-cylinder engine gives smooth performance with lively getaway. Inspect the new Zephyr 6 soon. See your Ford Dealer.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED



# Zephyr 6

SALES AND SERVICE FROM COAST TO COAST

from the British prime minister's shoulders by his sovereign. Nor has the American president anyone to turn to in moments of despair or indecision, for there is no high and continuing link between the past and the future. In the days following Roosevelt's death Harry Truman could have welcomed the reassuring presence of a monarch.

There is, again, the mystical business of tradition. The silver trowels in their morocco cases, the golden keys to non-existent doorways, the silver spades for turning initial sods, the vellum scrolls with their careful illuminations—all these have their place. The presence of the sovereign, moving down the endless lines of troops, attending ancient churches, and taking her part in each of the hoary ceremonies that are her lot, year after year, reminds the English people of their common past and inspires them in a common future. In war and disaster, the sovereign's presence on the scene offers a comfort at once more practical and more mystical than that of the "royal touch" for scrofula.

Finally, there is the magical business of the Commonwealth. In the great public pageants it inspires, the British monarchy provides for a common wave of emotion to sweep through the United Kingdom and the scattered lands across the seas; and it is this group sentiment, felt by all, superseding ties, antagonisms, schisms and disparities, that binds the British world together. Indeed it is all that is left to do the binding. The marriage of a princess, the funeral of a king, the birth of an heir, the coronation of a queen—these, with the tours of the realm, are the real *raison d'être* of the monarchy. A cynic has called it, with a certain truth, "the national soap opera—complete with commercials."

The illness of a prince—later Edward

VII—once secured the throne from a wave of republican sentiment. The jubilee of a queen—Victoria—raised it from its nadir to its peak. A royal pageant sets off a chain reaction of incidents, some great, some tiny, about the globe. A princess is engaged and two sentimental young English spinsters making toast together when they heard the news are so moved they wrap up the pieces and send them to her as a wedding gift. She is married and fragments of her wedding cake are passed from hand to hand, like reliquiae, on the Fijian Islands. A king dies and Lloyd's of London ceases all business, Zulus stop their games, Maltese shops close their doors, Hong Kong radio stations go silent, and all along the Tasman Sea the churchbells begin to toll.

Of all these royal pageants, the transcendent is the Coronation. It dwarfs all others by its size, its splendor and its complexity. It takes thousands of men almost a year to prepare it, though it lasts only a few hours. As early as last November Guardsmen were pacing the streets and state coaches were out practicing the turns. In the Ministry of Works men were carefully constructing a scale model of the route from Palace to Abbey, down to the last tree. In the Royal Mews, behind the Palace, horses were being frightened with gramophone records and dummies in red coats, so they would learn to be calm by the time the day arrived.

No other country crowns its monarch with such ceremony. The fanfare attendant upon this festival is such that when Edward VII's was postponed, the great hotelier Cesar Ritz suffered a collapse from which he never fully recovered. For a coronation occupies the energies and the minds of the nation to the point where all else seems to stand still. The Coronation of Elizabeth II will cause the circulation of three



## Best Buy for Your Summer Holiday

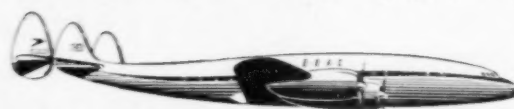


Through Bookings to 25 key cities of Europe, all on one ticket when you fly B.O.A.C. and its sister airline, British European Airways.

See your travel agent...  
your railway ticket office... or

**BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION**  
MONTREAL • TORONTO • VANCOUVER  
\*I. A. T. A. Approved Tourist Fare

# B.O.A.C. Constellation Comfort at the Lowest Fare in the Air!



## \$253 Montreal-Glasgow \$455.40 ROUND TRIP\*

Compare B.O.A.C. with any other way of going abroad. Only by flying can you fit Europe into your two-weeks paid vacation... without taking extra time off.

And only B.O.A.C. gives your Montreal-Britain flight such double comfort. The travel comfort of world-famous Constellations, plus the carefree comfort of 16 years of transatlantic know-how.

Leave Montreal Friday afternoon. Be back

for the second Monday. Have time for two exciting weeks abroad. And fly both ways at lowest available air fares, with tempting meals included!

Yes, any way you look at it... B.O.A.C. is your best buy to Britain and Europe!

# FLY B.O.A.C.



hundred million dollars in Britain; but more important perhaps is the mystic way in which it takes its hold upon her subjects.

To justify it, she must be a good queen, at least in the anthropological sense, for no other form of sovereign has satisfied the British since Victoria came to the throne. In this connection, it may be germane to quote the following passage:

The idea that . . . kingdoms are despotisms in which the people exist only for the sovereign is wholly inapplicable . . . On the contrary, the sovereign in them exists only for his subjects; his life is only valuable as long as he discharges the duties of his position by ordering the course of nature for his people's benefit. So soon as he fails to do so, the care, the devotion, the religious homage which they had hitherto lavished on him cease and are changed into hatred and contempt; he is dismissed ignominiously . . . Worshipped as a god one day, he is . . . a criminal the next. But in this changed behaviour of the people there is nothing capricious or inconsistent. On the contrary, their conduct is entirely of a piece. If their king is their god, he is or should also be their preserver; and if he will not preserve them, he must make room for another who will. So long, however, as he answers their expectations, there is no limit to the care which they take of him, and which they compel him to take of himself. A king of this sort lives hedged in by a ceremonious etiquette, a network of prohibitions and observances, of which the intention is not to contribute to his dignity, much less to his comfort, but to restrain him from conduct which . . . might involve himself, his people and the universe in one common catastrophe. Far from adding to his comfort, these observances, by trammeling his every act, annihilate his freedom and often render the very life, which it is their object to preserve, a burden and sorrow to him.

These words were not written to describe the British monarchy in the days of Edward VIII, George VI or Elizabeth II. They were written by Sir James Frazer, the anthropologist, discussing the primitive kingdoms of old. But they may, with little revision, be used again when some future anthropology casts its searching light upon the monarchy of our times. ★

## Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

open seats, and refused to take them, but every applicant had been offered something.

This does not mean, of course, that all the Canadians who wanted to go to the Coronation got there. There was the Indian in British Columbia who kept writing to the Under-Secretary of State, Charles Stein, threatening to set off in a canoe if the Government wouldn't pay his ocean passage. And there were the Chiefs of Staff.

To do them justice, this idea didn't originate with the Chiefs of Staff and, so far as I know, they didn't even support it. But in the early stages of planning, when correspondence was still at "a fairly low official level," the army came up with a brainwave. Why not have all the Chiefs of Staff riding horses in the Coronation procession?

When this notion came before the Coronation Committee somebody wanted to know how Admiral E. R. Mainguy, Chief of the Naval Staff, would look on a horse. Had he ever ridden one? And what about the Chief of the Air Staff, Air Marshal Roy Slemmon?

What really killed it, though, was the problem of Dr. O. M. Solandt, who as chairman of the Defense Research Board has the rank of a chief of staff. Solandt is a civilian. What would he wear—morning coat and top hat with riding breeches? Or hunting pinks?

By this time even the originators of the scheme could see it had certain defects, and it was quietly dropped.

OPPOSITION LEADER George Drew and M. J. Coldwell, leader of the CCF, have been pulling each other's leg lately about an item somebody sent to Drew from Korea. It's a copy of The Crown News, a mimeographed "journal of the First Commonwealth Division," and a recent paragraph from "our Maple Leaf reporter" began thus: "The leaders of the socialist and the CCF parties Mr. Coldwell (sic) and Mr. Drew both put motions of no confidence against the Government."

OTTAWA is in serious danger, this week, of becoming cross-eyed. One eye is fixed on the Coronation in London,

YOU GET ONLY



BECAUSE IT'S

**'COOL CONTROL'**

BREWED

"COOL CONTROL" brewing extracts only the top goodness from Dow quality ingredients by eliminating all adverse temperature variations in the brewing process.

DCM-18

**Specialists**  
in **NATION-WIDE MOVING**

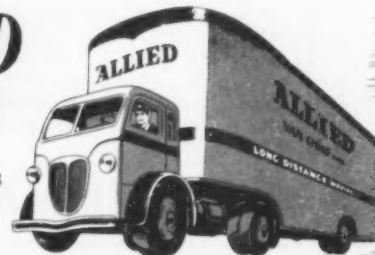


OVER **50** AGENT MEMBERS FROM COAST TO COAST

A move to some far-off city can be as carefree as a move to the other side of town. It's easy, safe and economical when you move the Allied way.

**ALLIED**  
**VAN LINES**  
**LTD.**

CANADA'S MASTER MOVERS  
Agents in all principal  
Canadian cities



MACLEAN'S

LOCKE

"O.K. George, I'll be there early — the office doesn't close till 5, of course, but I'll start developing a cough about 11 a.m., then . . ."

## Now! Young Male High School Graduates

# CAN GO TO COLLEGE AND AT THE SAME TIME WIN THE QUEEN'S COMMISSION

High school graduates may now obtain a college education and at the same time win the Queen's Commission in the Royal Canadian Navy, the Canadian Army, or the Royal Canadian Air Force, under the Regular Officer Training Plan.

Students may be selected to attend Royal Military College, Royal Roads, Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean or designated universities.

Under the R.O.T.P. students receive generous financial assistance from the government throughout their academic careers.

Students who take advantage of this plan are required after graduation to spend the minimum of three years as commissioned officers in the service of their choice.

### QUALIFICATIONS

Students must have obtained Senior Matriculation or equivalent and be accepted for entry to university (Junior Matriculation for entrance to Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean).

#### Applicants must:

- Be single.
- Be physically fit.
- Be able to meet officer selection standards.
- Have reached their 16th but not their 21st birthday on January 1st, 1953. (16th but not 20th for Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean).

### FINANCIAL CONDITIONS

The Department of National Defence will pay for the cost of books, instruments, tuition and other necessary fees. During the entire college course, food and lodging or a subsistence allowance will be provided. Under the plan students will receive \$30.00 a month for the first academic term and will be required to save from summer earnings to pay for incidentals during the second and subsequent years.

During summer training periods they may earn up to \$680.00 with food and lodging provided.

They will also receive free medical and dental care, annual leave, plus uniforms and equipment required for military duty.

Applications for admission should be made before July 1st, 1953.

#### WRITE FOR APPLICATION FORMS NOW

Regular Officer Training Plan Selection Board,  
National Defence Headquarters,  
Ottawa, Ont.

Please send to me application forms and full  
particulars on the R.O.T.P.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Please check preferred service:

☐ NAVY

☐ ARMY

☐ AIR FORCE

TRAIN TO SERVE AS AN OFFICER IN CANADA'S ARMED FORCES

the other on the election campaign in British Columbia. There hasn't been an election in years on which so few people are willing to bet, or even make firm predictions.

Howard Green, Conservative MP for Vancouver-Quadra, made a private forecast in January 1952, before the old Coalition Government had even split up, which turned out to be substantially correct. But this time Howard won't venture even a guess.

Social Credit Premier W. A. C. Bennett and his disciples are predicting that they'll win as many as forty of the forty-eight seats. Passing on this forecast, the Social Crediters here recall that Bennett made a survey before his two provincial by-elections last fall and came within two percent of predicting the votes actually cast. They don't go so far as to say he's had time to survey the whole province with equal care, but they sort of hope he has.

Even Social Crediters admit that anything can happen. Like all three Opposition parties, they analyze the B.C. situation thus:

Social Credit has one great advantage—the average voter's desire for a stable government. No one, not even the Liberals and Conservatives themselves, will go so far as to predict a Liberal or a Conservative victory. Therefore the only nonsocialist government with any hope of a majority is the present Social Credit government.

Last autumn, no matter which party you asked, that was the end of the story. Social Credit would get its majority. One Liberal scout, in September or October, figured the Social Crediters would take thirty-five seats, the CCF thirteen and the Liberals and Conservatives none.

But that was before the session of the legislature. All three Opposition parties maintain, and Social Crediters are

inclined to concede, that Premier Bennett's Government lost ground during the session.

Unlike Premier Ernest Manning's Government in Alberta, which in ten years has never given serious offense to any large group of voters, the Bennett Government has offended five such groups in less than one year:

1. It has bitterly offended and alienated the schoolteachers. Attacks on the school curriculum, dismissals in the Department of Education and the new school-grants formula have combined to unify teachers into a solid bloc against Social Credit. A year ago they were regarded as neutral or mixed, like any other professional group.

2. The same education program, freezing school grants to a fixed ceiling regardless of population increases, has raised a lot of hostility among school trustees, especially in the cities and towns. This has also affected a number of mayors and reeves who favored Social Credit last year.

3. Labor has been thoroughly affronted by the curtailment of the Labor Relations Board, and by the general attitude of the Bennett Government. Labor leaders were mostly CCF anyway, but the rank and file of the labor vote was distributed among all parties. This time it's expected to swing behind the strongest opponent of Social Credit in each riding.

4. Provincial civil servants have been stung to deadly hatred of the Government. Petty "economies" have chipped away jobs here and there without saving very large amounts of money, while many a Social Credit MLA has spoken of the civil service as if it was composed of incompetent loafers and boondogglers.

5. The "trucking loggers," the small independent operators in various ridings, have been seriously annoyed by

## Masterpiece in Mahogany...



A traditional styling of tailored elegance in magnificent mahogany can now be found in the Beau Brummel. This high quality suite, typical of Peppler's, is a distinctive contribution to finer Canadian furniture and better Canadian living.



Look for this tag...  
the emblem of  
fine furniture.



Peppler Bros. Co. Limited, Hanover, Ont.



Social Credit tax policies. They are being treated like the oil companies in Alberta, and they aren't used to it.

In most other provinces, these hostile groups probably would not bulk large enough to matter. Certainly they would not offset the more or less neutral floating vote which would normally plump for the party most likely to win a stable majority. But British Columbia is different.

British Columbia has its own peculiar variant of the single transferable vote whereby citizens vote not for one party alone but for a first choice, second choice and so on. Only those with an absolute majority over all other candidates combined are elected on the first count. The others are chosen on the second count, when second choices are added in. Last year, eight of Social Credit's nineteen seats were won on the second count. Five of them were won on the second choices of CCF voters.

This time, all parties agree Social Credit will have at least as many, and probably more, first-choice ballots than it had last year. In other words, all concede to Social Credit a minimum of eleven seats and most observers expect Premier Bennett to do better than that on the first count.

But all parties also agree that the second-choice ballots will be sharply diminished. One observer put it this way: "Last year Social Credit was everybody's second choice. This year it will be nobody's second choice. It will be ranked either No. 1 or No. 4 (i.e., in last place) on almost every ballot."

No matter what happens in the provincial election, British Columbia will still be a riddle in the federal.

Social Credit MPs, who led the party to victory in last year's provincial fight, have offered to go out again to help with the 1953 battle. So far the offer

has not been accepted. Premier Bennett seems to prefer to go it alone.

This may be partly a desire to show that he can get one without help from Ottawa or Alberta, but it's partly internal embarrassment. Bennett himself was a Conservative MLA only eighteen months ago. So was his Minister of Education, Mrs. Tilly Rolston. Attorney-General Bob Bonner and Social Credit candidate Tom Bate, both running in Vancouver-Point Grey, are friends and supporters of Howard Green, the Progressive Conservative MP. They don't want federal and provincial politics to be mixed up together any more than they can help.

Most people here believe that if Bennett changes his mind and invites federal Social Crediters to help it will mean the tide of battle is running against him.

HON. JAMES SINCLAIR, who used to be parliamentary assistant to the Minister of Finance and who is now Minister of Fisheries, finds his role has changed in more ways than one. In the old days, said the Hon. Jimmy in a recent speech, "I was constantly on the defensive with the Opposition members—defending charges that taxes were too high and, at the same time, defending charges that we were too niggardly in spending money on public services..."

"Now that I am Minister of Fisheries I find that members of all parties, Government and Opposition alike, seem united in urging me to a program of more assistance to the fishing industry."

"Mind you, there is a romance and fascination about fish not found in taxes. Tens of thousands of our fellow Canadians are enthusiastic amateur fishermen—but there are no amateur tax collectors or enthusiastic taxpayers in this country." ★



# Going to the U.K. this summer?



Because of the shortage  
of whisky in the U.K., we

have made arrangements so that

**SEAGRAM'S V.O.**

can be ordered and paid

for in Canada for delivery to  
yourself or as a gift to your



friends at any address

in the British Isles.

## The House of Seagram

Any Seagram office will gladly give you  
full information:

1430 Peel Street,  
Montreal, Que.

242 Bay Street,  
Toronto, Ont.

931 Marine Bldg.,  
Vancouver, B.C.

Please send me full particulars about ordering Seagram's V.O.  
for delivery in the United Kingdom.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Prov. ....

MM

**Spinning reels  
...and yarns**

Big or small, or none at all...  
you still get your full measure  
of enjoyment from recreation.

And for extra pleasure  
during relaxing moments light  
up a fragrant, satisfying  
House of Lords cigar. Made  
from select Havana filler and  
the finest wrapper money can  
buy, to give you unexcelled  
smoking pleasure.

The ideal gift for  
birthdays, anniversaries,  
the holiday season and  
so many occasions  
through the year.

**HOUSE OF LORDS  
CIGARS**

GOLD STRIPE • CORONA DE LUXE • PETIT CORONAS  
LILIES • QUEENS • PANETELAS



You've  
never  
had it so soft!

YES, LADIES, you can give Dad Super Sox for Father's Day and know that he'll be pleased.

BUT do you know that when you give Super Sox there's no darning—no shrinking—no moth holes?

Dad can wear them and wear them and there's no work for Mother.

—ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED!

**\* 3 MONTHS' WEAR OR 3 NEW PAIRS FREE!**

3 pairs for only \$4 at most retailers.

**SUPER SOX—**

The Gift both Mother and Dad will appreciate on Father's Day.

FOREST CITY KNITTING COMPANY LTD.  
LONDON ONTARIO



## MAILBAG

### Two views of

### "THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE"

#### Outstanding . . . Accurate

Congratulations to Pierre Berton on *The Family in the Palace* series. I think it is the best, most informative and most human writing on the Royal Family that I have ever read.

I hope Maclean's is planning to bring the seven articles out in the form of a book. It should have a tremendous sale . . . It occurs to me that some American publishers would be interested.—Alan Field, New York.

• Alfred A. Knopf, of New York City plans to publish Berton's articles in expanded book form next year.

• I can't remember being more enthusiastic about a piece of writing.—Mrs. M. Crossland, Barrie, Ont.

• The *Family in the Palace* is indeed most stimulating, presenting the facts with a fine degree of balance and a high degree of accuracy.

The articles bring home to us the superiority of the constitutional monarchy where the sovereign, from his lofty all-embracing view, is able to moderate and temper the exuberances of less experienced and immature politicians whose partisan prejudices may present dangers to the state; protects us also from the inadequacies of the various types of presidential systems where a nation has an equal chance of being inflicted with an uninspiring non-entity as with an overambitious officeholder too ready to assume dictatorial powers.—Kenneth MacLeod, Antigonish, N.S.

• I was greatly interested in *The Shadow of the Duke of Windsor* and can vouch for the accuracy of the paragraph about the young Prince of Wales trying to tell his grandfather Edward VII about the caterpillar in his lettuce. A great friend of mine, the late Miss Mildred Duff, sister of the Duke of Fife (who was present at the meal), related the amusing incident to me. After the meal the young prince was taken aside and asked why he had been so persistent in wanting to speak to his grandfather. Said he, "I only wanted to tell him there was a worm on his lettuce." Your story is absolutely correct.—George Longley, Vancouver.

• Congratulations on an outstanding job of work.—Christy McDevitt, North Vancouver.

• I find the royal articles extremely interesting . . . There is a vast improvement in Maclean's generally.—Mande Leopold, Castleton, Ont.

#### Derogatory . . . Tripe

I am instructed by the sub-executive of the Local Council of Women of Toronto to express to you a protest to the publication of the series of articles under the title *The Family in the Palace*. The members of the L.C. of W. feel these articles are very destructive in attitude to the Royal Family, especially our young Queen on the eve of her coronation.—Mae McWhorter, Toronto.

• With many others I was shocked and horrified . . . it is most extraordinary that a Canadian magazine would publish such an article.

Why did Mr. Berton have to drag out the skeletons of history and rattle their bones for the public . . . He has dug up all the nasty little things, derogatory, and aimed to detract from the dignity of the monarchy whom an older generation were taught to admire and respect.—Alice L. Fairweather, Saint John.

• What's the matter with Berton? Does he really believe your readers are gullible enough to take in the tripe he has written about some members of the Royal Family? I wonder if he has ever tried to pick up a live donkey and throw it on a bed.—Mrs. Margaret Yeoman, Lloydminster, Sask.



Berton hasn't, but according to his research it was done with ropes.

• I, too, have read many books on Queen Victoria and her era and do not believe she enjoyed risqué stories, nor that she had little affection for her children . . . As for the Duke of Windsor being dubbed "the wicked uncle,"

that seems unlikely . . . To say that George V had hardly more than a spoonful of English blood in his veins but was almost purely German is rather absurd, considering his long descent down from the Stuarts and much farther back . . . To characterize our young Queen as a "shy, nervous girl" is not only unkind but a cavalier remark.

Finally a cultured Englishwoman gave her opinion of the article in one word, "Revolting."—Gertrude Pringle, Victoria.

• Pierre Berton makes the King "rap out" to the Queen: "For God's sake sit in the bloody seat you were told to sit in!" I don't know where Berton got his information from, but I feel certain that the King never used such language to the Queen. No gentleman speaks like that to a lady.—Howard H. Cullis, Victoria.





**FASTER, EASIER WAY**  
to trim Hedges, Shrubs, Ornamental  
Trees . . . Cut Weeds, Grasses, etc.

Saves time, gives professional results without arm-aching drudgery. Simple to operate. Well-balanced design permits one-hand operation. No stooping or arm-tiring awkwardness when clipping sides or ends. Another famous labor saver by the makers of Sunbeam electric appliances and Sunbeam Rain King sprinklers.

At dealers  
Write for  
this FREE  
circular, today

**Sunbeam**  
CORPORATION (CANADA) LIMITED  
321 Weston Road, Toronto 9

**Mothersill's**  
The fast-acting  
aid in preventing  
and relieving  
Travel Sickness.  
for Adults & Children  
**THE WORLD OVER**



### The Pipes are Calling

Reading Mailbag, I often smile at remarks of an odd crotchety reader. However in The Launching of Lois Marshall (Feb. 1) one statement made me "blow my top." I sincerely admire Miss Marshall's struggle but, just where does she get off at calling Danny Boy junk? I don't know or care about "the fine music" but I can tell Miss Marshall more thousands understand and love Danny Boy than they do Bach and Mozart. Maybe Miss Marshall's listening audiences would increase if she included in her programs the odd bit of "junk." Do you want to bet?—Mrs. M. McEwen, Bengough, Sask.

● Kreisler first started the London-derry Air going places. He heard an itinerant fiddler play the tune in Glas-



gow and the melody appealed to him. He made it a solo for his Joseph Guarneri del Jesu violin. What greater tribute could the tune have got?—Wm. Greig, Hillier, B.C.

### Tobacco Road, B.C.

The editorial, We Were Dead Wrong About Vancouver (March 15), tickled me pink. However did you pierce the tin curtain around "Canada's sweetheart" erected by the Vancouver Tourist Bureau?

I hate Tobacco Road and Erskine Caldwell, but what he said about Vancouver's sordid side certainly is true. Only twenty-five percent of the streets are paved and lighted . . . lovely modern buildings surrounded by squalid unpainted eyesores . . . vacant lots are just plain dumps . . . taxes are levied as if the whole town was Granville St. . . . molesters abound . . . more walking canes and bent backs with rheumatism and arthritis than Ontario . . . wages are low . . . the highest cost of living I have encountered.

Sure, if you want to spend a nice holiday and see a lot of Canada travel to Vancouver; but don't ever think, as I did, of ever staying there.—A. Whorwood, Hamilton.

● Erskine Caldwell hit the nail right on the head with the report you quote. For years I, too, was exposed to the steady barrage of propaganda emanating from Vancouver, extolling the beauty, charm, grandeur, etc., of the city.

Well, finally I went to this terrestrial paradise. Frankly, I have never been so disillusioned—shocked, in fact—with any place.

The B.C. liquor laws enacted in the year 1 are the same as those which delighted bootleggers in Ontario till George Drew won my eternal devotion by striking a blow for the civilized life, and making it possible to have a drink in decent surroundings.—James C. McKegney, Seattle, Wash.

● Your magazine has gone far down the ladder in the estimation of all decent and clean-minded readers since the publication of the editorial in which you sneered at those citizens of Vancouver who took action against the filth, profanity and indecency shown on the stage.—May Coulter, Ottawa. ★

**Sorry, Sam, Your Flame's Gone Out!**

I USED TO BE THE BIG BLAZE AROUND HERE, KID. NOW YOUR SISTER PUTS ME OUT! WHY?

SAM, YOU OUGHT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT—ABOUT BAD BREATH!

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM**  
CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT  
CLEANS YOUR TEETH—AND, USED  
RIGHT AFTER EATING, COLGATE  
HELPS PREVENT TOOTH DECAY!

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM**  
HAS A GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!  
NOW I ALWAYS USE COLGATE TO  
CLEAN MY BREATH  
—HELP PREVENT  
DECAY!

**LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream**

SINCE COLGATE CARE HAS SET ME RIGHT  
THE HOME FIRE'S BURNING EVERY NIGHT!

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM**  
CLEANS YOUR BREATH  
AS IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH  
Helps prevent Tooth Decay



*It's lighter than ale  
It's drier than lager*

MMMMM  
**PILSENER!**

Ronsau & Vervoy, Christmann, Gulzig, Homberg  
Pilsen Brewery, Löwenbrau, Zurich, Tuborg, Denmark, Artois, Belgium  
Henninger-Brau, W. Siedelberg, Thursty  
Z. H. B., Holland, Schwechat, Austria

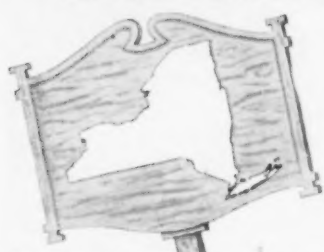
\*  
The only beer in the world  
endorsed by brewmasters  
from seven other breweries

Look at the BACKS of the labels!

The swing is DEFINITELY to Labatt's



# NEW YORK STATE SIGNPOSTS



## Your guide to happy vacationing

There's fun and excitement in every one of New York State's 15 interesting vacation areas



**New York City**—Famous theatres, restaurants, night clubs, and shopping districts add glamour to this magic metropolis.



**Long Island**—Millions visit this area yearly to enjoy its surf bathing, boating, and excellent salt-water fishing.



**Hudson-Taconic Region**—Here you'll enjoy superb scenery, West Point, Hyde Park, and Bear Mountain State Park.



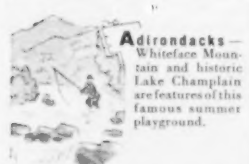
**Catskills**—90 miles from Manhattan, there are more resort hotels here than in any similar area in the United States.



**Capital District**—The massive stone Capitol Building in Albany is one of many historic landmarks in this region.



**Saratoga-Lake George**—Here you'll see America's most famous spa, its oldest race track, and 30-mile-long Lake George.



**Adirondacks**—Whiteface Mountain and historic Lake Champlain are features of this famous summer playground.



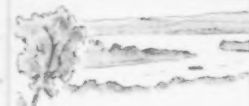
**Southern Tier**—Noted for its fine glassware, fertile farmlands, and thriving industrial areas.



**Thousand Islands-St. Lawrence Region**—Sight-seeing boats tour the 1000 Islands in the broad St. Lawrence River.



**Finger Lakes Region**—Sailboating, friendly towns, and scenic beauty have made this area a favorite with vacationists.



**Mohawk Valley**—This land of legend contains many interesting reminders of colonial life in America.



**Central New York**—Visit baseball's Hall of Fame, the A. J. Felt Museum at Cooperstown, or relax on drives through quiet countryside.



**Genesee Region**—Beautiful parks, Lake Ontario's beaches and Genesee Gorge—"Grand Canyon of the East"—delight visitors to this resort area.



**Chautauque-Allegany Region**—Chautauque offers summer programs of music and education. The state's largest park—Allegany—is here.



**Niagara Frontier**—20 miles from Buffalo, mighty Niagara Falls thrills over 3 million vacationists annually.

More people find more to see and do in

## New York State

*the Vacation Empire*



**FREE GUIDEBOOK.** "New York State Vacationlands" contains 196 pages, 81 color photos, full details on all 15 vacation areas, 550 resort communities. The most complete state guidebook ever offered! Send for your free copy now.

New York State Department of Commerce  
Room 830, 112 State Street, Albany 7, New York

Send "New York State Vacationlands." I am interested in: A ( ) resort hotel, B ( ) city hotel, C ( ) bungalow colony, D ( ) tourist home, E ( ) summer cottage, F ( ) campsite, G ( ) children's camp, H ( ) dude ranch. I'd like information on areas checked:

- |  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| 1 <input type="checkbox"/> Adirondacks               | 6 <input type="checkbox"/> Finger Lakes         | 11 <input type="checkbox"/> Hudson-Taconic      |
| 2 <input type="checkbox"/> New York City             | 7 <input type="checkbox"/> Saratoga-Lake George | 12 <input type="checkbox"/> Genesee Region      |
| 3 <input type="checkbox"/> Catskills                 | 8 <input type="checkbox"/> Long Island          | 13 <input type="checkbox"/> Chautauque-Allegany |
| 4 <input type="checkbox"/> 1000 Islands-St. Lawrence | 9 <input type="checkbox"/> Mohawk Valley        | 14 <input type="checkbox"/> Capital District    |
| 5 <input type="checkbox"/> Niagara Frontier          | 10 <input type="checkbox"/> Central New York    | 15 <input type="checkbox"/> Southern Tier       |

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_



**F**OR YEARS a Winnipeg motorist has accused his wife of back-seat driving but only lately could he produce concrete evidence. The couple took a trolley bus downtown and from their seat near the driver, the wife dreamily watched the traffic as she usually does when motoring. When the light turned green everyone, including the bus driver, heard her remark absently, "Okay, dear, you have the light. Let's go."

• • •

A St. Catharines, Ont., man browsing through a bookstore found this message stamped on the back of a volume: "Send this book to a boy in the armed forces anywhere, for only 3c postage."

He turned the volume over and read the title: "The Pocket Book of Home Canning."

• • •

A housewife in Plunkett, Sask., had barely added the shelled peanuts to a peanut-brittle mixture when the air was filled with explosions and flying missiles.

When the barrage died down and the family emerged with nothing more serious than candy burns, somebody checked the remains simmering on the stove. Mother had shelled peanuts into a cup containing several .22 cartridges and the boiling candy had set them off.

• • •

When the word went out in a northern Ontario town that a truck driver was needed to pick up some guides who were coming out of the bush, a young Englishman volunteered. He'd been in Canada just a week and set out eagerly, though



somewhat nervously, for his first glimpse of the legendary two-fisted Canadian bushman.

A few hours later he drove back to town, blushing. His truck was swarming with a troop of giggling, rosy-cheeked Girl Guides, just back from camp.

• • •

In Winnipeg, a small boy entered a theatre, selected an aisle seat, pulled out a comic book and, oblivious to the movie, began to read by the aisle lights.

**Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.**

At least one Ottawa schoolteacher is wise to the shortcomings of junior Thespians. A local mother, whose eleven-year-old son was selected for a part in the school concert, received these printed instructions:

Long trousers

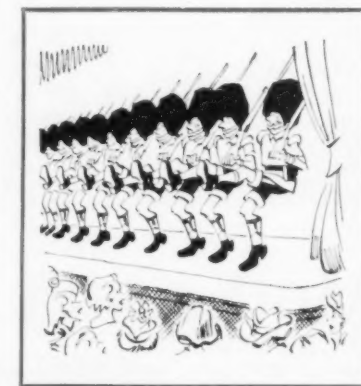
A shirt as white as possible

A fresh hair cut

Kindly see that he has washed behind the ears.

• • •

An American in a Montreal movie house sat entranced through a short featuring the precision drill of the British Guards. But he received a



withering glare from another patron, apparently British, when he exclaimed, "Why, they're almost as good as the Rockettes!"

• • •

In Edmonton, a wishful thinker posted this classified advertisement in the Journal: Wanted for cash, an old cheap violin, preferably a Stradivarius.

• • •

A Greyhound bus driver was making his usual run north from Ashcroft, B.C., on the Cariboo highway. Along the way he tossed bundles of newspapers to the road for residents to pick up later. Suddenly an American car pulled alongside, honking furiously.

"Don't know what's the matter," the motorist called, "but you seem to be losing papers. I've been picking them up for the last couple of hours."

And he handed over the bus driver's entire morning delivery.

• • •

A customer at a Cornwall, Ont., lunch counter glanced suspiciously at the sprig of parsley which decorated his hot sandwich. He picked it up for a closer look, set it aside while he finished the sandwich, then scrutinized the greenery again. Finally he picked it up, dusted off a drop of gravy, stuck the sprig in his button-hole and strolled out jauntily.





1953 Studebaker Commander V-8 Starliner hard-top convertible. White sidewall tires, chrome wheel discs—and glare-reducing tinted glass—optional at extra cost.

The Studebaker Corporation of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario

## New and different! Exciting 1953 Studebaker!

See it and try it! America's most talked about new car!

Hard-top convertible shown above is less than five feet high!

This is the new and dramatically different Studebaker that you've simply got to see to believe. There just isn't any other automobile like it anywhere.

Only in a Studebaker do you get this long and low new styling—and you get it at a down-to-earth price.

What's more, every 1953 Studebaker gives you a marvelous full measure

of real money's worth—every sedan, coupe and hard-top—every Champion 6 in the low price field—every brilliantly powered Commander V-8. They're all sensational gas savers every mile you drive.

Take a look at a 1953 Studebaker, the very first chance you have. Arrange to take a ride in one. Stop in and see your nearby Studebaker dealer.



Studebaker Commander V-8 offers Power Steering at extra cost—Land Cruiser pictured.

### New 1953 Studebaker

Tried it Lately?  
Wonderful  
**BRAND NEW**  
Old Dutch  
Outcleans  
'em ALL!



Makes Tough Cleaning Jobs Easy!

Cleans with Twice the Speed—Twice the Ease! Polishes As It Cleans!



Bring on your toughest cleaning job—especially one your present cleanser can't do. Away go stubborn stains, burned-on grease, ground-in dirt—quickly, safely!

Cuts Grease Faster—Even in Hardest Water! Rinses Completely Away!



You've seen how wispy foam falls down on the job. But rich New Old Dutch suds tackle dirt, grease, grime in hard or soft water—soak them up and float them down the drain!

Gentle to Your Hands! "Fresh-Clean" Fragrance, Too!

Use wonderfully improved, snowy-white New Old Dutch—the one and only cleanser made with Activated Seismotite! Save time, steps, money—buy 2 cans. Keep New Old Dutch handy in kitchen and bath.



Made in Canada



